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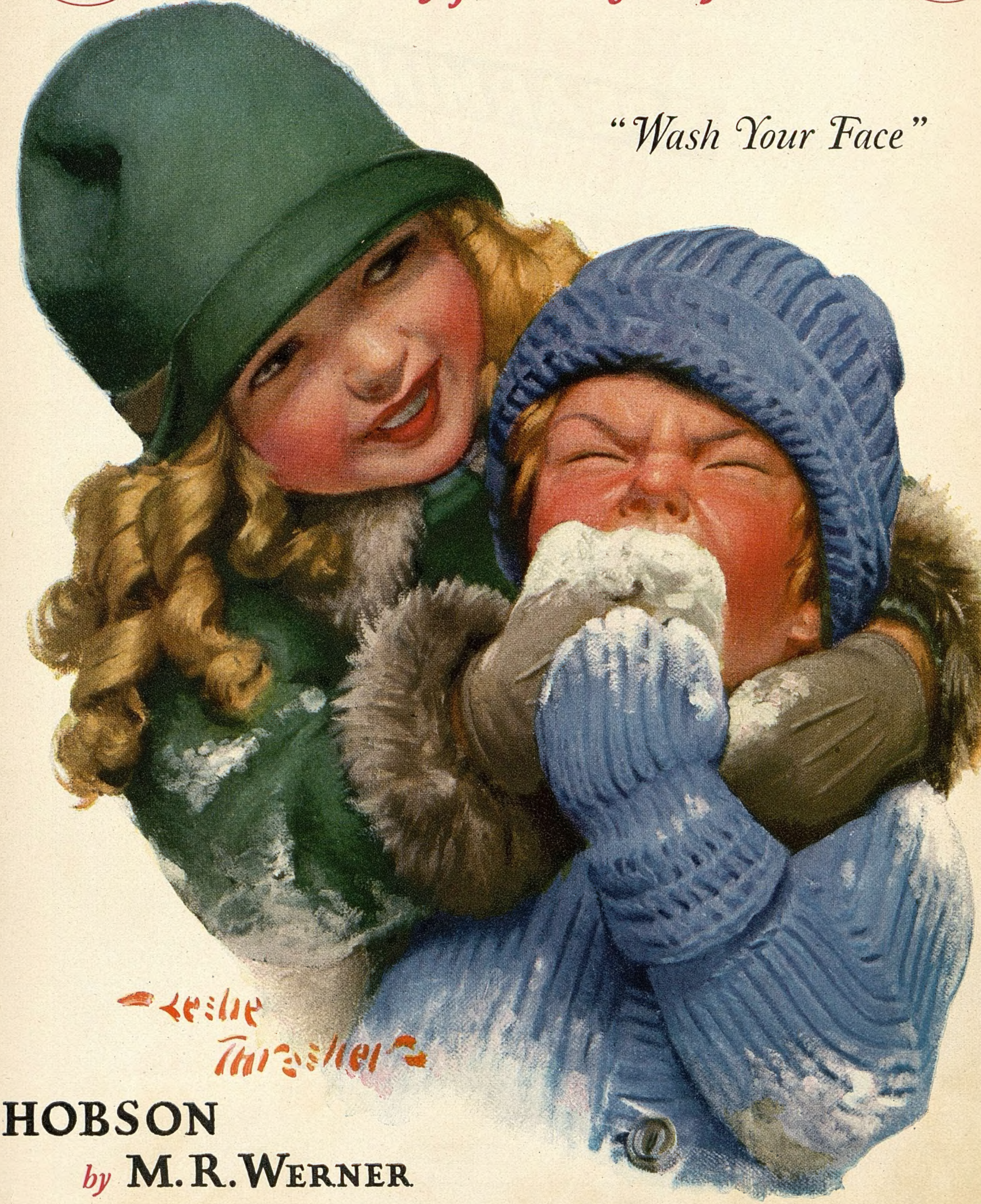

"*Wash Your Face*"

HOBSON

by **M. R. WERNER**

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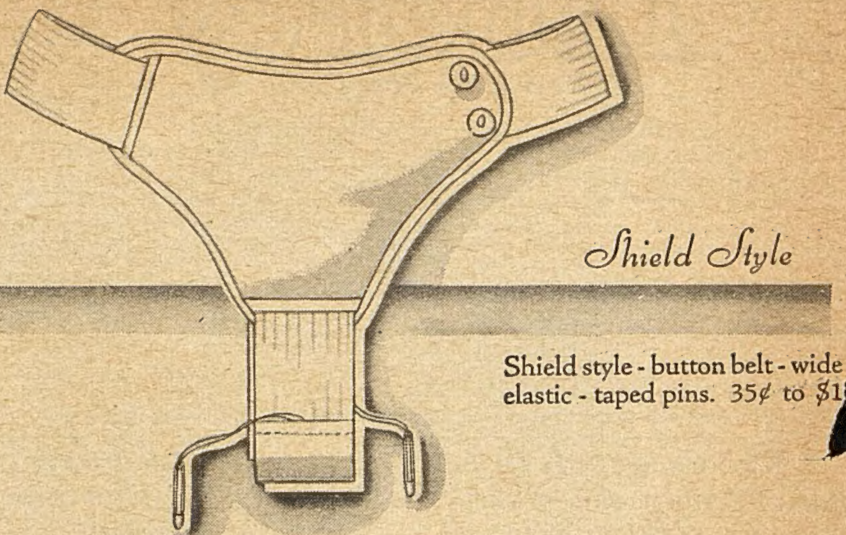

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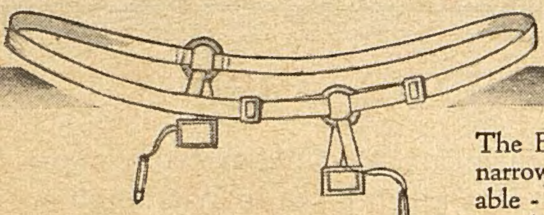

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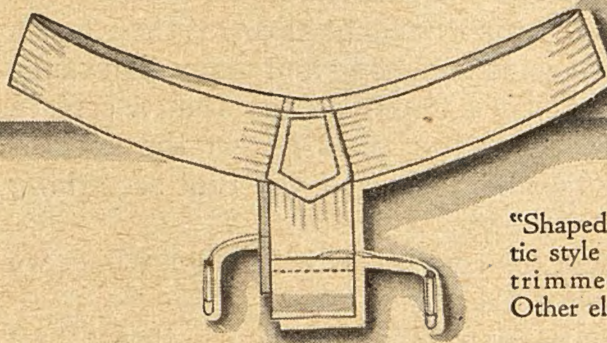

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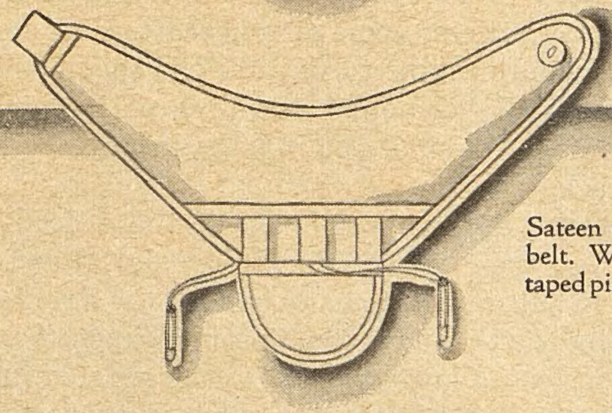

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

CANUTE, 1930

As this is written, an amazing and probably unprecedented episode has just taken place in Washington.

The President of the United States, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Attorney General, and a special commission appointed by the President have put their heads together and, with some ceremony and many thousands of words, have informed Congress (a) that a certain amendment to the Constitution is giving the government a perfectly terrible time, and (b) that something ought to be done about it.

The amendment, of course, is that under which we are supposed to have Prohibition.

What may have come of this before these lines appear in print, or what may come of it hereafter, we do not know. We should not like to venture the suspicion that it will not greatly change the course of human events, and therefore we shall not indulge in any such disrespectful crack.

But we do think the general tenor of these documents, considering their source, is highly significant.

Their sum and substance seems to be that the Prohibition laws are by far the most troublesome, expensive, and generally perplexing laws that have been enacted in our times. At least, it is not too difficult to draw from them such a conclusion.

Says President Hoover: "Increasing enactment of Federal criminal laws, as to which violation of the Prohibition laws comprises rather more than one-half of the total arrests, has finally culminated in a burden upon the Federal courts of a character for which they are ill-designed. The result is to delay civil cases and, of even more importance, the defeat of both justice and law enforcement."

The Law Observance and Enforcement Commission speaks impressively of "the extent and complexity of the problem," and observes plaintively that "it is impossible wholly to set off observance of the Prohibition act from the large question of the views and habits of the American people with respect to private judgment as to statutes and regulations affecting their conduct."

Secretary Mellon thinks it will be necessary to blockade our borders with some hundreds of new ports of entry, to get Canada and Mexico to help us do this, and to spend more money on border patrols.

Attorney General Mitchell suggests more District Attorneys and more funds to pay them, and says "the courts are unable to cope with the volume of business brought before them," so that they are clogged by a constantly increasing number of pending cases.

There is the picture in miniature. For a background, you might use this sentence of President Hoover's:

"While some sections of the American people may disagree upon the merits of some of the questions involved, every responsible citizen supports the fundamental principle that the law of the land must be enforced."

Mr. Hoover is pleased to forget that a number of responsible citizens do not support the principle that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments must be enforced, these having nothing to do with Prohibition. But never mind.

The heart of the matter is that "some sections of the American people disagree."

No one knows whether a majority of the American people favors Prohibition or not. That has never been ascertained. Nor is it, we think, important.

A law on which the sentiment is 60,000,001 for to 59,999,999 against is fundamentally different from a law to which the consent of the governed is virtually unanimous. Even gunmen subscribe to the laws against murder, for their own protection. But there are many citizens who never touch a drop of liquor and still do not believe in imposing this rule of conduct on their fellow men.

Here, we believe, is the human weakness in the dogma of Prohibition. This is why the Washington reports on enforcement sound a little like the report of some modern King Canute to his courtiers.

Canute, you remember, was the gentleman who commanded the tide to turn back. Of course he did it with his tongue in his cheek, to show his courtiers he couldn't get away with it, and no one suspects the gentlemen in Washington of anything like that.

But we do think these reports, taking them by and large, constitute about the most persuasive and illuminating argument against Prohibition that has yet been put forward.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

The Alexander Hamilton Institute

ANNOUNCES

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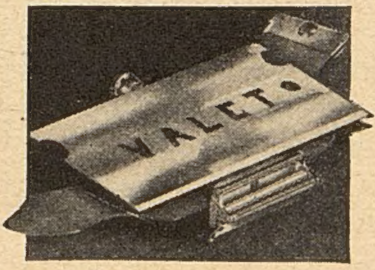

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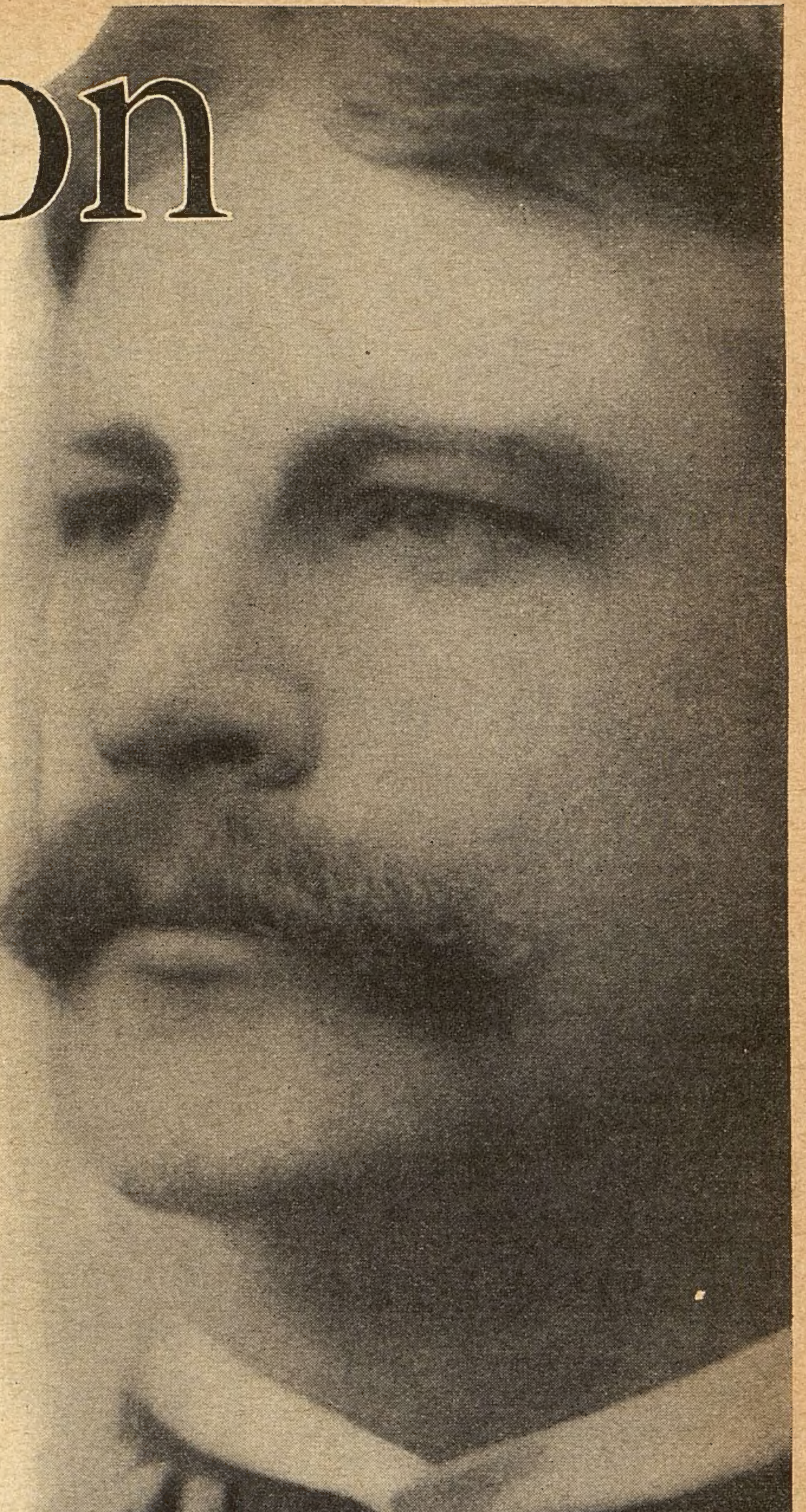
Hobson

The Portrait of a Zealot



International photo

Hobson as he was at the time of his exploit at Santiago.

By

M. R. WERNER

who was barely twenty-six when his Barnum won him an enviable reputation, which he has augmented with a voluminous life of Brigham Young and the study of Bryan that appeared last year in Liberty. He has also written Tammany Hall. He is thirty-two and lives in New York City.

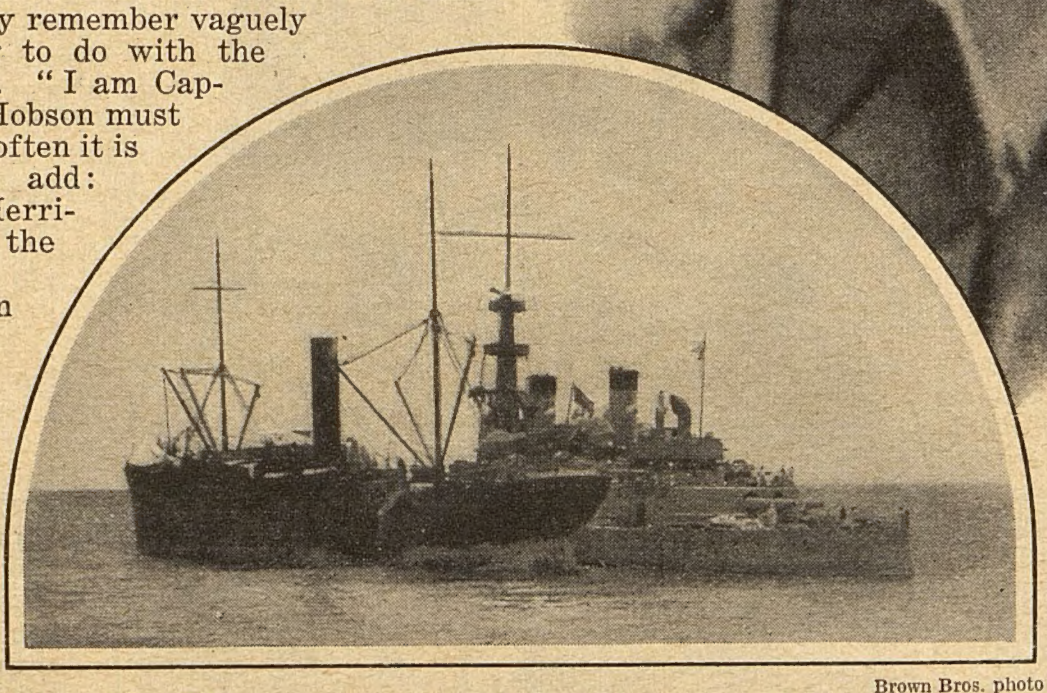
IN THREE PARTS—PART ONE

THE author of an article called A Gritty Christian Gentleman, published in a Boston magazine for September, 1898, wrote: " The Spartans who held the pass at Thermopylæ may be forgotten, the six hundred Englishmen who made the charge at Balaklava may go unsung, but in this land under the Stars and Stripes forever will linger the memory of the gritty Christian gentleman, Richmond Pearson Hobson of Alabama."

But this hopeful sentence was written at a time when the American public, enthusiastic in its endeavors for the freedom of Cuba, caused restaurant keepers to remove from their menus the Spanish omelette, which was called " tomato omelette " instead for a few months, and when the little children at village school entertainments were no longer permitted to sing The Spanish Cavalier.

Since then we have engaged in a larger war, and the name of Richmond Pearson Hobson is already fading, although he is by no means inactive. When it is mentioned, some men of fifty remember vaguely that he had something to do with the Spanish-American War. " I am Captain Hobson," Captain Hobson must say, and more and more often it is necessary for him to add: " You remember the Merrimac? " " Oh, yes," is the polite reply.

Richmond Pearson Hobson, however, is not a negligible factor in American life. After a daring war feat which made him the Lindbergh of his day, he has become a violent reformer, whose activities exemplify what unthinking adulation coupled with religious zeal can accomplish in a careless community.



Brown Bros. photo

The collier Merrimac, two days before Lieutenant Hobson sank her, coaling the battleship Massachusetts off Santiago harbor.

Richmond Pearson Hobson is of Southern origin, and he was born at Greensboro, Alabama, on August 17, 1870. His grandfather was chief justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and his father was a judge in Hale County, Alabama. One uncle was United States minister to Spain and another had been a member of Congress from North Carolina. Hobson went to school in Greensboro, and one of his boyhood companions, H. G. Benners, editor of the Alabama Beacon, recalled, after Hobson had become a hero, that he was particularly fond of reciting " Lo, the poor Indian!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HOBSON
Continued from page seven

whose untutored mind sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind."

At the Southern University, where he received his later education, Hobson won a gold medal for delivering an oration called The Curse of Regulus.

A visit to New Orleans, where he saw an old battleship, interested him in the navy, and he tried for and won an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. One of the duties of the cadets was to report the misdemeanors of other cadets, and Hobson did this so fearlessly that his classmates, with the exception of one friend, ostracized him, and for two years he did without their company. It was said that when they proposed a peace he sent them word that he had got along without their society so well thus far that he saw no reason for resuming it. It was also said that they did not resent the rebuke, but greeted him with enthusiastic cheers on graduation day, when he was graduated first in his class.

Hobson was graduated from Annapolis in 1889, and he devoted himself to naval construction. In 1891 he was made an assistant naval constructor with the rank of lieutenant.

He served on the Chicago in the Mediterranean and went with the expedition to Brazil to recognize the new Brazilian republic. Then he was sent for a three years' course to study abroad. He studied at the Ecole d'Application du Génie Maritime in France, and in 1893 he returned to the United States to take up shipbuilding work for the navy.

It was while he was studying in France, Captain Hobson told me, that he discovered that the World War was inevitable, and he wrote a paper about it which was published in a scientific journal but ignored. In this paper he urged the United States to be ready for war. Meanwhile, he organized a postgraduate course at the Naval Academy in construction engineering, and when the Spanish-American War broke out in the spring of 1898 he had himself transferred to active service and was assigned to Admiral Sampson's flagship, the New York.

ON May 27, 1898, Admiral Sampson sent a dispatch to Admiral Schley, who was already off Santiago de Cuba, ordering him to sink a collier in the narrow entrance to the harbor of Santiago and thus block the Spanish fleet from any attempts to come out of the harbor. Admiral Schley, according to one of his supporters, did not believe in carrying out Sampson's order, for it was his opinion that the Spanish fleet should be brought out rather than bottled up. He therefore forgot about Sampson's order.

While the New York was hurrying to Santiago, Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson discussed with Admiral Sampson a plan he had for the reduction of Havana. Admiral Sampson mentioned to Hobson the scheme he had for sinking the collier Merrimac in the harbor of Santiago and bottling up the Spanish fleet until such time as the American troops would have time to approach Santiago. Hobson's plan was for the construction of five unsinkable vessels to be used for sweeping torpedoes and mines from the entrance to Havana, and when he presented it, Admiral Sampson told him that the problem he was concerned with at the moment was not to produce unsinkable ships, but to sink one, and that the immediate objective was not Havana but Santiago. He asked Lieutenant Hobson's advice as a naval constructor on the best way to sink the collier Merrimac.

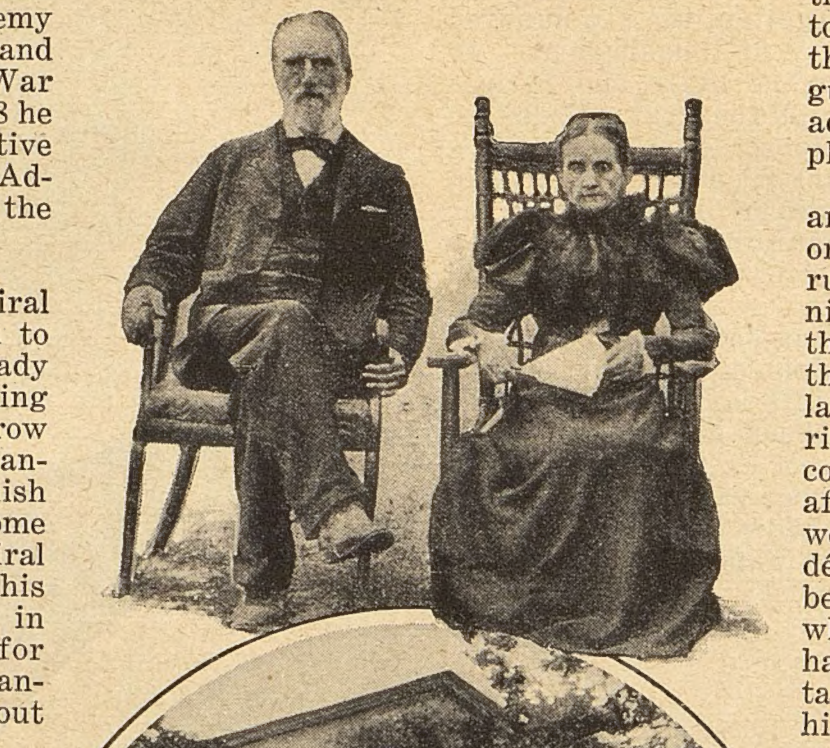
At first it was not intended that Lieutenant Hobson should sink the ship, but he made himself so useful in the preparations that Admiral Sampson concluded that since he knew more about the details of the plan than any other officer, he should be permitted to carry it out.

On the way to Santiago Admiral Sampson and Lieutenant Hobson came to the conclusion that it would be best to sink the Merrimac on the night of Thursday, June 2, 1898, because on that night there would be sufficient moonlight to permit the navigator to see what he was doing and yet an interval of darkness of about an hour and a quarter between moonset and daybreak. The next night, they calculated, the interval of darkness would last half an hour, and on Saturday the day would break before the moon set. They also concluded that in order to have the collier ready by Thursday night the only possible method of sinking it would be to place torpedoes on the inside, ten on the port side abreast the bulkheads and the cargo hatches.

THE torpedoes were to be fired by electric primers. In order to insure rapid sinking, all the hatches and manholes of the Merrimac were prepared for opening. Hobson also wanted the admiral to give him two war-head torpedoes from the New York to place abreast the two main bulkheads of the Merrimac, so that he could surely sink the ship the instant he wished to do so. The admiral replied, according to Hobson's account: "No, I cannot let you have them; two hundred pounds of guncotton on the inside would blow everything to the devil." "Those who know the uniformly temperate language of the admiral," Hobson added, "will understand the emphasis of this reply."

Admiral Sampson and Lieutenant Hobson arrived off Santiago on June 1, and preparations were rushed to sink the Merrimac the night of June 2. Hobson inspected the Merrimac and reconnoitered the harbor on a small steam launch. The Merrimac was hurriedly stripped of everything that could be salvaged. Hobson wrote afterwards: "The gangways were piled with boxes, cans, and débris of all kinds, and a barrel of beer had got adrift." The town where Hobson had lived as a boy had been dry, and later he was to take an important part in the prohibition movement, so that this sight must have been pleasant to him.

There was great confusion, for time was short. Lieutenant Hobson was worried, for it looked as if there would not be time to prepare the ship for sinking. He found that there was not enough wire for his torpedoes, and he had to borrow some from a Norwegian ship near by. The 14,000-pound anchor, which it was planned to drag on deck to aid by its weight in the sinking, was too heavy to drag to the stern of the ship. With all his worries, however, Lieutenant Hobson had time for one detail. He



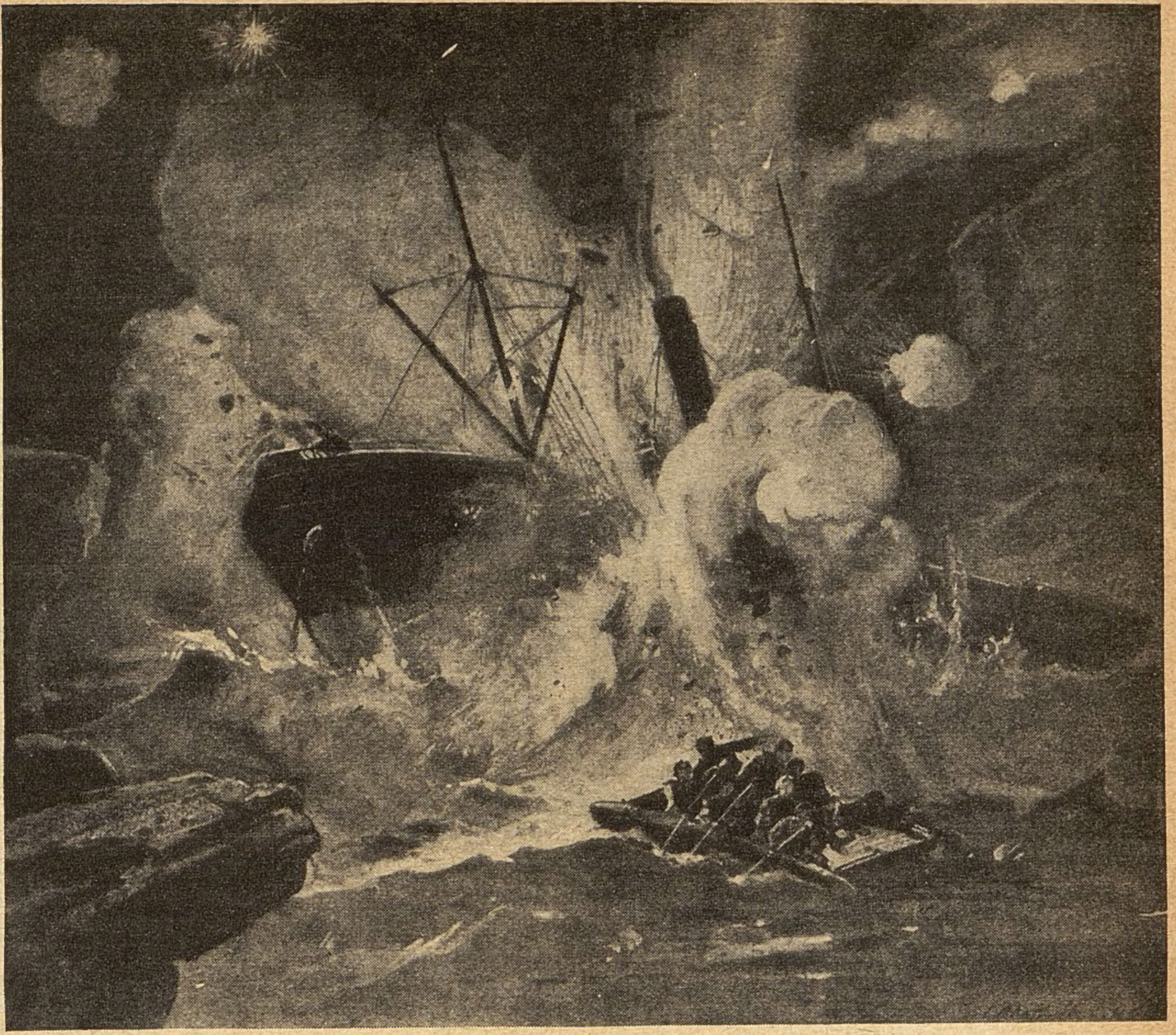
Brown Bros. photos

Hobson's birthplace in Greensboro, Alabama, and above, his father and mother.

wanted a flag to hoist as he was sinking, "a large national flag."

"I was a little afraid," Hobson wrote later, "they would not let us have the flag, so I asked the executive officer not to say anything to Captain Chadwick until we were gone, and told him that I should not hoist it while running in or while doing so could in any way affect the success of the effort, but that I did wish very much to hoist it after firing the torpedoes, as the vessel sank." The executive officer thought that to hoist a flag while the enemy was firing on them was a great risk. The captain, however, let Hobson have a flag without asking any questions.

A CALL for volunteers had been issued to all the ships of the fleet for this dangerous expedition, and the names poured in by hundreds. The men wished a chance for adventure and glory. Many of the officers were jealous of the opportunity for fame that Admiral Sampson was giving to Lieutenant Hobson, and one of them wrote afterward to his favorite newspaper, Town Topics, deploring the outrage that regular officers of the line had been ignored in this great opportunity for distinction and the chance given to an obscure naval constructor who knew nothing of navigation.



The sinking of the collier Merrimac, as a contemporary artist imagined it.

The seven men of the crew were chosen by Hobson for their ability at their jobs; they were among the hundreds of volunteers, and their names were George Charette, Daniel Montague, Francis Kelly, Randolph Clausen, Osborn W. Deignan, J. E. Murphy, and George F. Phillips. It was arranged that two men would remain below in the engine room and one in the boiler room, that one man was to be at the wheel, and one at the torpedoes. The men were to lie on their faces at their stations with cord tied to their wrists. When Hobson pulled the cords, which all converged on the bridge, once, it would notify the men to be ready, and when he pulled three times they were to do their duties.

A lifeboat was to be in tow at the stern of the Merrimac, and the men were to jump into it as soon as each had performed his function. Hobson was to fire the torpedoes from the bridge and jump overboard in the direction of the lifeboat. The men were to wear woolen underwear, two pairs of socks, a life preserver, and a revolver belt with a revolver and cartridges dipped in tallow.

W. A. M. Goode, Associated Press correspondent on board the New York, wrote after the war: "I think Sampson was about the only man aboard the New York who believed that the expedition did not mean almost certain death to its members. While the Merrimac was being prepared, I asked him whether he ever expected to see Hobson and the crew back on the ship. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I think they have a good chance. It's a dangerous thing, a brave thing, but it isn't so easy to shoot eight men on a big ship on a dark night. And, you know, the Spaniards are very poor shots.' But on the morning of June 4, when Naval Cadet Powell returned in his launch without the Merrimac crew, there was none in the whole fleet more anxious over the fate of the brave men than Sampson."

There was a mist over the moon, and it was nearly four in the morning, as Hobson and his men started in toward the harbor of Santiago on the Merrimac. As they approached the entrance day began to break, and a torpedo boat chased the Merrimac and informed Hobson that Admiral Sampson commanded him to return. The Merrimac waited while Hobson asked the torpedo-boat commander to return to the admiral and beg him to permit him to continue. But the admiral felt that there was too much light and the risk was too great for that night.

HOBSON tells us in his book on the episode that when the order to return reached him and his men, a reaction set in, and all felt gloomy and disappointed. It was an anticlimax. Admiral Sampson decided that they must wait until the next night, June 3, and try again earlier, before there was too much light. Hobson ordered his men to rest, and he himself was commanded to rest. "Those were hours of interesting experience before the start," Hobson wrote. "There was no diversion of the senses, and this fact and the feeling of loneliness seemed to deepen the impression of the closeness of God and nature. My business affairs had been disposed of at the beginning of the war, and I had no disquieting thoughts as to the past or the future. The mind and heart accepted the reality of things with deep, keen, exquisite delight."

At about half past one on the following morning, while the moon was still high, the Merrimac started in toward Santiago harbor. The ship approached nearer and nearer the Morro Castle at the entrance to the harbor, and the Spaniards still seemed unaware. Suddenly, however, a small Spanish picket boat began to fire projectiles at the Merrimac's rudder, without hitting it. Then one of the Spanish land batteries opened fire; by this time the ship was slowly approaching the position where it was intended to sink her. As she came nearer to the Morro,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HOBSON
Continued from page nine

the Spanish batteries became more active, and just as Hobson approached the point where it was intended to fire the torpedoes inside the ship, one of the shells from the battery tore away the steering gear of the Merrimac, and he could not control his ship any longer. The connections to some of the torpedoes had also been destroyed, and it was found impossible to fire them, so that the ship could not be sunk exactly as planned.

Projectiles from the Spanish batteries and picket boat were now exploding all around the Merrimac. " For noise," wrote Hobson, " it was Niagara magnified." Then suddenly a submarine mine exploded beneath the Merrimac. Hobson was delighted at the realization that the Spaniards, thinking they had come to attack instead of to sink, were helping them to sink by each shot. The Merrimac was now slowly going down, but not nearly fast enough to settle in the narrow passage where it would block up the Spanish fleet.

Hobson and his men waited to sink, and while he was sinking, Hobson thought of his flag. He wanted to go forward to hoist it, but George Charette pleaded with him: " If you go they will see you and will see us all." Hobson realized that this was true and abandoned his patriotic gesture.

The bombardment of the Merrimac continued and increased; more submarine mines exploded beneath it. Hobson and his men lay full length on their faces on the deck. They could not leave the ship yet, for they would be perfect targets for the Spanish gunners. They all were stripped to their underwear, wore their white life preservers, and carried their revolvers underneath their life belts.

" Reason took account of probabilities," Hobson wrote later, " and, according to the direction of the men's bodies with regard to the line of fire from the ships' guns, I waited to see one man's leg, another man's shoulder, the top of another man's head taken off. I looked for my own body to be cut in two diagonally, from the left hip upward, and wondered for a moment what the sensation would be. Not having pockets, tourniquets had been carried loosely around my left arm, and a roll of antiseptic lint was held in my left hand. These were placed in readiness."

International photo

Hobson in his time as an ensign.

Brown Bros. photo

Miss Grizelda Houston Hull, who became Mrs. Hobson.

Culver photo

Hobson as a young man with a beard.

Meanwhile, the Merrimac, instead of sinking completely, was being wrenched by the tide to a position where it would not block the narrow channel, and though it was sinking fast, Hobson and his men were powerless to aid their endeavor because their torpedoes were destroyed. The Spaniards fired two more mines, but unfortunately, from Hobson's point of view, they missed.

THEN two of the Spanish ships, the Reina Mercedes and the Pluton, came near the Merrimac, but they were too late to aid the sinking, for the collier was now going down rapidly.

" The firing suddenly ceased," Hobson wrote. " The vessel lowered her head like a faithful animal proudly aware of its sacrifice, bowed below the surface, and plunged forward. The stern rose and heeled heavily; it stood for a moment, shuddering, then started downward, righting as it went. A great rush of water came up the gangway, seething and gurgling out of the deck."

The men on board were hurled by the rushing water against the bulwarks, and they became part of the mass of floating cans, spars, casks, and other junk which had not been stripped from the Merrimac. Their chests were only protected from being crushed by the life preservers they wore, " for spars came end on like battering-rams, and the sharp corners of tin cans struck us heavily." Their lifeboat was carried away, and their catamaran was the only large piece of floating débris. The men were finally hurled free of the floating obstacles into the water, and then they swam to the catamaran and clung to it. The Spaniards had ceased firing; but Hobson was afraid that he and his men would be shot if they were seen, and he instructed the men to cling to the catamaran with their bodies below the surface of the water and only their heads and arms above the surface.

THE moon was gradually disappearing; the shadow of the nearby shore fell over the men as they clung to their raft. The Merrimac, Hobson noticed, was " bubbling up its last lingering breath." The boats from the Spanish warships came closer and closer, searching for prisoners. The catamaran was still tied to the sinking Merrimac by a line, and Hobson refused to permit this to be cut, because he feared that if the catamaran drifted, they might be picked up by the Spaniards and made prisoners, while he still felt that they might have a chance to get to shore unobserved.

" The air was chilly and the water positively cold," he wrote. He was afraid that the chattering of their teeth would be heard in the still darkness, and that they would be discovered by this means. He kept kicking his legs under the raft for exercise, but his teeth continued to chatter. He estimated that he and his men remained thus for an hour. " Frogs croaked up the bight, and as dawn broke, the birds began to twitter and chirp in the bushes and trees near at hand along the wooded slopes," he wrote. " Day came bright and beautiful. It seemed that nature disregarded man and went on the same, serene, peaceful, and unmoved. Man's strife appeared a discord, and his tragedy received no sympathy."

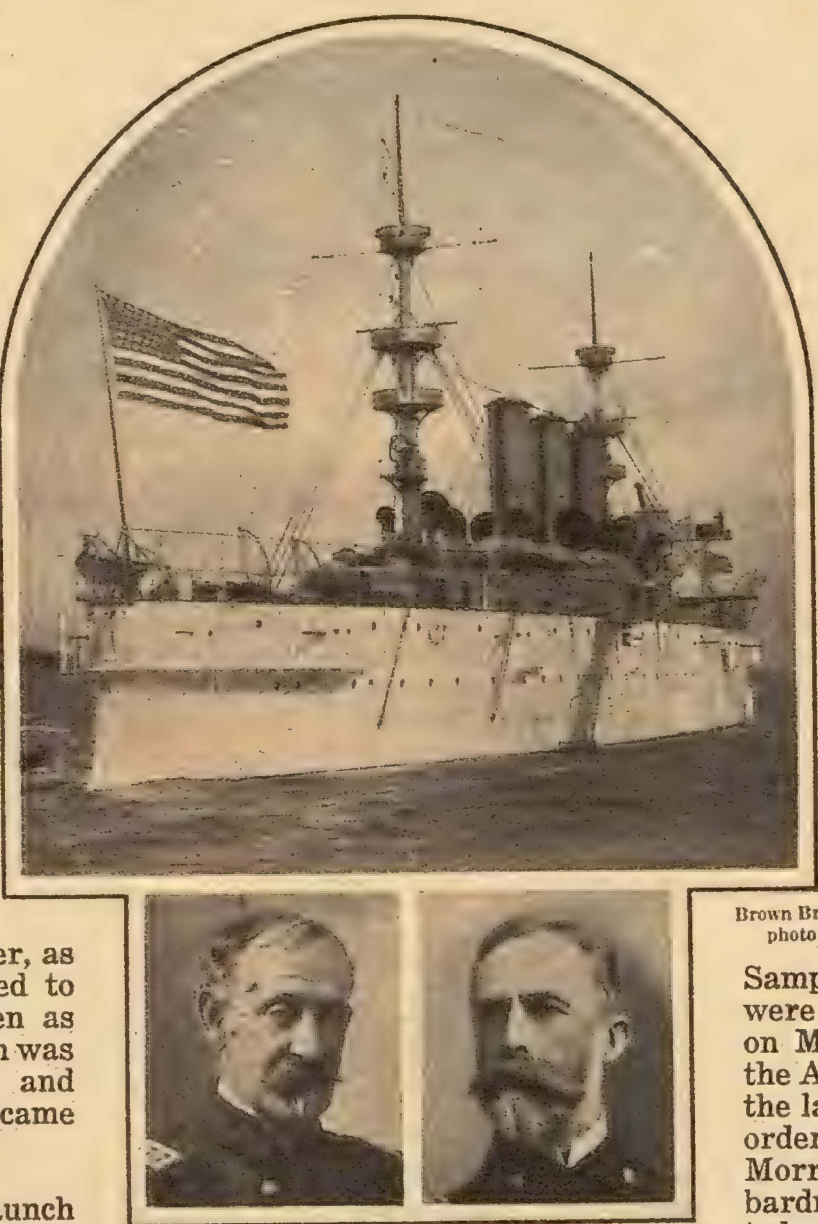
A beautiful bugle call rang out from the Punta Gorda battery. " It was pitched at a high key," wrote Hobson, " and rose and lingered long drawn out, gentle and tremulous; it seemed as though an angel might be playing while looking down in tender pity. Could this be a Spanish bugle? "

Meanwhile, Admiral Sampson and his officers and men on the New York were worried. A steam launch had followed the Merrimac to pick up the men as soon as the ship was sunk, and the plan had been for Hobson and his men to make their way to the steam launch, waiting at the mouth of the harbor, by means of the Merrimac's catamaran. The men on the New York waited for two hours for some sign of the Merrimac. They saw the flash of the Spanish guns and heard the terrific bombardment. Goode, the Associated Press correspondent, described Santiago harbor at the moment as " livid with flames that shot viciously from both banks." " We were powerless to help them," he wrote, " because we were as likely to hit the Merrimac as to hurt the batteries."

No one slept that night on the New York. At five o'clock in the morning there was still no sign of the Merrimac or the launch, commanded by Powell, intended to pick the men up. It was feared that his launch had been destroyed too. At about quarter past five, however, the men on the New York saw "a little streak of smoke" close inshore. It moved, and they soon recognized Powell's launch. "They're saved!" some one shouted out. The Spaniards also saw the launch and began to blaze away at it, but, hugging the shore, it pitched along, while shells burst all around. When the launch came near the New York, every spyglass was turned on it, but there was no sign of the Merrimac's crew. Powell reported that he had seen no trace of them. "We thought that they were dead," Goode wrote.

When broad daylight came, Hobson and his men were still undiscovered. Then a steam launch began to come toward their raft. The curtains were drawn down, and the men in the launch did not appear to notice the men clinging to the raft. When the launch was about thirty yards from them, Hobson hailed it. The curtains were raised; a squad of riflemen formed a semicircle on its forecastle and aimed at Hobson and his men. Hobson tells us: "A bitter thought flashed through my mind: 'The miserable cowards! A brave nation will learn of this and call for an account.'" He seemed to forget for the moment that there was a war going on. But no shots were fired; the men were merely being covered as a precaution against their firing.

Hobson shouted out that he would like to talk to an officer, as he, an American officer, wished to surrender himself and his men as prisoners of war. "The curtain was raised; an officer leaned out and waved his hand, and the rifles came down."


Brown Bros. photo

International photos

Commodore Winfield Scott Schley **Rear Admiral William Thomas Sampson**

The American naval commanders at Santiago. Above, the cruiser New York, Sampson's flagship, on which Lieutenant Hobson served.

HOBSON swam toward the launch and was assisted on board by an officer, who, he later learned, was Admiral Cervera, commander of the Spanish fleet. Hobson and his men, covered with soft coal, oil, and dirt, cold in their soaking underwear and their teeth still chattering, were taken on the admiral's launch to the Reina Mercedes. One of the men, Kelly, had been wounded in the lip, and his wound was clogged with coal dust; another, Murphy, had a wound twelve to fourteen inches long in his right hip. The others were scratched and bruised, and all were cold, dirty, hungry, and tired.

Admiral Cervera and his officers treated Hobson and his men with great courtesy and kindness. The Spanish captain of the Reina Mercedes ordered liquor for Hobson immediately, but he refused it in favor of coffee. The captain then asked Hobson politely how many men he had lost, and he was amazed to learn that none had been lost. Where, then, he asked, were all the crew? Hobson explained that their object had not been to attack, but to sink the Merrimac. The Spaniards could scarcely believe him. Then Hobson asked if he might send a message to Admiral Sampson reporting their safety. The Spanish admiral agreed to send Admiral Sampson the news under a flag of truce; it was such a polite war. Hobson was told to make himself at home.

Then General Linares, commander of the Spanish army, sent orders to place Hobson and his men in the Morro. Clothes had been provided for them by the Spanish officers and men. As he was being taken toward shore in a launch, Hobson noticed with disappointment that the sunken Merrimac did not block the channel.

From his room in the Morro Hobson could see the American ships outside the harbor. "What a sight!" he wrote; "—the power of a great nation concentrating with determined purpose; history calling; the eternal rule of justice appealing; the God of war impelling. A heavy blow was about to fall for liberty and the sacred cause of human right. It was a great sociological phenomenon, and the individual was not to be counted—was, indeed, happy in being lost." As he sat in the Morro, Hobson thought, he tells us, how easy it would have been to have drawn their revolvers after they had boarded the admiral's launch, taken possession of the admiral and his staff, and started for the American fleet with their distinguished prisoners; but then he remembered that the Spanish admiral had been accompanied by a squad of riflemen. And he turned back sadly to the frijoles, rice, and bread which had just been brought into his cell.

SPANISH officers visited Hobson and asked permission to shake his hand and congratulate him on his bravery. Clothes, money, and personal belongings of Hobson and his men were brought back from the New York by Captain Bustamente, who had carried the message of their safety to Admiral Sampson.

He had also told Admiral Sampson that Hobson and his men were confined in the Morro, so that on Monday morning, June 6, when the American fleet began to bombard the land defenses, the gunners were ordered to be careful to avoid the Morro. Hobson watched the bombardment from his window and tried to keep out of danger from the bricks and mortar which fell about him as the shells landed near the Morro. He protested against being retained there, and the next day he and his men were removed to a prison in Santiago.

Hobson hoped to be exchanged for Spanish prisoners, and he waited in his comfortable room in Santiago for that eventuality. On the first day a cablegram was brought to him; it was a message from the Southern Society of Brooklyn, congratulating him on his heroic deed. From his room in the Spanish barracks Hobson watched the progress of the Battle of Santiago, and he made notes which he thought might be valuable later if he managed to escape or to be exchanged. At first the Spanish government refused to exchange the prisoners; but finally, on July 6, Hobson and his men were marched, blindfolded, through the Spanish lines to a place halfway between the Spanish trenches and the American lines. When they arrived near the place agreed upon for the exchange, the handkerchiefs were removed from their eyes, and the formalities of exchange were completed by the Spanish and American officers under a large ceiba tree, around which vultures flew fiercely.

A crowd of American soldiers was waiting to greet Hobson as he came up the broad trail leading to the American lines. The band played The Star-Spangled Banner and then When Johnny Comes Marching Home. The men cheered wildly for the twenty-eight-year-old naval

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HOBSON
Continued from page eleven

officer who had made himself famous. When Hobson reached his ship, the New York, in the harbor of Santiago, there was silence as he came aboard, and he thought every one was asleep, but then cheers burst from the crew who were assembled all over the deck and the rigging in the deep darkness.

While he was a prisoner, one of the American newspapers arranged for Hobson to send a cablegram to his mother. It read: “ I am well. Feel no anxiety about me. Richmond.” “ His mother,” Hobson once told a New York World reporter, “ is the best friend a boy has.”

A few days after his exploit, the second phase of Richmond Pearson Hobson's career began when Alabama, his native state, prepared to present him with a jeweled sword. The populace of the United States had been stirred up to great patriotic fervor for the Spanish-American War, and it needed a hero badly. Hobson's extraordinary deed immediately made of him what the newspapers and the public desired. Even before Hobson's release from prison the public proceeded to go mad about him. John Clark Ridpath, in his magazine The Arena, expressed popular feeling in verses which he entitled Hobson of Alabama. In part, they follow:

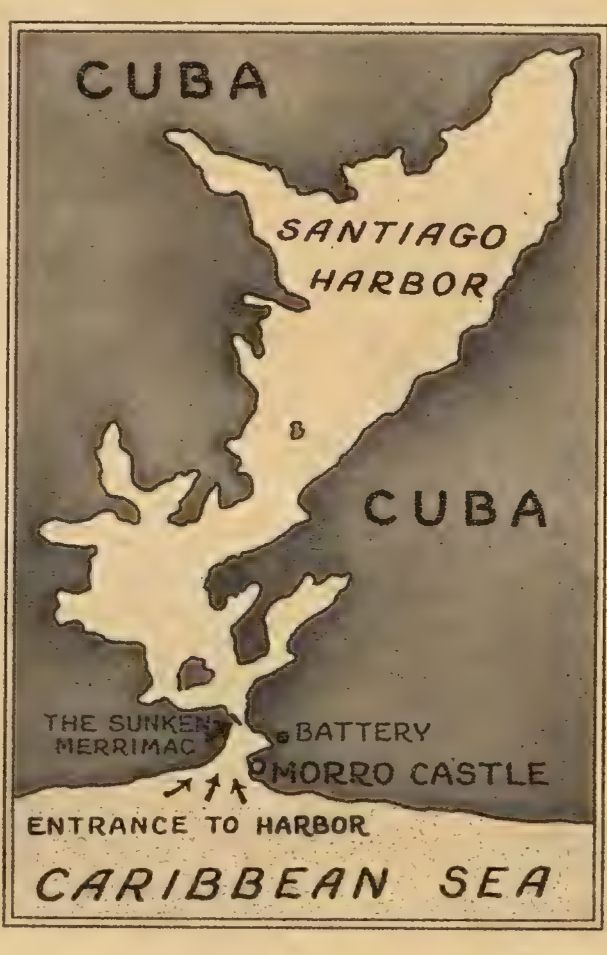
This Hobson of ours! God bless the man
For the daringest young American
That ever was seen on sea or land!
(The Admiral has a job on hand,
To scuttle a ship or loaded boat
In Santiago de Cuba's throat.
And this will demand a dozen men,
Or it may be six or it may be ten.
Seeking no prizes and knowing no fear.)
“ Now who,” said our Sampson, “ will volunteer? ”
And more than a hundred, ready to die,
Spring eagerly forward, shouting “ I ”—
This Hobson of Alabama.

“ Take that old sea-tramp, the Merrimac,
And sink her deep in Cervera's track,
Crosswise in the channel—wish you well—
It's a red-hot job—look out for hell,”
The Admiral said. And the seven men stood,
Their young necks red with American blood,
By Hobson of Alabama.

The old tramp heaved with her heavy load,
But Hobson prodded her hard with his goad,
And on she went, and the Spanish guns
Began to vomit their shells by tons,
And the storm came down, and hell broke loose,
On the back of the poor old ocean goose,
As she went to the spot and turned her side
To the bellowing batteries ere she died!
“ To the boat, boys, quick, while I let her go—
And wait for me at the port below,”
Said Hobson of Alabama.

Then all of a sudden the big torpedo
Rocked ocean and land from Key West to Toledo! . . .
And Hobson? Well, he with his men afloat
Put off with a shout in his daredevil boat
And shook out a flag and signaled afar
To Cervera to take him, by rule of war!
And the Admiral could but hear and heed
The call, as he witnessed the matchless deed
Of Hobson of Alabama.

Hurrah for Hobson! Hurrah for his band—
Each fellow who took his life in his hand
And volunteered to sink the ship,
And did it, and then gave Death the slip!
The Republic lives! The stern old day
Of heroic valor has come our way!
Hurrah for the sailors and soldiers too,
Who follow the flag with its field of blue,
With its stripes unstained and its quenchless stars
Outliving ten thousand rents and scars!
And when our children in far-off days
Are falling away from their fathers' ways,
And the sun of freedom seems like to set,
Revive their courage, and don't forget
Brave Hobson of Alabama.



Showing where the Merrimac sank in the entrance to Santiago harbor.

SOON after his return from the Spanish prison Hobson was sent up to New York with instructions to report to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington on the condition of the Spanish ships wrecked near Santiago in the battle which followed his exploit. It was most fortunate for the American navy and army that Hobson had not succeeded in blocking the harbor of Santiago, for had he done so the Spanish fleet would not have been able to leave and would have been in excellent position to attack the army which later captured the town.

When Richmond Pearson Hobson arrived in New York, he was recognized almost immediately by men on the streets, for his picture had been in every newspaper and magazine. Before Lieutenant Hobson had left for the war he had subscribed to a clipping bureau. His first clippings were very few in number, but after he sank the Merrimac the bureau sent him more than 400 in a short space of time. Crowds shouted at the returning hero:

Mr. Hobson, Mr. Hobson,
You're a dandy, you're a peach,
And the biggest blooming pebble
That is shining on the beach.

On the evening of August 4, 1898, Lieutenant Hobson appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House at a benefit for the New York Soldiers' and Sailors' Protective Association. He was cheered long and vigorously. In the course of his speech Hobson said: “ The sailor abhors words. If you have followed his routine from the time he is turned out in the morning to taps at night, you will find that he has small opportunities to make use of words and phrases. The pipe of the whistle and the blast of the bugle are the oratory that sway him. . . . When the deck is turned over to me and I am called upon to use words in abundance, I am, indeed, upon an unknown and perilous sea.

“ But I must confess that I knew that I should have to embark upon that sea when I consented to appear here tonight. But sailors have gone into unknown seas before when adequate causes have called them there.” There were wild cheers, and the New York Bank Clerks' Glee Club sang America.

Hobson soon found the unknown seas of words pleasant and easy sailing, and he has been spending the rest of his life using words in abundance.

Next week Mr. Werner will tell how Hobson became “ the most kissed man in America,” and thereafter an extremist crusader for prohibition.

"The Reverend Bernard SIMMONS, B.D."

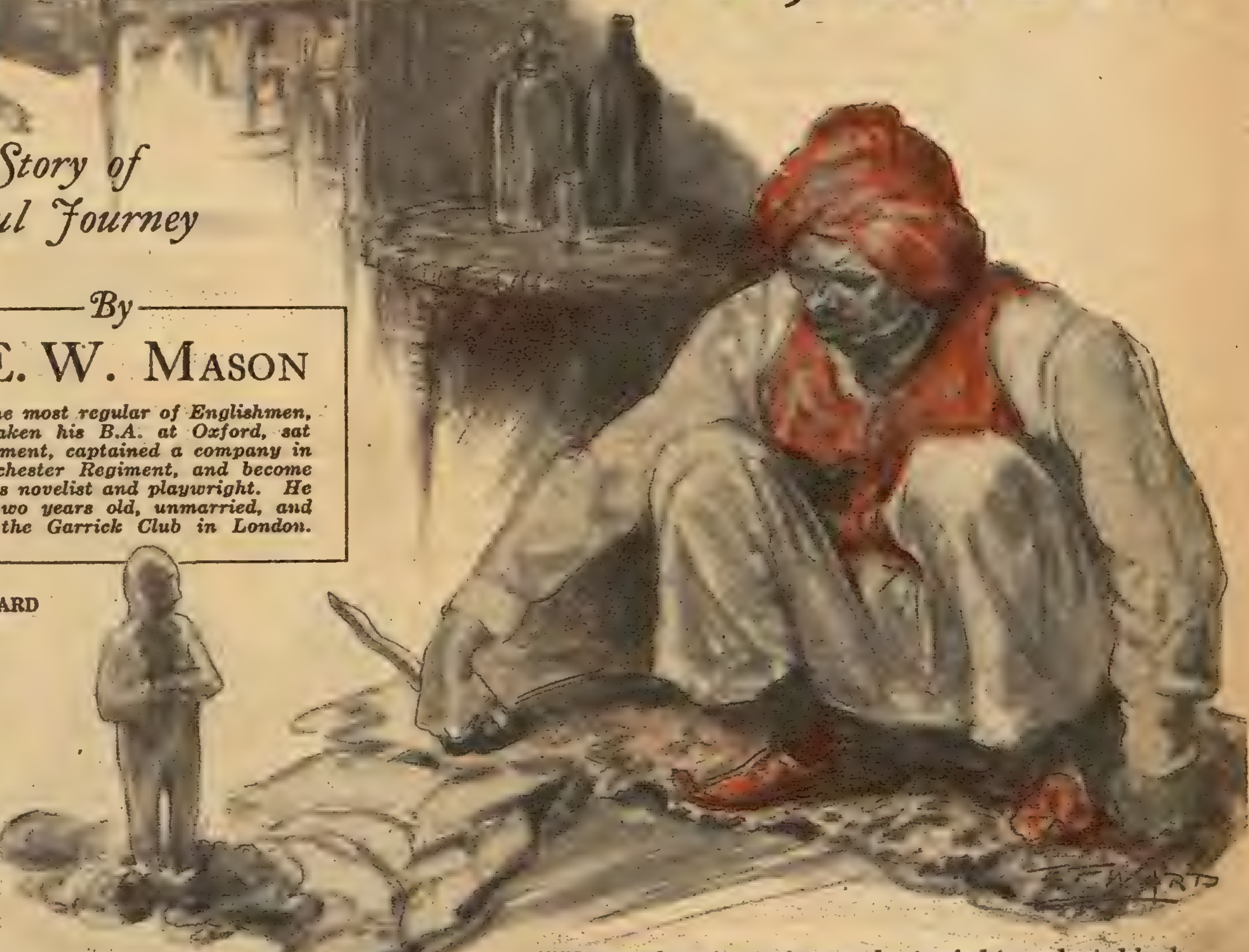
The Story of a Fateful Journey

By

A. E. W. MASON

who is the most regular of Englishmen, having taken his B.A. at Oxford, sat in Parliament, captained a company in the Manchester Regiment, and become famous as novelist and playwright. He is sixty-two years old, unmarried, and lives at the Garrick Club in London.

Pictures by **E. F. WARD**



"He made a wax image last night and stabbed it through the heart."

DAVID SWAINE, having worked more than seven hours a day and raised himself from man to master, determined to see the world and compare the pictures of cities and rivers which had got in the way of his ledgers on dusty August afternoons in Gracechurch Street, City, with the actual originals. He had sat, too, throughout his first session as a Member of Parliament, and the discomfort which had come to him in consequence strengthened his determination. For it was the discomfort of a healthy man sitting in a sick room with double windows locked against the noises of the world outside. He wanted fresh air. Accordingly he traveled eastward in a Peninsula and Oriental steamer and did get as far as Ceylon.

There he landed. He bought tortoise shell at Galle and saw the Great Tooth at Kandy. He climbed Adam's Peak and watched the sun rise and the huge shadow launch itself across the mists from the mountain's side. He played a round of golf in the English climate at Nuwara Eliya and visited the Rock Temple. And finally, still reveling in the green and glistening radiance of the island, he came by some stroke of fate to Anuradhapura, the old dead city, dug after so many centuries out of its overgrowth of jungle.

Swaine wrote his name in the hotel book, left a letter of introduction at the house of the Commissioner of the District, and set enthusiastically out in search of tank and moonstone, temple and sacred trees. He was walking back in the late afternoon from those serried lines of low square stone pillars which pass by the name of the Brazen Palace, lost in an effort to shoot himself back into the age when high priests and monks and a comparatively unimportant king actually lived in the palace above the stones, when the most ancient and modern thing in the world happened. A woman called to him.

He had been vaguely aware that some one had passed him. He had been vaguely conscious, too, that this some one had stopped and turned. But the call swung him round, for it was his Christian name which was used. He saw a middle-aged woman of a stout, coarse build with a round red face which seemed to him swollen, and with little red veins disfiguring the whites of her eyes.

"SHE drinks," he said to himself; "but how the dickens does she know my name?"

And the call came again, "David," but this time upon a note of reproach. David walked slowly toward her, frowning in his perplexity. He saw a look of fear leap into her eyes.

"You surely know me again, don't you, David?" and ever so little her voice shook.

So she had not always looked the round barrel of a woman she looked now, and in her heart she knew it, but dreaded to be forced to recognize it.

"Of course I know you again," he said quickly and was rewarded by her smile of relief.

"Then tell me my name," she continued with a dreadful archness which sat upon her monstrously.

Now that was not fair. She should have given him a lead. She was asking for the very answer she dreaded. Obviously he had known her, and suddenly her name stood out—though why he could never imagine. There was certainly nothing in her appearance and no accent in her husky voice to remind him of the pretty, slender girl to whom years ago he had once made love in the country

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[THE REVEREND BERNARD SIMMONS, B.D.
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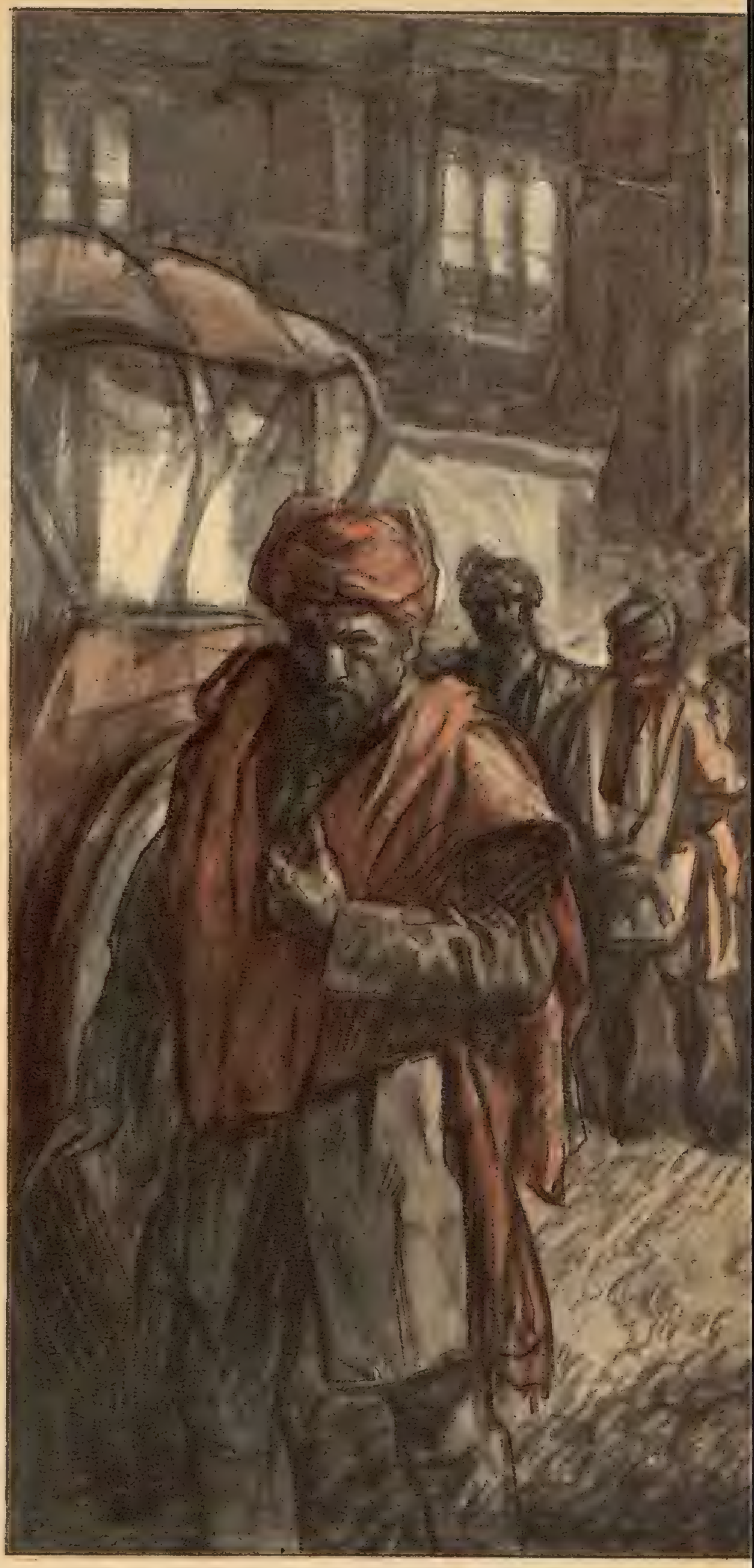


David saw a look of fear leap into her eye

lanes (as they had been then) between Dulwich and Forest Hill.

"You are Dulcie Elverton," he said with a smile and he held out his hand.

"Yes, that's it. Ow, you gave me quite a turn when I thought you didn't remember me—such sweethearts as we were too!"

She slipped her hand inside his arm and walked on beside him.

"Fancy meetin' you in Ceylon, David! Well, you've got on in the world, haven't you? I see your name in the papers regular. That wouldn't have happened if we'd run away and got married at nineteen, as we talked of," she added shrewdly and was silent for a moment. Then the archness returned to her and she nudged him in the side. "D'you remember the laburnum tree, David?"

"Could I forget it?" he asked uncomfortably.

"Well, I don't know. Men are that queer. You never do know."

The laburnum tree had overhung the high garden wall of the Elvertons' house, and a couple kissing underneath it were hidden even from the topmost windows. The picture flashed back now into Swaine's memory—he waiting under the cover of the wall, Dulcie stealing out to him, the stolen passionate kisses, nineteen years crying hungrily to eighteen years, the hurried partings a little way from the house—for the Elvertons were wholesale people in the leather trade and David Swaine was merely a clerk on an office stool without any prospect whatever. David Swaine remembered now, remembered even the tragic emotions with which they had parted, he to his advancement in Liverpool.

"You never once wrote to me, David. No doubt you were right," she said. "It all seemed pretty hopeless. But I was fairly heartbroken."

ONE thing Swaine couldn't remember—the cockney accent which she used now, which gave to her pathetic recollections a quite pathetic vulgarity. But she herself unconsciously supplied the explanation.

"I knew you were going up and up," she said in a voice of pride. And he recollected that he had been put to the greatest pains to get rid of a cockney accent himself. He had taken lessons in elocution; he had watched himself and the faces of the people to whom he talked to make sure of his lapses, and correct them. He had gone on. Dulcie Elverton had stood still—there was the explanation.

"Yes, it's always been a pride to me that I was right about yer," she resumed. "I was modern, wasn't I?"

David Swaine laughed. He had not recollected that quality of hers until she mentioned the familiar word.

"Of course you were," he said.

Dulcie Elverton had been all for the latest movements. Her last word of contempt had been "mid-Victorian." She had dared to smoke a cigarette; she had even dared to mention Oscar Wilde; she had been the very impersonation of advancement in her little circle.

"Yes, I always had courage, hadn't I?" And suddenly her voice rang with a sudden note of despair which made the embarrassed David look sharply into her face.

"Have things gone wrong with you, Dulcie?" he asked lamely, foolishly. For, looking at her now and comparing her with the dainty slip of a girl she had been, he knew there was no need to ask that question.

"No, no! Not a bit," she replied bravely, and then, with a quick glance of fear to this side and that, like a criminal with the police on his tracks, she said in a low voice, "I must go. I must go."

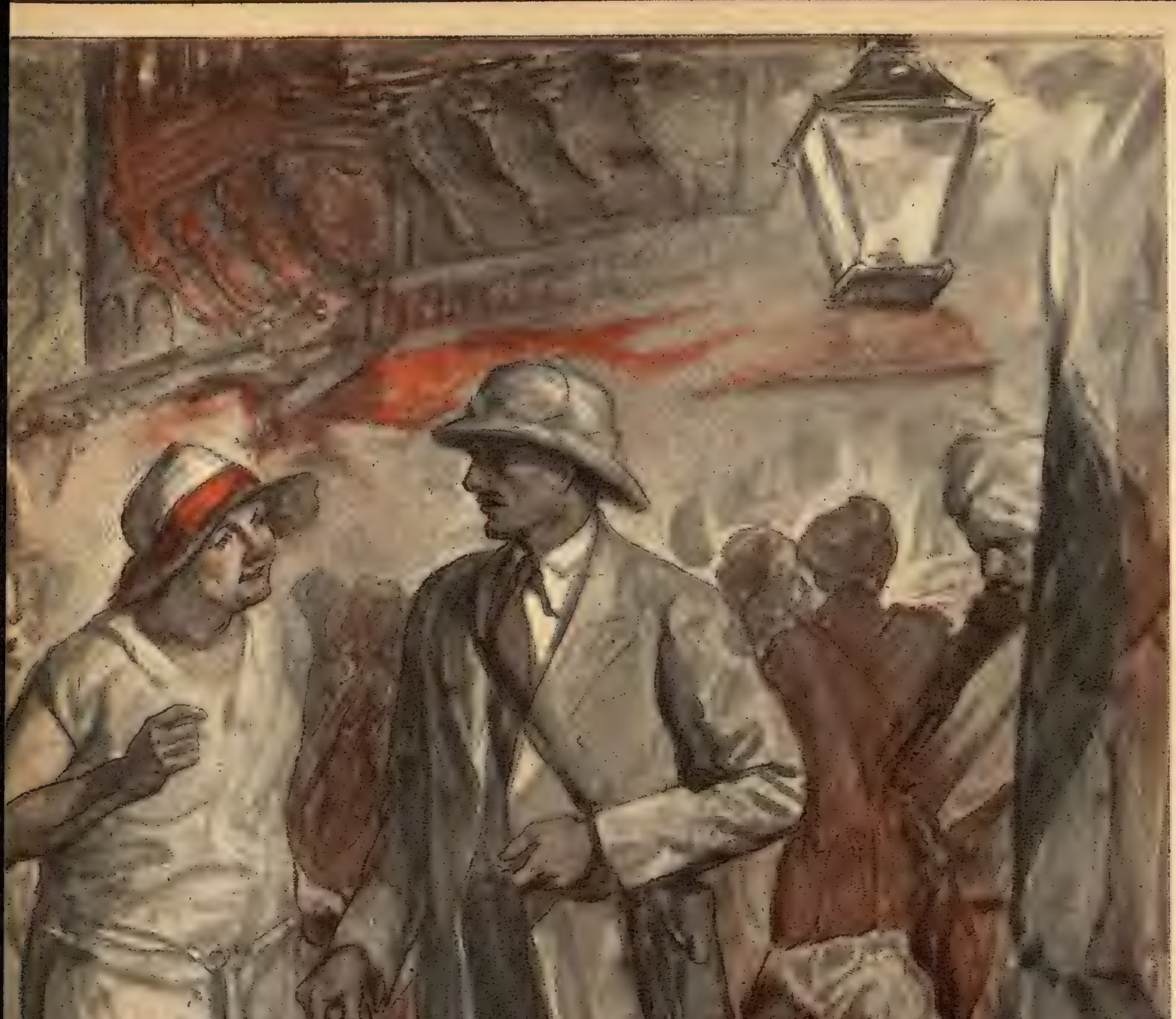
She drew her hand away from Swaine's arm, and then seized it again and clung to it.

"I'd have bolted with you, David, in a sec, if you'd asked me. Oh, why didn't you?"

Swaine began confusedly to stammer a few incoherencies. It wouldn't have been fair to her. . . . It would have meant poverty made poorer perhaps by children. . . . Dulcie cut quickly into his explanations.

"It doesn't matter now," she said. "But I'm awfully proud of you, David. Do you remember what I used to call you? You've forgotten. You were my beau ideal." And with that piece of banality she turned away. They were standing in a broad road in the native city and he saw her disappear into the darkness between two shops gaudily lit by petrol lamps.

It is uncomfortable to meet unexpectedly your first love and to find that she has swollen into a mountainous ruin. You begin to speculate whether you, though you cannot see it, are not something of a ruin yourself. It becomes still more uncomfortable if you are made to realize that you are in some way responsible for the ruin. This was David Swaine's position, and he walked back to his hotel with all his eager enjoyment quenched.



"You surely know me again, don't you, David?" and her voice shook.

A hundred torturing questions which he had never asked, which Dulcie Elverton had determined that he should not ask, presented themselves to him now demanding answers. Why was Dulcie in Ceylon at all? Was she living there or a tourist like himself? Why had she suddenly turned away from him and disappeared as if—yes, as if she feared to be seen with him even in the native bazaar.

David Swaine walked back to the hotel set in a park of turf and red-flowered rain trees and was very uncomfortable indeed. Therefore he was grateful for a curious little incident which distracted his thoughts.

In the lobby of the hotel a man was examining the visitors' book; his back was turned toward Swaine and all that Swaine noticed at first was that he wore a soft, flat, clerical hat. But he noticed something else immediately afterward. The native clerk behind the desk touched the man in the clerical hat quickly with the butt of his pen; and the man sprang up and turned round. He was undoubtedly a Cingalee too, but he wore the stiff white stock and black silk breastplate which are the trade-marks of the English clergyman.

"A missionary," said Swaine to himself, and he politely raised his hat.

THE missionary, if such he was, returned the bow with a singular obsequiousness, so marked, indeed, that it had all the appearance of a sneer. Swaine passed on and upstairs, and along the corridor to his room, which had a balcony overlooking the park and just to the right of the porch.

On the table was a polite letter from the Commissioner bidding him to dinner that evening at eight. Swaine scribbled an acceptance, and, after ringing the bell, sent it off by a messenger. Then he lit a cigarette and stepped out upon his balcony, and he saw on the sandy drive beneath him the missionary, as he called him. The missionary was looking up with a frown at the façade of the hotel, and made a little movement as Swaine appeared.

Swaine had an impression that the man had been waiting for his appearance, and that, now that he had appeared, he was fixing in his mind the exact location of his room. Of course it was fancy, he argued, but nonetheless the missionary walked off now along the drive to the white entrance gate with the air of a man who had found out just what he wanted to find out and had nothing more to do there.

Now, Swaine was of the type which objects to moving amongst mysteries. He liked people in a category, and things which could be exactly defined so that he could choose his ground and deal with them. Therefore this curious little encounter remained in his mind; remained,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE REVEREND BERNARD SIMMONS, B.D.
Continued from page fifteen

indeed, uppermost in his mind throughout dinner, and as soon as the Commissioner's wife and his daughter had left the table, he returned to it.

"Do you know a native clergyman or missionary here?" he asked.

"Do I not?" replied Mr. Septimus Gordon, the Commissioner. He was a tall, thin, gray, tired man grown cynical with his years of service. "The Reverend Bernard Simmons, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, B.D. He is going to give me more trouble than all the rest of the district put together."

"Why?" asked Swaine.

"First, he married a white woman and brought her out here. And that always means trouble."

Swaine jumped in his chair. Dulcie Elverton had prided herself on her modernity, her freedom from prejudice and convention. Was it to this that her modernity had brought her?

"Secondly, he drinks," continued Mr. Gordon in a drawl, "and he has taught his wife to drink, too. Poor creature, I am not surprised. What else could she do?"

So Dulcie was the wife. No wonder she had cried out against Swaine for not taking his courage in his hands and running away with her. He shifted his legs uncomfortably and looked up to find Mr. Gordon watching him with a hint of amusement in his eyes. However, he merrily continued his catalogue:

"Thirdly, the Reverend Bernard Simmons, M.A., B.D., is backsliding. Yes, that's quite the natural thing to happen."

"Backsliding?" inquired Swaine.

"Well, it depends upon your point of view," answered Gordon. "Most people would call it backsliding, though for my part between Buddhism and Christianity there isn't the thickness of a sixpenny bit."

IN that statement Mr. Septimus Gordon was wrong. There is one point of difference, a point which was to prove of enormous importance to David Swaine. Gordon was generalizing hastily with his thoughts rather upon the Reverend Bernard Simmons, B.D., and the trouble that man was going to give him. He gave Swaine a sketch of his history so far as he knew it.

"He was a scholar with a sort of facile cleverness common enough amongst his type. He seemed to have been swept rather off his feet by some revivalist meetings in the East End of London. He even changed his name—which is really Mahinda Bahu—to mark his complete severance from his old creed and its associations, and finally took orders.

"Somehow he managed to marry some girl bored to death with her suburban surroundings and with her head full of ignorance and dreams. There's some obscure sex instinct too at the bottom of these marriages, no doubt," Mr. Gordon shrugged his shoulders, "some expectation of more than sane and normal . . ." he hesitated for the word he wanted, and chose the more decent and comprehensive "happiness. Anyhow, he married her and the good people at home put the lid on the whole unfortunate business. They sent him back here as a missionary."

"It has been a failure?" Swaine asked miserably. He was disturbed by the uneasy suspicion which comes to all men however successful they may be, at some time or another, that there is something wickedly, irretrievably wrong in the very make-up of the world. Here were two well meaning young people, himself and Dulcie Elverton, and between them they had made the most dreadful hash of the girl's life. Here were two very good qualities, ambition on his side, and a freedom from prejudice on hers, and together they had produced wreckage.

"A complete failure," replied Mr. Gordon. "How in the world could you, with a house and a servant and an English wife, and a frock coat and a clerical choker, expect to convert people whose priests go about in a fold of saffron cloth with a beggar bowl? It isn't reasonable. And why should you try?"

Once more Mr. Septimus Gordon overlooked the point of enormous difference with which David Swaine was to become acquainted.

"Anyway, the Reverend Bernard Simmons, M.A., Oxon, B.D., alias Mahinda Bahu, isn't trying any more," he resumed. "He's amongst his own people. Disappointment, drink, quarrels with his wife—who is, of course, utterly handicapped by her marriage—are driving him back to the old beliefs and—worse—to the old superstitions. Yes, that's the really bad thing. But it was bound to be, wasn't it? Extreme left goes extreme right, and doesn't oscillate decently in the middle—"

Mr. Septimus Gordon suddenly broke off and switched his chair round to face Swaine.

"I have told you all this for a reason. You can do a good thing. You can persuade Dulcie Simmons to get out of this place and go back to her own people."

"She had probably quarreled with them," said Swaine slowly, "if they are still alive. I never knew the parents, but I should think that they had wiped her off the family."

He was the more sure of it the more clearly he recollected them—a stiff-necked couple who uttered the responses in church louder than anyone else, looked upon "business" as something peculiarly righteous, and the wealthiest families in their residential suburb as the greatest leaders of society. Then he looked at Mr. Septimus Gordon in surprise.

"How do you know that Mrs. Simmons is a friend of mine?"

Mr. Gordon laughed outright.

"Everybody within miles knows that you are a friend of hers. Everybody within miles knows that you are here, staying at the hotel. I don't wonder that the Reverend Simmons was hanging about to have a look at you. Do you know what you are to Dulcie Simmons? You are her beau ideal."

Words could not describe the languid mockery with which Mr. Gordon pronounced that dreadful phrase. David Swaine flushed to the roots of his hair.

"I'll see what I can do," he answered uncomfortably. "I'll call on her tomorrow if you will give me her address."

"Yes," said Mr. Gordon. "They live in the native quarter, of course," and he wrote the address down, whilst more and more David Swaine wished that he had booked a passage straight on to Australia, Burma, Penang, Singapore—to anywhere in the world which avoided a prolonged stoppage at Ceylon.

"You can do us all a good service, I am sure," said Mr. Septimus Gordon.

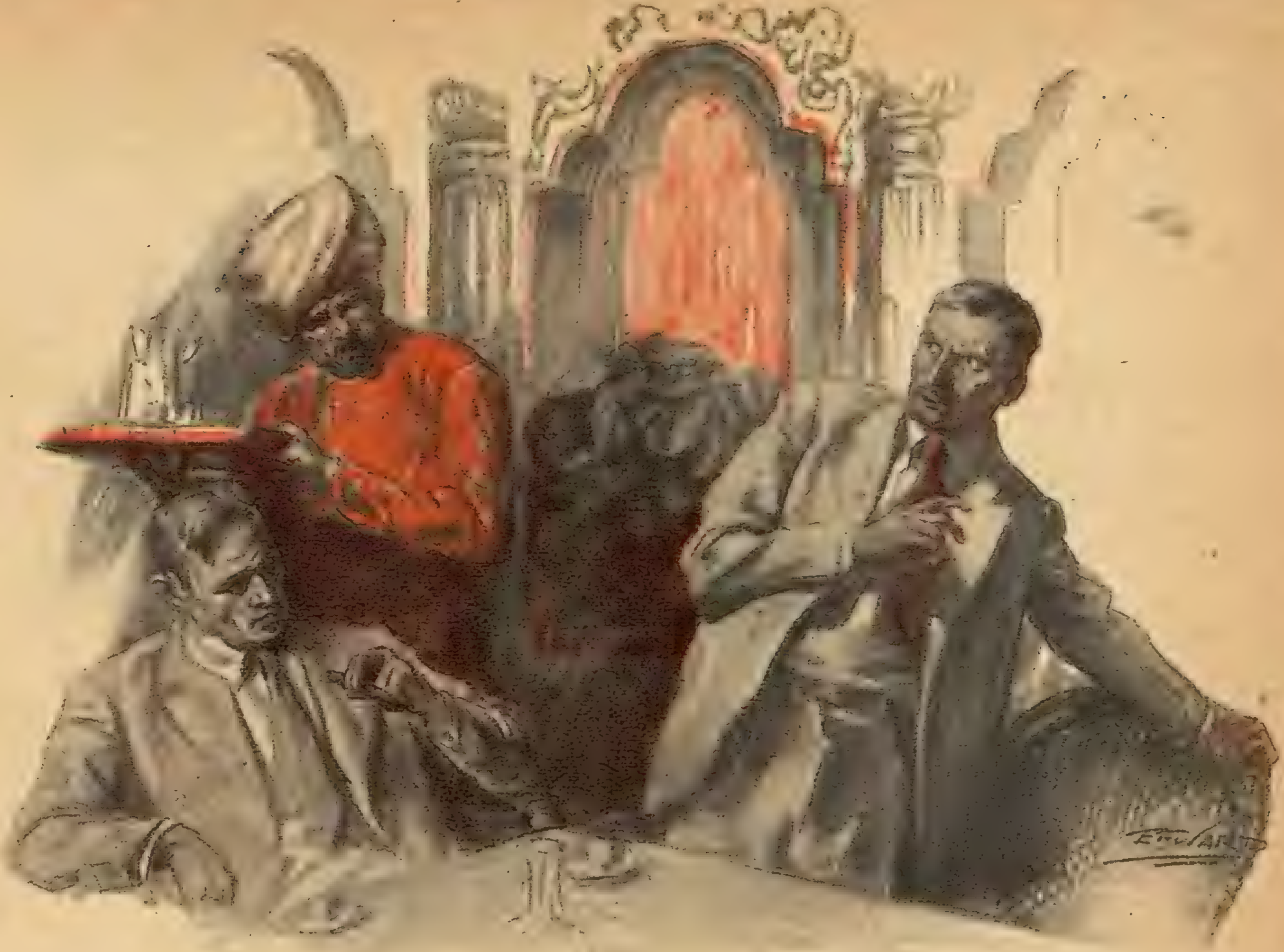
II

DAVID SWAINE, however, did not, after all, call upon Mrs. Simmons. He started out with that object, certainly, in the afternoon of the next day, but as he closed the white gate of the drive behind him, she called to him again from a clump of trees at the side of the road; and she called in a low and agitated voice:

"David!"

He turned off into the turf and found her holding her hand against her heart and her lips trembling.

"Oh, I thought you were never goin' to come out of the hotel," she said. "I've been waitin' for you the whole after-



In the midst of a conversation with an American, he sprang from his chair, his face white, his eyes staring.

noon. I've got to talk to you."

She turned and hurried by a path through the trees until she came to an open space where a temple was built against a tall rock. Dulcie Elverton sank down upon a garden seat on the edge of the tank and quite in the open.

"We shall be safe here," she said. "Tourists are always coming to this temple. So he wouldn't come near it."

THERE was no doubt in Swaine's mind who "he" must be.

"But I should have thought," he rejoined, "that, with his Oxford training, he would have welcomed—"

"White people?" interrupted Dulcie. "Not he! All that was just veneer. He has gone back to his own people—angrily."

"Then you ought to leave him," said Swaine, obeying Mr. Septimus Gordon's instructions. Dulcie shook her head decidedly.

"I? Where should I go?"

"Home."

"There's no such place for me, my dear," she returned with half an attempt at a smile which ended in a complete sob. "I quarreled once and for all with my people over—over—Bernard. They'd never have me back again, and if they would, I wouldn't go. What sort of figure would I cut, creeping back looking"—and her voice sank to a whisper—"looking as I do look?—I who am remembered, at all events, as a pretty girl. No, I couldn't go back."

And then, seizing fast hold of a purpose which she had clean forgotten, she exclaimed, "But you! You *must*. That's what I waited by the gate to tell you! You must go, David! You must pack your bag and hire a car and get away. I am afraid whilst you're here. You can reach Colombo tonight in a car if you start off at once. As long as you're here I'm frightened, desperately frightened."

Her large red face had a mottled look, the hands she held out to him beseechingly shook, and in her eyes there was so urgent a prayer that Swaine was shocked by it.

"But Dulcie!" he exclaimed. "He daren't hurt you! He's here, in the open—" And suddenly he stopped. For all the fear in her face had turned to perplexity.

"Me?" she cried. "I'm not in danger. It's you—don't you understand that? Of course it's you! You see, I have talked of you—yes, more than I ought to have done—when we quarreled at night. I've held you up against him. I've said that I could have married you and had a fine home in England, if I had chosen. Yes, I've said that over and over. He hates you, and he's gone back to Buddhism! Yes," and she nodded her head at him. "Don't you see what a difference that makes?"

"No, I don't," replied Swaine stoutly, although a troublesome recollection of the Reverend Bernard Simmons, B.D., standing in the drive and locating the exact position of his bedroom did recur to him. He recollected the man, however, too—a little square creature, sturdy enough, no doubt, but not one to inspire terror.

"I don't understand what difference his going back to Buddhism can make to me. Why, only last night the Commissioner told me there wasn't the breadth of a sixpence between Buddhism and Christianity."

Dulcie Simmons could hardly let him finish, so immense was her contempt. "He told you that!" she cried scathingly, and in one dreadful sentence she put the difference clear and stark before her companion: "If you hate enough, Buddhism makes murder worth while."

"Murder!"

SWAINE had come up from Colombo, a mere law-abiding, globe-trotting tourist, to see a buried city of olden times, and he was confronted suddenly with a threat of violent death. He was not going to believe it—no!—there was a police force in Ceylon! Yet a chill even in that bright sunlight crept into his flesh and his bones and set him shivering.

"Yes, murder!" she went on eagerly. "Don't you see, David?" and she beat her fist upon her knee in her anger at the obtuseness of men.

"If he's tried; if he's hanged; what does it matter? You think he's dead. He knows better. He's going to live again, perhaps as an animal, yes, perhaps as the lowest sort of animal, since he had a crime to expiate; but he's going to work up again. In a few generations—and what are a few generations?—he'll be—not the Reverend Bernard Simmons again, no, he won't make that mistake, but Mahinda Bahu getting nearer and nearer to the final blissful extinction."

She looked around suddenly, and though no one was within earshot and only a few tourists were on the terrace of the great dagoba, she lowered her voice.

"I know he's planning mischief. For he made a wax image last night and stabbed it through the heart."

Swaine's common sense revolted.

"My dear Dulcie, sorcerers did that sort of thing in the Middle Ages."

"And natives of Ceylon who hate enough do that sort of thing still," she rejoined stubbornly.

The sun was going down fast behind the trees. Dulcie Simmons sprang to her feet.

"I must go!" she exclaimed. "He's certain to imagine that I am with you if I don't get back. No, don't come with me, please! Only go, David! Promise me!"

He took her trembling hand in his.

"I was going tomorrow morning, anyway, Dulcie. I'll keep to my arrangement. I can't run away, you know. But I'll go early."

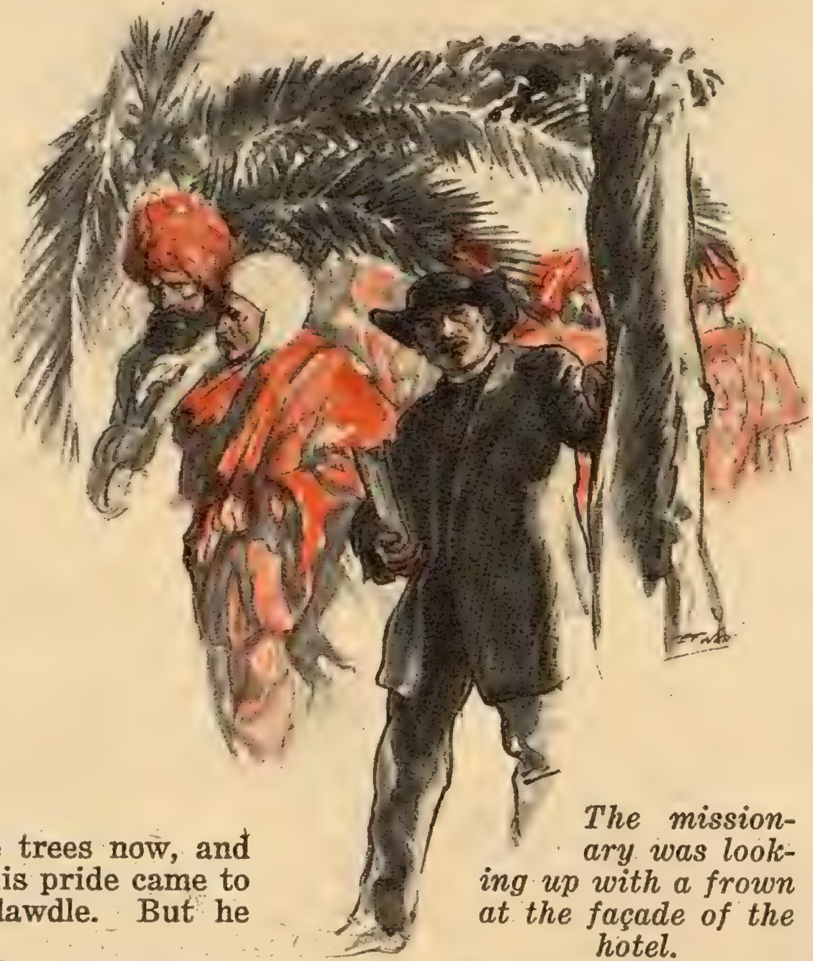
He made that concession. It was the most his pride

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE REVEREND BERNARD SIMMONS, B.D.
Continued from page seventeen

would let him do. After all, he, David Swaine, M.P., was not going to turn tail before a missionary, whatever murderous designs he might be nursing in his heart. Dulcie shrugged her shoulders. She knew the uselessness of arguing in favor of the things that aren't done.

"Very well. Only tonight, David, take care! Oh, take good care! Good-by!" and she wrung his hand and hurried off in a stumbling run as if she could hardly see whether she kept the path or no. But she disappeared amongst the rain trees at last, a grotesque, ambling ruin of a woman blinded with tears, and she disappears at the same time out of this story.



The missionary was looking up with a frown at the façade of the hotel.

For the subsequent events concerned only David Swaine.

He walked back toward his hotel courageously enough to begin with. For he could not associate the appearance of Dulcie Simmons with violent events. She was so utterly in keeping with the ordinary humdrum world where nothing happens today which did not happen yesterday. But as he walked the sun dropped behind the trees suddenly, and the gold was off the world. It sank like a ship, a burning ship, into a cold sea, and a chill breath of wind made goose flesh of his back.

"Somebody's walking over my grave," he said to himself inadvertently, and was troubled by the inadvertence. "Nonsense," he said now, correcting himself, and he quickened his pace.

He was passing through the trees now, and he began to run a little, until his pride came to his help and forced him to dawdle. But he dawdled in a rising fear.

"It is ridiculous that—anything of the kind" —even in his thoughts he could not bring himself to be more precise than that—"should happen to *me!*" he exclaimed with, at the same time, an amazed helpless consciousness that, after all, just that thing might happen to him. He came to the white gate with a gasp of relief. He flung it open and passed through, and the clink of the latch, repeated and repeated as it swung backward and forward behind him, comforted him with a sound which was homely and familiar and had a suggestion of gates opening on to English meadows.

But a little way ahead of him the façade and the porch of the hotel rose, the lower windows ablaze with light, the upper ones shuttered and dark; and as he stood watching it, his momentary sense of comfort oozed out of him.

"Take care tonight! Take care!"

THE trees about him began to whisper the warning, and he realized with an exaggerated sense of desolation that he was in a strange land amongst a strange people. How could he take care when he didn't know what to take care against? The squat, sturdy figure of the missionary under the clerical hat became ominous and sinister.

Swaine stepped off the hard surface of the drive on to the turf, so that his footsteps might not be heard. Standing in the darkness outside, he peered into the lighted lounge. It was empty. He walked in. Beyond the lounge, on the right-hand side facing the staircase, was an office desk at which sat a Cingalee clerk. Swaine stepped up to the desk and ordered a motor car for the next morning to take him into Colombo.

"You are leaving us so soon, Mister Swaine, M.P.?" said the clerk with a polite smile.

"I must be on board before four o'clock in the afternoon," said Swaine. Already he felt the breeze as his steamer put out between the enormous breakwaters to the open sea. "So I should like to start at eight in the morning. Can you arrange for that?"

"Of course, Mister Swaine," said the clerk, and—was it the dim light of the electric lamp in the office, or some passing shadow?—his smile all at once seemed secret. Swaine began to interpret it: "You won't leave here tomorrow morning at all, Mister Swaine, M.P. The motor car will be in the bill, but you won't be in the motor car. No, no, Mister Swaine, M.P."

He turned away abruptly and went upstairs. Outside his door, his bearer was waiting; the door was open; the light burning within; and his change of clothes laid out for him.

"You will have to pack this evening," said Swaine.

"Everything packed already, sir," said the bearer, lifting the lid of the suitcase. "Just night thing and clothes for the morning left out."

SWAINE experienced another of his alternations, this time from doubt to confidence. The company in the dining room of others, like himself seeing the world, confirmed his courage. He drank half a bottle of champagne and felt himself again.

A missionary from Balliol and a Bachelor of Divinity must be a civilized person. Swaine scoffed at his folly in allowing himself to be frightened. Yes, he admitted it now—now that it was all over. He had actually been frightened — actually *he* — and in the midst of a conversation on the history of the moonstones, which he was having with an erudite American, he sprang up from his chair, his face white, his eyes staring.

"What has happened?" asked his companion.

"I thought that I saw some one flit by the open door."

"I saw no one," the American assured him.

"A shadow, no doubt," said Swaine. But he remained on his feet staring out through the open door of the dining room, through the lounge beyond, and into the darkness of the park.

Swaine turned back toward the American, who was regarding him with the oddest look.

"The fact is," Swaine explained, "I expected some one tonight—a missionary—and if he doesn't come, I shall miss him altogether, for I am leaving early tomorrow."

Even whilst he made the explanation, he had a feeling that he was tempting God to send the missionary to him as an answer and retort to the regret he had tried to force into his voice. But though his eyes searched the darkness, there was not a movement, not a flicker.

"It was my fancy," he said, sinking down again into his chair.

"A touch of liver, I should think," returned the American, and he resumed his discourse.

But Swaine was no longer in the mood to listen. His confidence had gone for good with the flitting of that shadow across the open doorway. Apparently he listened, but—in his mind he saw as on a board written up in fiery letters:

"It makes murder worth while. Tonight take care!"

After all, he had got the best part of his life in front of him. He was only thirty-five, and he had so far progressed already that all the rewards were within his reach. It wouldn't do for him to die in Anuradhapura to satisfy the insane jealousy of a Cingalee. He relit his cigar and stood up.

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY]

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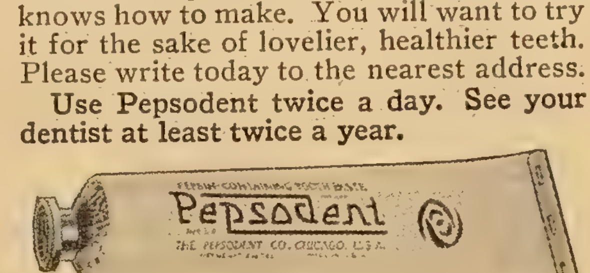

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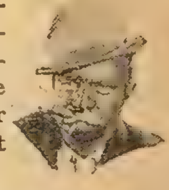

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

"It's hot in here. Shall we go outside?"

"That's a fine idea," said his companion sympathetically. "I am from the Santa Fe Valley, and I expect I feel the heat less than you do."

Swaine was very glad to have a companion with him, and the two men paced the drive together for an hour. No one passed them. On the top of the porch, which made a big common balcony for the guests of the hotel, some of the visitors were sitting. Swaine's room was next to the porch, and as he looked up to its shuttered window he drew some relief from the contiguity of those visitors.

"Well, I shall go to bed. Good night, sir," said the American.

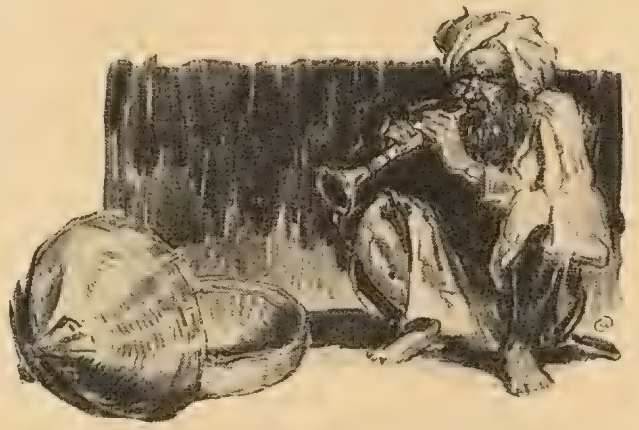
"I am coming, too," replied Swaine quickly, and he threw the butt of his cigar away. He would have some one with him as he went up the stairs, and there would still be people on the porch within a few feet of him when he opened his door and made sure that it was a shadow which had flitted across his vision. Nonetheless, he flung his door open violently and held it pressed back with all the force of his right arm whilst he groped for the switch of the electric light with his left hand. It seemed ages before he found it.

He left the door open after he had entered. The room was bare and clean, as befitted the climate. A strip of carpet on the boards beside the bed, a chest of drawers, a chair and an armchair, a washing stand, a dressing table and a wardrobe with a glass door, and a high bed without valance or flounce, shrouded in its mosquito curtain—that was all the furniture which the room contained.

Swaine crossed the room and jerked open the door of the wardrobe. It was empty, and it was the only place in the room where a man could hide. The windows stood open, their white flimsy curtains drawn apart, the barred shutters revealed. There was no cupboard in the walls. The space beneath the bed was bare. Satisfied that his room harbored no assailant, Swaine at last closed the door. There was a key in the lock, and below the lock a strong bolt. He turned the key and shot the bolt. He was safe till daylight. But he made up his mind to leave the light burning. If anyone tried to get in in spite of the lock and the bolt and the shutter bars, he would see under the sill of the door or through the slats of the shutters that the light was on, that Swaine was still awake.

He undressed, slipped under his mosquito curtain, and nestled down in his bed. But at once he became uneasy. The light was outside the mosquito curtain. He could not see any longer as clearly as he wanted to see, as clearly as he ought to see. The white veil of the curtain hindered his vision. On the other hand, he, lying inside the net, was visible.

He raised the mosquito curtain on both sides and flung it up to lie in a bundle on the top of the paune above his head. That was very much better. He leaned upon his elbow. He could see the whole room now—every inch and corner of it, and, above all, the door of that wardrobe, empty though it was—empty though it undoubtedly was.



The tiny *ping* of a mosquito close to his face determined him to smoke a pipe of tobacco. He had a copy of Great Expectations on the table by his bed. Swaine had always cherished a fondness for that book because of its title. When, in due course, he had a title, Great Expectations was to be his motto. He filled his pipe, once more swinging back to a mood of ease. In the company of Pip and Joe Gargery and Miss Havisham, he could pass the hours very pleasantly till morning came.

He struck a match and, as the flame spurted, the electric light went out. The management of the hotel had principles of economy which were not shared by David Swaine. It was time for all good people to be asleep. Swaine held the lighted match until the flame burned his fingers—his mouth open, his eyes set, and staring like a man who has had a stroke. There was no candle in the room, and only some half a dozen matches left in the box. Those he must nurse, but so many voices whispered in his ear, "Take care tonight," so many stealthy footsteps approached his bed, that every one of them had been used before half the night was over.

Then, after all, the door of the wardrobe cracked, and he heard the hinges whine as it swung slowly open. He lay in a stark panic; a bead of sweat trickled suddenly down his cheek; he could hear nothing for the throbbing of his heart—loud as a drum to which soldiers march.

And sometime or another, from sheer exhaustion he fell asleep. For he heard a loud knocking upon his door and, starting up, saw the daylight filtering through the lattices of the shutters. He had actually been asleep, he realized with amazement.

"Who's there?" he cried, and the voice of his bearer replied to him:

"Time, sir. Motor car coming soon."

Swaine sprang out of bed and flung back the shutters. The little park was spread out before him, the coolness of the morning bathed and refreshed him. He unlocked the door and drew the bolt back.

"Get me my bath," he said, and looking at his servant with his long hair fixed with a great tortoise-shell comb on the top of his head, and the curious femininity of his bust which he had remarked in so many of the Cingalese, he was astounded that he should ever have been afraid.

"Bath all ready, eh? And water very hot?" he asked jovially.

"Water very hot, sir," said the bearer as he put the bath slippers by the bed and arranged the dressing gown over the foot. Swaine slipped on the dressing gown and thrust his feet into the slippers.

"Get the *chota hazri*, John, and then finish packing," said Swaine. "We'll get off as soon as we can."

He took up his big sponge in the palm of one hand and his cake of soap in the other, and went down the passage to the bathroom, where a great tub full of steaming water awaited him. He set the sponge and the soap down by the side of the bath and stripped. A great earthenware ewer filled with cold water stood by the side of the bath. Swaine, with a sense of luxury, dipped his sponge into it, raised the sponge high above his head with an "Ah!" of anticipation, squeezed and squeezed hard. Then he screamed and flung the sponge from him.

It fell into the steaming bath and suddenly came to life. It bubbled and sank and rose again and dropped again. It spun and twisted in frantic convulsions, and rocked on the water like a boat in a storm. Swaine watched it stupidly with a face the color of putty, whilst his left hand gripped his right forearm like a vise. Then, out of the sponge, a little snake of greenish-yellow color, with a startling black band across its back, shot like a bullet and lashed the water in its agony like a whipcord. Once more Swaine screamed and then stumbled with a crash on to the floor of the bathroom.

. . . . . .

"A curious thing," said the doctor afterward to Mr. Septimus Gordon, the Commissioner. "It was a snake from the Gulf of Manar. Deadly enough, of course. No doubt the bite would have killed him. But it didn't. I saw his face. He died of fear."

The Commissioner nodded.

"He didn't know the rule of the East—to throw your sponge into the bath before you use it. A snake from the Gulf of Manar. There's a snake charmer from Madras giving performances at that hotel. I'll round him up."

He sat for a little time in thought, and his thoughts went straight to the Reverend Bernard Simmons, M.A., Oxon, B.D.

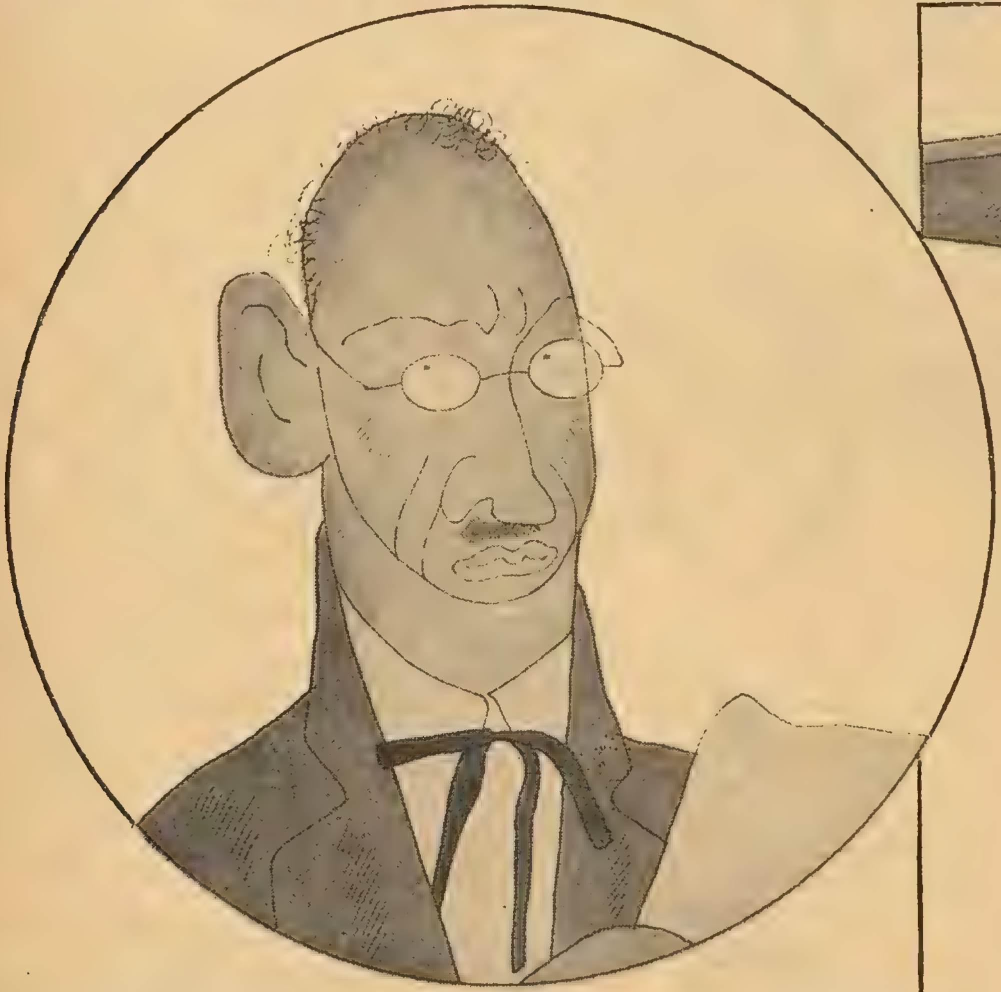
"I wonder," he said, less to the doctor than to himself.

THE END

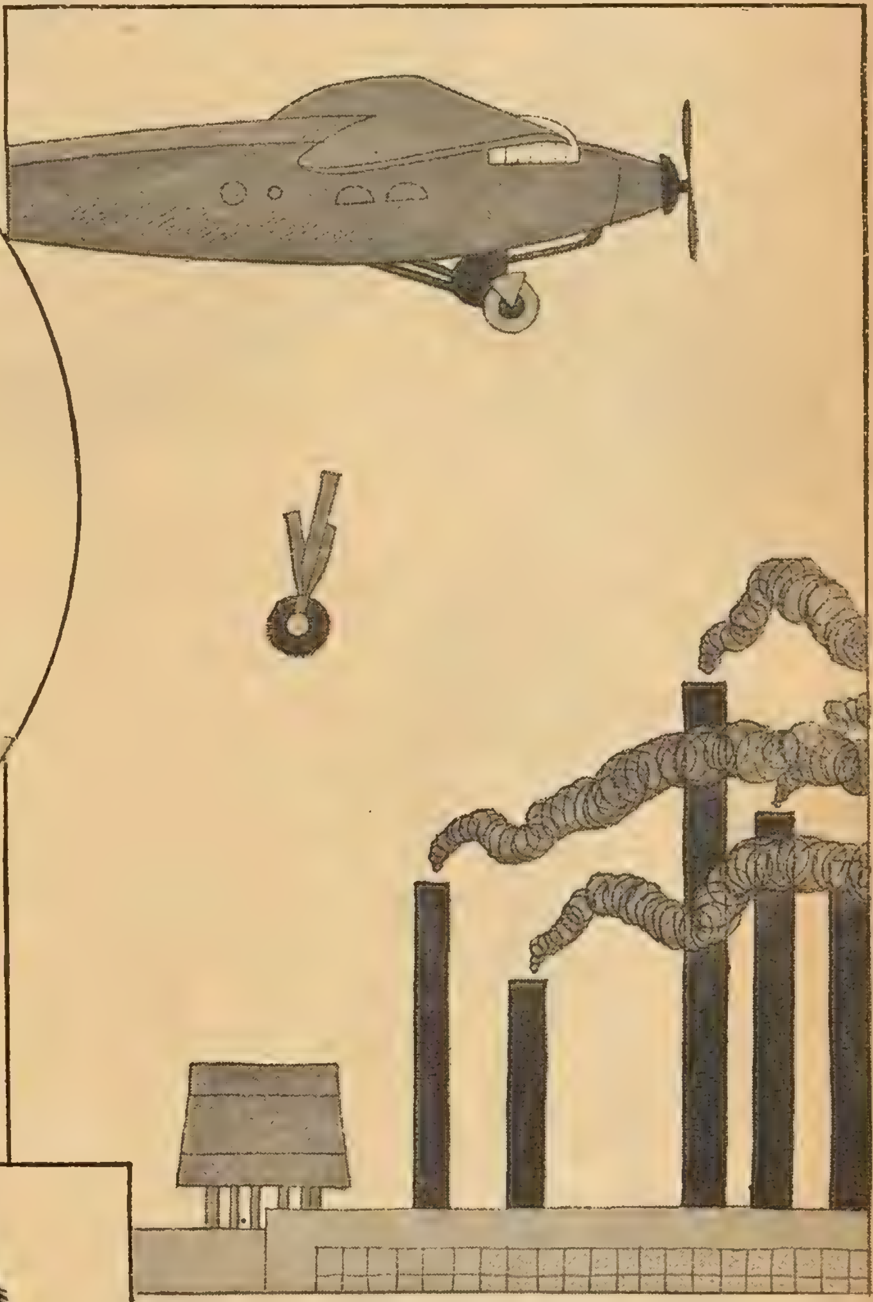
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

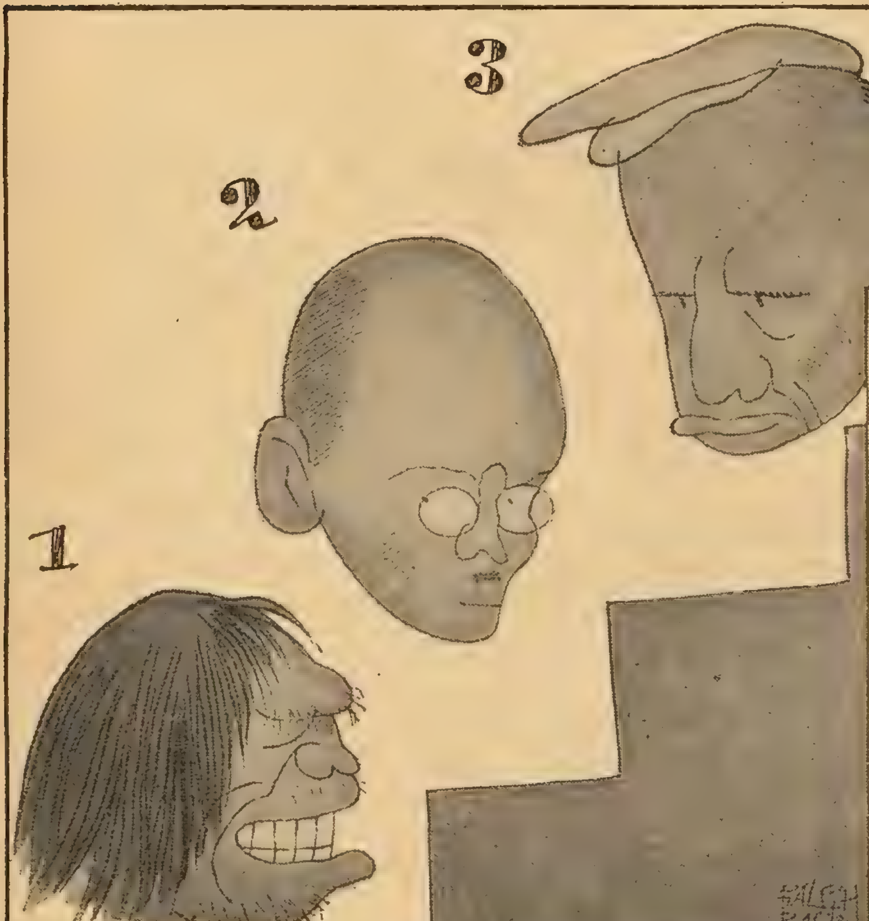
By RALPH BARTON



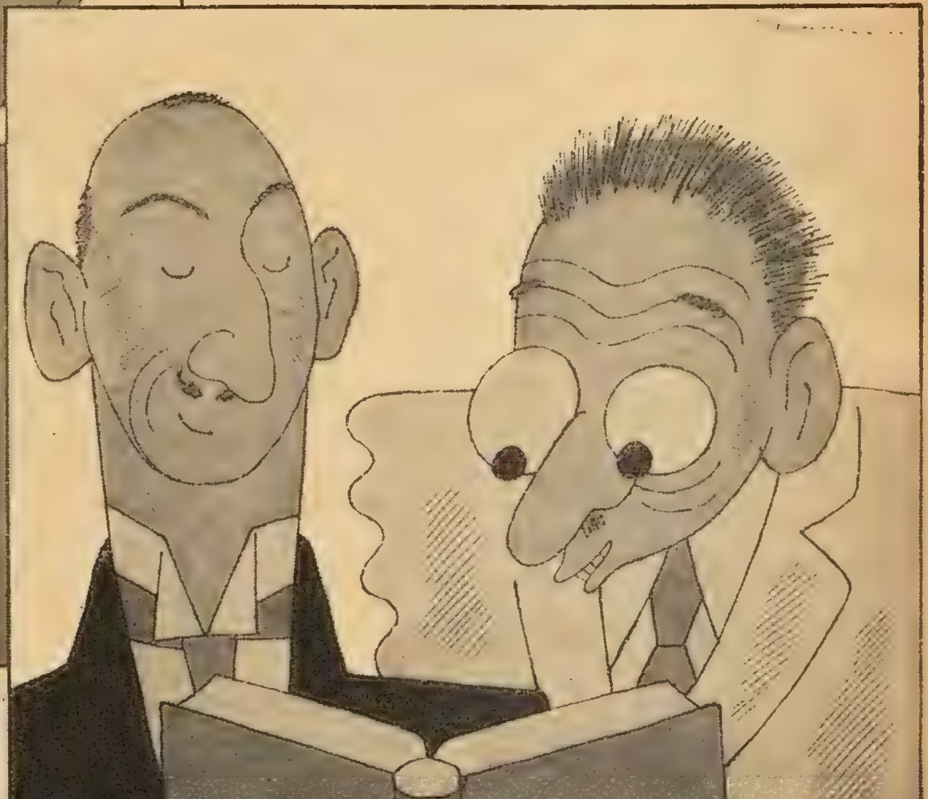
PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE IN WASHINGTON. In view of the recent mysterious fires in the White House and the Capitol, Congressman Whittle introduces a bill prohibiting Senators and Representatives from breathing in the presence of lighted matches, candles, etc.



AVIATOR in new type of bomber, flying over a chemical-gas manufacturing plant, drops a wreath in honor of the recent advancement toward world peace by the reduction in capital ships.



THREE STEPS IN THE PROGRESS OF THE HUMAN MIND. 1: the Neanderthal man. Could make flint instruments and understood need of self-preservation. 2: modern man. Understands income tax and Einstein theory. 3: New York taxi driver. Understands metropolitan traffic system and signals.



WHY WE HAVE CENSORSHIP AND THE FRENCH HAVEN'T. Study of a Frenchman and an American reading the same unexpurgated naughty book.

Girls Believe In Girls

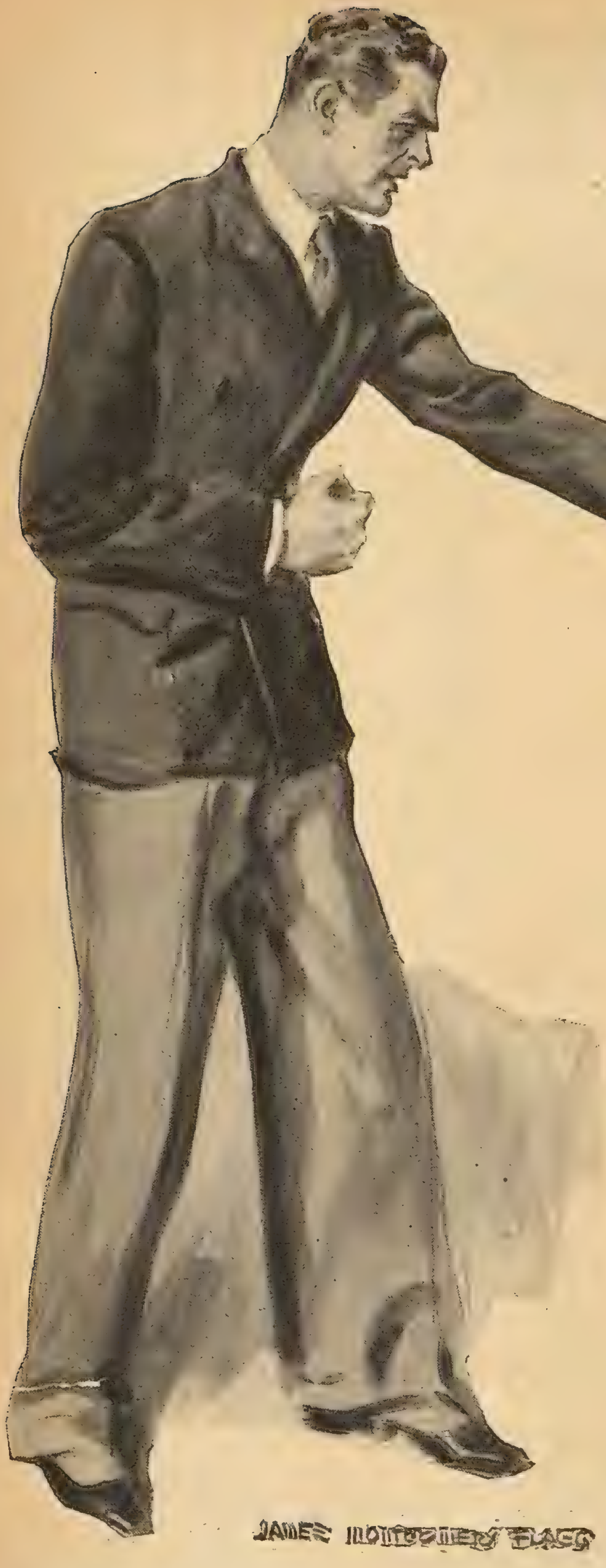
Being Certain Impressions of the Flapper's Successor

By

F. Scott Fitzgerald

who has been called "the inventor of the flapper" because of his portrayals of her, especially in This Side of Paradise, his first novel, which in 1920 suddenly made him famous. His full name is Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald, and his age is now thirty-three.

Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg



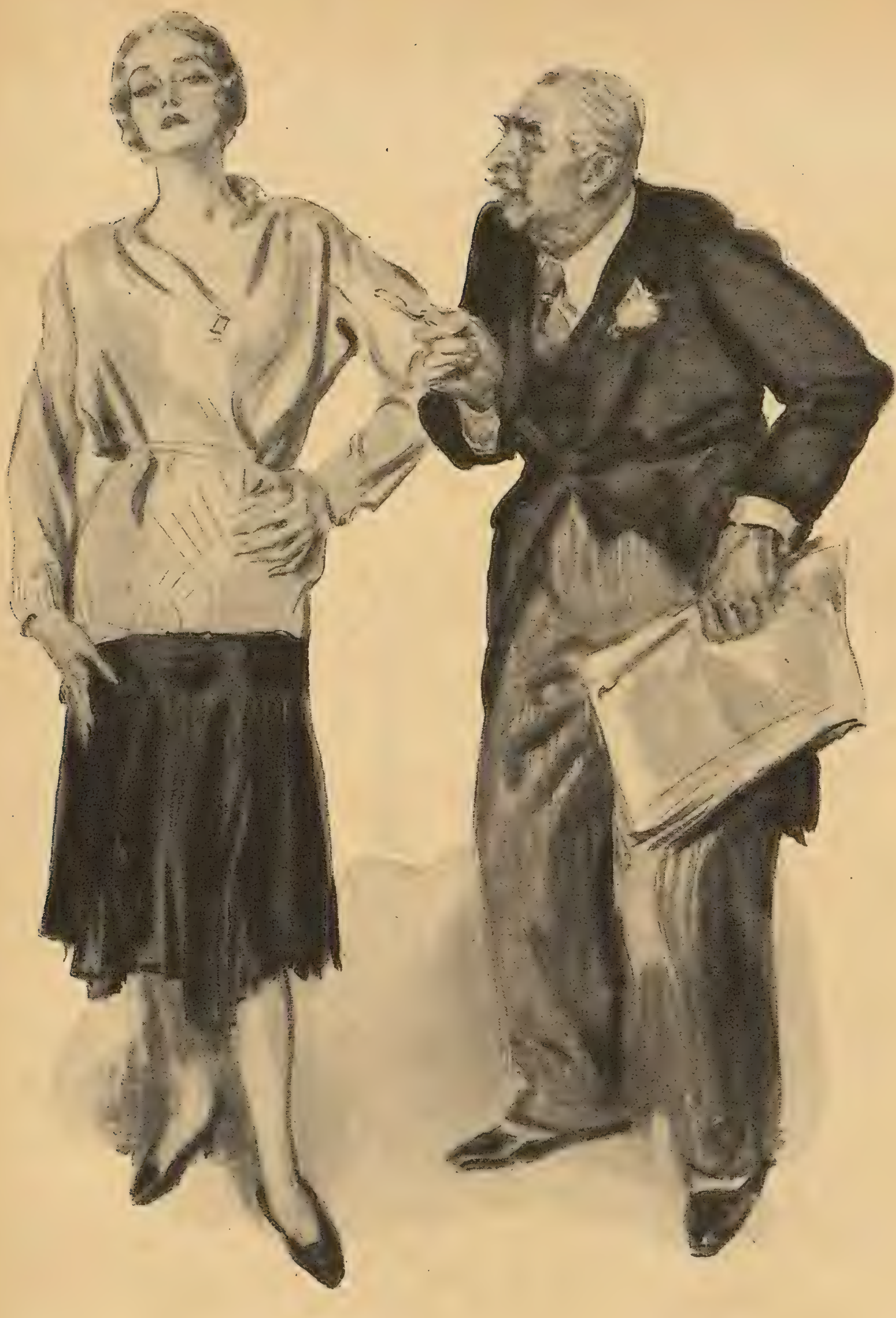
Men in their masterful and retributive aspect were merely "being stupid"—and who cares, anyhow?

BACK in 1912 the Castles, by making modern dancing respectable, brought the nice girl into the cabaret and sat her down next to the distinctly not-nice girl. At that moment the Era of the Flapper was born. Some ten commandments crashed in the confusion of the war, and afterwards there was a demand not to be let down from its excitement. There were books that extended the possibilities of freedom and there was a generation educated entirely by women, and hence malleable, who simply flowed out to the new horizons of the prewar liberals. By about 1922 youth had been thoroughly converted, or, as some reactionaries said, perverted, and the fun went out of it—the "flapper movement" proper was over.

But had the movement ever been really unsentimental, a real facing of anything except a little questionable biological data? (It is, for instance, doubtful whether a protracted physical courtship is a normal or healthy introduction to marriage, particularly for men.) On the contrary, the young girl making a present of herself to a swain stuck pretty close to the fictional pattern. She was Thackeray's Beatrix Esmond who, in 1912, turned up again in Wells' Tono-Bungay under the name Beatrice Normandy, and was passionately emulated by a very select and daring crop of London débutantes. The fascinating Beatrice begot the ladies of Michael Arlen, and of almost everyone else who dealt in heroic English girls—but I think the adolescent group in Chicago, who about 1915 discovered the automobile, were more nearly a spontaneous apparition. Anyhow, by the end of the war the whole thing was so drippy with sentimentality that the sob sisters got their teeth into it and the crowd took it up, and with the crowd there ran a woman of forty-four, a bit out of breath, in whom the flapper was somewhat surprised to recognize her own mother.

It was finished—yesterday's fashion—heavens, how horrible! Marching with the advance guard was one thing, trailing along with the herd was another, and straightaway individualism was born, and with it the modern and somewhat disturbing cult of the heroine.

Before speaking of this, it is well to remember that a true generation, one which forms a clearly marked type and is stamped with a certain unanimity of conduct and opinion, doesn't appear every three or four years. Roughly speaking, the girls who were, or would have been, débutantes in 1917-19 were the nucleus of the wild generation. Their numbers were swollen by older and younger girls who were determined not to miss anything, for the wild ones seemed to be having a good time. It is dispersed now to the country club, the European casino, the stage, and even the home, and is passing its thirtieth birthday.



Women have come to believe that they have nothing of value to learn from men. In the women's worlds, the male voice is represented largely by the weak.

There may not be another such generation until there is a new war, or new limits are marked out for new youth to surge into and fill. For youth is not original—remove the automobile and the bottom drops out of the whole hilarious spectacle which has amused the nation for a decade. The monkey strapped to a bicycle is, after all, without significance. What is worth examining is a changing of the heart.

II

WHEN I was very young, many older girls still kept theatrical scrapbooks and waited by the stage door after matinées to see Elsie Janis or Ethel Barrymore come out. Maybe the cult of the heroine is an accentuated and intensified development of that, but I do not think so. I think women have come to believe that they have nothing of value to learn from men. Generally speaking, the man of intelligence either runs alone or seeks amusement in stimulating circles—in any case, he is rarely available; the business man brings to social intercourse little more than what he reads in the papers, together with a passionate desire to be entertained; so that, in the thousand and one women's worlds that cover the land, the male voice is represented largely by the effeminate and the weak, the parasite and the failure.

That the first of these groups has increased in size since the war is notorious. Certain words describing certain types are in everyone's vocabulary. Scarcely a popular woman in a large city but hasn't one or two in tow who can be counted on to take her part, appreciate her clothes, keep the ball of gossip rolling—and, especially, to be available.

IF a somewhat bizarre locality can be put in evidence, one finds in Los Angeles a host of often charming and almost always pretty women partnered by countless actors, profile boys, costume designers, hangers-on, and people's brothers—with the addition of a few exceptionally tough-skinned business men on Saturday and Sunday nights. At how many parties have I watched the attractive girls slip quietly away to talk and joke with each other in the washroom, bored and impatient with such a world of men. And in the country at large a parallel mood exists.

With the general confusion as to what men want—"Shall I be fast or shall I be straight? Shall I help him succeed or join him only after he has? Shall I settle down or shall I keep young? Shall I have one child or four?"—these problems, once confined to certain classes, being now every girl's problems—they have begun to turn for approval, not to men, but to each other. "Crushes" were once a boarding-school phenomenon—now any sort of courageous individualism makes a woman the center of a cult. Not only do Edna Millay, Helen Wills, Geraldine Farrar, and the Queen of Roumania have their disciples, but there are passionately admiring voices for Aimée Semple McPherson and even Ruth Snyder. What effect has this woman worship on the young girl herself?

She is quieter—lest other girls might think her rowdy—and, with the same idea in mind, she has grown increasingly polite. She wants to be considered simple and sincere, because among girls emphasis is put on these qualities. She drinks less, save in the bored South and Middle West, where it is still the fashion. She knows "something about music," but is less likely to be a virtuoso of the piano, because, while one played for men, one talks about it for women. She knows something

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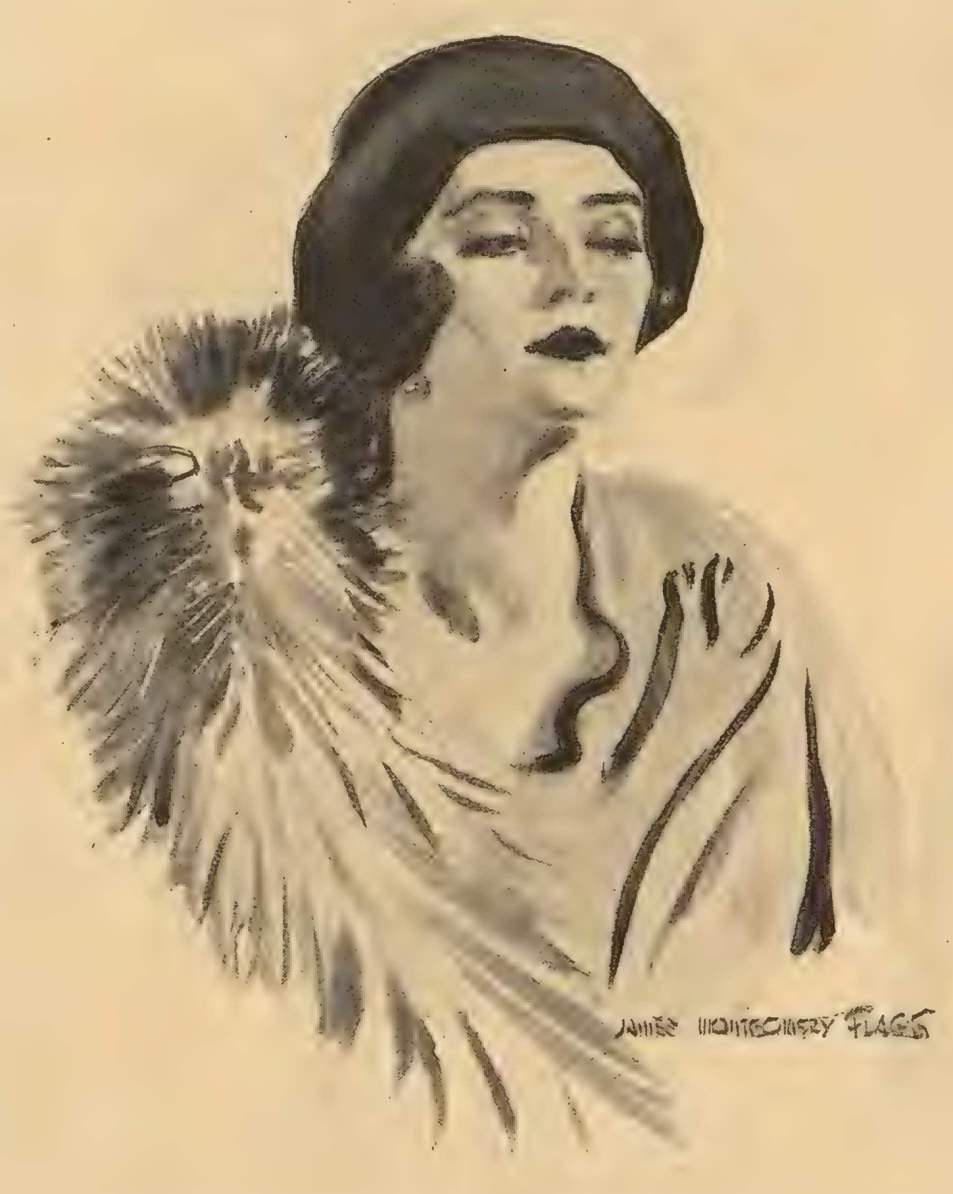
about calories but nothing about cooking, and for the same reason.

Yet she would gladly take up these things were she a little surer they led to distinction. Distinction is everything—not merely the distinction of Clara Bow but the distinction of Mme. Curie. It is the old American idealism, but functioning well outside the no longer all-absorbing home—restlessly seeking women messiahs, but indifferent to the self-appointed stuffed chemises of public life and grown skeptical about the causes for which their elders have battled these twenty years—and so, by a curious reaction become conservative, become cagy, waiting to see.



To the girl of today the world is not the romantic mystery it was, since she believes in nobody but herself.

ON the Riviera last summer there were English girls who still believed in men; you could tell by the deliberate outdoor swagger of their walk, by what they laughed at so heartily, as if they were still apologizing for having been born girls, and were being "good chaps" for critical elder brothers. But as for the others—you could only tell the Americans from the French because they were pretty—the negligence with which they obviously took their men was almost shocking. Outside of material matters, man's highest and most approved incarnation was "a good old horse"—be he fiancé, husband, or lover. The merely masculine was considered by turns stuffy, dull, tyrannical, or merely ludicrous.

I remember a girl responding to a desirable middle-aged party's inquiry as to whether he could smoke a cigar with: "Please do. There's nothing I like so much as a good cigar," and I remember the suppressed roar of hilarity that circled the table. It was the voice of another age; it was burlesque. Naturally, one wanted and needed men, but wanting to please them, positively *coddling* them in that fashion—that was another matter.

The Prince, the Hero, no longer exists, or rather fails to put in an appearance, for society, with its confusion and its wide-open doors, no longer offers the stability of thirty years ago. In New York it has been difficult for years to arrange a numerical superiority of men over women at débutante balls. All the young girl can be sure of when she comes out into "the world" is that she will meet plenty of males competent to stimulate her biological urges—for the heterogeneous stag line can do that, if nothing more.

Her current attitude toward moral questions is that of the country at large—in other words, the identification of virtue with chastity no longer exists among girls over twenty, and to pretend it does is just one of those things you are welcome to do if it gives you comfort. There are those of an older and purer generation who would have liked the present observer to have devoted his entire article to this phenomenon—and, at the end, would have virtuously thrown the magazine out the window. For America is composed, not of two sorts of people, but of two frames of mind: the first engaged in doing what it would like to do; the second pretending that such things do not exist. It is obvious to the most casually honest glance that we have taken over, in its entirety, the French lightness about sexual matters in speech and in deed—with the difference that in America this lightness extends to the young girl.

She is quieter about her rules of conduct, much less blatant and boastful than was her flapper sister—and I am reminded that back in the days of unbelievable inhibitions the girls who really necked didn't talk about it. Difficult as it is to make generalities, it is apparent through the thinning smoke that most of the barriers are pretty definitely down. Men, being reduced in the great national matriarchy to love-making animals, need no longer be considered in their masterful, priestly, and retributive aspect, demanding accounts and passing judgments, for then they were merely "being stupid"—and who cares, anyhow? There are increasing thousands of girls who choose to go their way alone.

Besides, the contemporary girl has thrown a mantle of good taste over much that was previously offensive. Absorbing manners from both her prewar mother and her postwar sister, she has chosen something from each, and, wandering over Europe, she displays a poise and self-confidence that makes the English girl seem immature and the French girl rigid and harsh. At this moment, she is our finest and most representative product from the point of view of beauty, charm, and courage, and it seems positively disloyal to wonder if progress does finally culminate in her insouciant promenade along the narrow steel girder of our prosperity. Yet the question remains whether any type so exquisitely achieved, so perennially unworried, will accomplish anything at all.

III

IT is not my question—I expect wonders of them, literally. It is the poor young man I worry about—in such time as all but professional worriers spare for such matters. From the international circus on the Riviera one picks out the perfect flower of every race—the dark little Greek with a head by Praxiteles, the sun-colored Neapolitan virgin, the rose-pink Briton, the svelte Parisian—and she turns out generally to be Miss Mary Meriwether of Paris, Michigan, or Athens, Georgia—triumphantly and gratifyingly ours. To them the world is not the romantic mystery it was to us; even the past throws no shadow, since they believe in nobody but themselves.

Such loveliness cannot lack a voice to express it, nor such courage a way to spend itself—and, turning the medal, one guesses that such intolerable success will drive the defeated and repressed ones to justify themselves passionately by achievement. Something dynamic and incalculable that has always been inherent in American life, even when it was reduced to the fretful whine of the frontier woman—something that failed to fulfill itself in either the sentimental Gibson girl or the rowdy flapper—seems to have broken through the egg at last, and come into its own.

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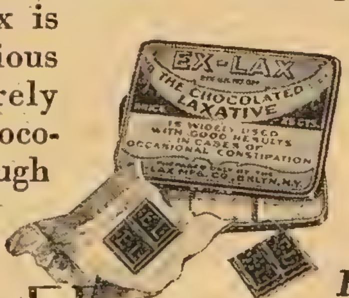
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Justice Goes to JAIL

A Veteran's View of Convicts and Mutinies

As Told to Richard Carroll

By

JOHN W. SNOOK

Former warden of the United States penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga.

Wide World photo

John W. Snook, from a photograph taken during his service at Atlanta.

Atlanta Journal photo

A glimpse of poultry raising on the prison farm attached to the Atlanta Federal penitentiary.

WHEN Attorney General Mitchell recently announced over the radio that overcrowding, lack of work, and insufficient food were the underlying causes of recent bloody riots in Federal penitentiaries he forgot to state that his own department, the Department of Justice, has had charge of the Federal prisons for twenty-five years.

Mitchell himself has been in office only a short time and can in no way be held responsible for the conditions operative under him. I think it fair to make that clear at the beginning of this article.

It is true, as the Attorney General stated, that much of the sullen resentment of the convicts was against their overcrowding and lack of decent food. But it is also true that the problem goes much deeper than that.

It might surprise him to know that the single matter of the granting of paroles has had more to do with convict behavior or misbehavior than all the other causes put together.

Dating from the stormy reign of Harry Daugherty, the handling of paroles in Federal prisons has been open to scathing criticism.

For four years I was warden of the Atlanta Federal prison. Add to that the fact that I have been engaged in prison work for upward of thirty years, fifteen of them in an administrative capacity, and the following review, modestly offered, may have some weight.

Taking up first the overcrowding and underfeeding of prisoners: it is not intemperate to call these evils a disgrace to an administration that should want to be humane. Nor is there any excuse for either of them. If poor food was a contributing cause of the riot at Leavenworth, then the Department of Justice is, in some measure at least, responsible for that riot. There is plenty of cheap, wholesome food to be found in the United States.

Contracts for food supplies to the Federal prisons are awarded by an assistant superintendent of prisons stationed at Washington, D. C. The warden of a prison is required to furnish an estimate of the quantity of food needed. This he does, basing his estimate on the average number of convicts in his care during the year preceding, with a little extra allowance for emergencies. When, as in the last two or three years, the prisons become flooded with more convicts than they can actually house, an increased supply of food is needed for them. The warden, finding at the end of a day or week a hundred or more additional mouths to feed, and being obliged to have food for them on the table at mealtime, cannot go out himself and buy the needed supplies. He must get an order from Wash-

An air view of the Atlanta Federal penitentiary.

Atlanta Journal photo

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, as Assistant Attorney General, conferring with United States Attorney McNabb on the cost of feeding Federal prisoners.

ington. The red tape attached to that order, if braided well together, could hang a lot of incompetent officials. While the warden is waiting he can do nothing but substitute water for coffee and potatoes for beans—if he has potatoes.

There have been as many mutinies on ships and in armies and elsewhere over food as from any other cause, and the same is true of prisons. A well fed convict loses the edge of his desire for spectacular escape. I have found a pound of steak stronger than many a prison bar. And with the rights of free men justly denied them, convicts feel all the more keenly about what few rights are left to them. At Atlanta we were several times obliged to serve water instead of coffee, and such a stir of resentment as followed was no trivial matter when you contemplate 3,000 angry men confined within a wall surrounding a few acres.

BEFORE the hard-boiled among you answer this with the advice to " treat 'em rough," and ask what right a felon has to complain anyway, let me explain that not all convicts are felons in every sense, even though they may be legally. Of the 3,000-odd men under me at Atlanta, few were what we called tough guys. Many, strange to say, were pretty decent citizens. Earl Carroll, who went to Atlanta for telling a lie, could hardly be called a felon. Former Governor McCray, who got in trouble over the mails, was not a felon. Whatever these men and men like them did, they are not to be classified with the thoroughgoing felons—the gunmen, the dope peddlers, the stick-up artists, the murderers. Their punishment may have been justified, but punishment has its limit. To put them in jail was just punishment, to illtreat and starve them would be injustice.

These men, the Earl Carrolls and the McCrays, set an example to other convicts. Their influence toward good order in a prison cannot be overestimated. When unjust conditions in a prison aggrieve them their powerful influence may be withdrawn, as undoubtedly was the case in several of the prisons, and the result will be trouble.

How the food-supply question is handled can be illustrated by one incident at Atlanta. We had waited for months for beans to be shipped to us. They finally came—all the way to Atlanta, Georgia, from California by slow freight and via the Panama Canal. Now remember that Georgia is noted for its production of beans.

During my tenure of office at Atlanta, thousands of dollars appropriated by Congress for the purchase of food for prisoners was used by the Department of Justice, *and over my protest,* to pay the transportation and other expenses of guards and convicts sent to different parts of the United States where the department wanted them as witnesses at various trials. There was food in that, but only for thought.

The evils of overcrowding are many. The distress from this cause at Atlanta became so acute in 1928 that I appealed to the superintendent of prisons for relief and asked him to order the United States marshals to hold their prisoners for two weeks before making any more carload deliveries. The superintendent, who knew the dangerous conditions, issued the order, as any intelligent man would. The office of the Attorney General, hearing of it, promptly canceled it, with the characteristic comment: " Prisons were built to receive convicts."

Wardens of the various prisons repeatedly warned the Department of Justice of the dangers in overcrowding. It was pointed out that the herding of the good with the foul would not help the morale of the former. Giving an honest " hill billy " from Kentucky, whose only offense was the brewing of his traditional moonshine, some rat from the city, some dope-taking, dope-smuggling degenerate for a bedfellow is not, to my way of thinking, going to make a better citizen out of the simple mountaineer. Yet the good and bad had to be herded together, sleeping in cots along the corridors, piled eight to a cell into cells snugly built to hold four.

Lack of work was given as another contributing cause

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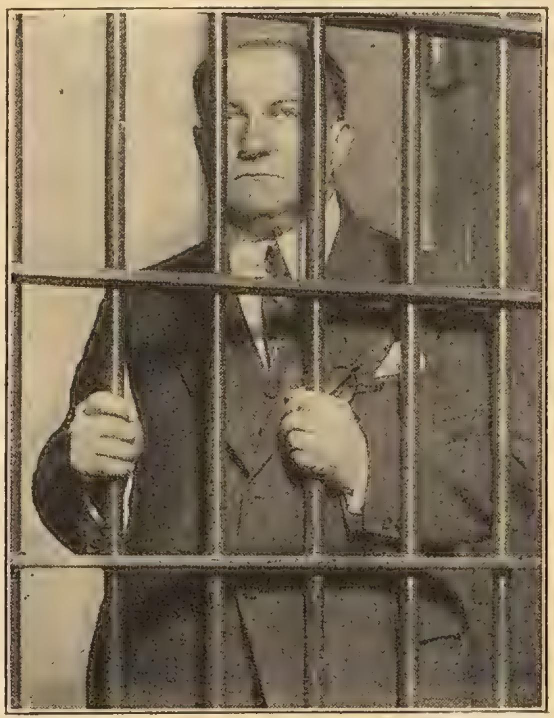
of the riots at Leavenworth. True enough, the maintenance of able-bodied men in idleness is a real menace to prison management. It is also unfair to the men themselves and to the taxpayers of the country who pay to keep them there. The first requisite for good prison morale is that every man be employed. For an example of what I mean by that, turn to Canada. That unsentimental country has six Dominion prisons and in them every convict is at work making some article that the government itself uses. There is no time hanging heavily on prisoners' minds, time in which to brood and breed trouble. Nor have I heard of any Canadian prison riots.

In the United States the government purchases enormous quantities of supplies of all kinds. If the manufacture of only a small part of these supplies were turned over to the prisoners, it would not only provide work for every prisoner within the walls of a United States prison, but would save the government money, improve the morale of the convict, prevent riots with their appalling loss of life, help the innocent victims of the prisoner's crimes —his family—by payment of fair wages for work done; and at the same time it would interfere in no way with outside labor.



P. & A. photo

George Remus as he appeared while behind the bars.

That last has always been offered as the excuse for nonemployment of prisoners. Labor outside has always fought prison industry. In many instances labor has been justified, but I cannot see where the prison manufacture, say, of brooms for government offices is going to cause a collapse of working conditions in America. And the amount of supplies manufactured in all the prisons put together could not be found in general output of American business by a Babson with a microscope. Among the jobs I would like to see prisoners engaged upon are reclamation of government lands, building of roads, irrigation of dry waste lands, and a dozen other projects where trusted prisoners could be used and have been used by me in Idaho to their own and the taxpayers' advantage.

The present state of idleness in prisons is worse than mere wasted man power. Idle men, confined within walls, are in danger of reverting to animals. If you think I am exaggerating the picture, dig up your newspaper files on the riots, the insane killings, the murdered guards—who are my chief concern—and learn the causes. Overcrowding, underfeeding, idleness—a trio of evils that in heaven itself would undermine St. Peter.

NOW I come to a fourth evil, and one I sometimes believe greater than the others: the handling of paroles. First, I have to recall a little history.

During my term as warden of the state prison at Boise, Idaho, I received in December, 1924, a telegram from Senator Borah stating that he had been asked by Attorney General Harlan F. Stone to find out if I would accept the appointment as warden of the Federal prison at Atlanta.

Now, I liked that idea. Wardenship of such an important institution appealed to me. But I was afraid of it. For two years or more the newspapers had been carrying stories of scandals there. The warden, the deputy warden, and the Catholic chaplain had just been indicted for graft, and even at the distance of 3,000 miles I realized that there was something radically wrong at Atlanta—something that did not appear on the surface.

I went to see Mr. Stone. I found in him a rarity. Here was a man who had brushed aside every petty consideration from his job and was quietly determined to push forward a program of reform in the prison system regardless of politics, personal preference, or who might be hurt. He assured me that politics would in future not influence appointments in any way. Mr. Stone pointed out that the only way a constructive program could be carried out was by placing in charge of the prisons competent, independent men who did not owe their jobs to party or politician and had no one but the state itself to serve.

It was with enthusiasm that I accepted the job. I was not well installed when Mr. Stone was elevated to the bench of the United States Supreme Court and the handling of prison welfare was left in the hands of that meddlesome person, Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, former school-teacher, lawyer, and protégée of Harry M. Daugherty, former Attorney General. Mrs. Willebrandt had been appointed during the Daugherty régime as Assistant Attorney General in charge of prisons and prohibition, a combination deadly enough in capable hands, and in hers the open sesame to misrule. That's the most charitable way I can say it.

WHEN I first took charge at Atlanta prison the state of affairs was far worse than appeared in the press. An agent of the Department of Justice was acting warden, a captain was deputy warden, a guard was acting captain, and all of them were acting as though afraid of their shadows, and deathly afraid of their jobs. There were no lieutenants, and discipline had departed when Warden Zerbst had been forced out.

Several factors contributed to the confusion, the most important of which was the spoils system in politics. The next was the circumstance that the Department of Justice, responsible for the rounding up and prosecution of criminals, was also in charge of the institutions where these criminals were confined, and exercised control over all the inmates.

I found at Atlanta a veritable gold mine for the ambitious prosecutor. These officials, because of their training and habits of thought, and because of political pressure, whether applied by an Anti-Saloon League or a national party, were likely to become persecutors unless more than ordinarily honest. A prison with more than 3,000 convicts who can neither get away nor resent inquisition, and who have no defense against unscrupulous prosecutors, can be worked to the great personal advantage of the latter.

The superintendent of prisons is chairman of the parole board and has charge of the fiscal and administrative affairs of the penal and correctional institutions of the Federal government. Following the death of Superintendent Luther C. White in 1926, this important office was left vacant for six months. Mrs. Willebrandt, in charge of prisons, was herself away much of the time filling private engagements as a Chautauqua lecturer. Small wonder great confusion prevailed.

Superintendent of prisons is an important office, requiring judgment and experience. Four men served in it at different times during Mrs. Willebrandt's administration, and I do not know the total number of wardens appointed in the three Federal prisons, but there were five at Atlanta alone. Were all these men to blame, or was there something the matter with the lady?

Among the wardens appointed were a former meat packer, a former newspaper man, a school-teacher, and an aged engineer, good men all of them, but totally unacquainted with the workings of a prison. With Mrs. Willebrandt, their superior, knowing still less, they might as well have been appointed to commands in the navy and held responsible for results. They have learned a lot about women and prisons since, but at great expense to the government and to themselves—one of them from the inside of a prison cell.

Now we come to the vital problem of paroles.

When I arrived at Atlanta the hunt for malefactors was in full cry. My predecessor in office and others under indictment were to be tried shortly, and one Franklin

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS, PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

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Dodge, an agent of the Federal bureau of investigation, had been sent among the prisoners and was freely offering pardons, paroles, and commutations of sentences in exchange for testimony that would land others in jail. Dodge and the United States district attorney at Atlanta had the run of the prison, coming and going at all hours of the day and night, regardless of rules and without consulting the warden's office.

The prison force was demoralized. Federal agents were offering the greatest of all bribes to prisoners—the promise of freedom. The lowest types of criminals were tempted to become stool pigeons and swear falsely or otherwise against guards they didn't like or prison officials who, perhaps, had refused them cake with their meals. Normally fearless and self-respecting guards found it as much as their jobs were worth to report prisoners for any infraction of the rules. Escapes had been numerous. Such desperadoes as Gerald Chapman and Dutch Anderson had disappeared, both later to kill officers of the law and private citizens in distant parts of the country. Neither of them should have got out at all with normal supervision.

The district attorney, with the help of the agents, had been making the most of his opportunities. In addition to other activities, particularly in the prohibition field, they had secured an indictment of one prison official for sodomy on the testimony of a mentally defective convict whose criminal record was as long as his worthless life. Three guards had been indicted for conspiracy and had suffered the humiliation of being handcuffed in the presence of the convicts in their charge. One of these men was quickly tried and as speedily exonerated. The other indictments were dismissed after the men had been suspended without pay for six months. Then they were returned to duty. They are all civil service employees and under the rules are entitled to pay during suspension when charges have not been substantiated. But when I left Atlanta, four years later, they still had not received that pay.

P. & A. photos

An air view of the prison riot at Auburn, New York, last July. The rioters in the quadrangle are keeping the firemen at a distance.

These men tried to break out of the state prison at Joliet, Illinois, after having taken part in the killing, during a mutiny, of the warden of another prison.

AFTER considering the different aspects of this most extraordinary situation I came to the conclusion that the better element among the prisoners had alone saved the institution from disaster. Within the walls there were 3,140 men, many of whom had been prominent in civil life. There were bankers, lawyers, business men, engineers, police officers, college graduates—men who had served in high political office, ministers of the gospel, artists, farmers, and veterans of the World War—officers and men—some of whom had served with distinction.

Most of them were intelligent men who had erred in one way or another and who now had only one thought, to win honorable freedom, get back to their families, and make good. They had no desire to escape and become fugitives from the law. Who ever hears of their type escaping, or trying to escape? But *time* was the stuff of which their confined life was made, and the time allowed them for good conduct was precious to them. They had, and have, brains and souls. Eugene Debs was an inmate of Atlanta before my time and was one of the gentlest souls I have ever known. Men like him became interested in the fate of their fellow prisoners and were genuinely anxious for their welfare. During hard times they counseled against offenses that would increase punishment for their fellows, and strove for law and order. They were the real moral force behind the walls.

And to men like these, after they had won the right to a parole by their excellent conduct, came Federal agents and district attorneys to inform them that parole would be granted if they would turn informers and give evidence that would convict others, and that no parole could be hoped for if they refused. Any wonder that they became bitter over the injustice of it and withdrew their moral guard over the other prisoners? That, in my belief, is just what happened at Leavenworth—the straw that broke down the whole system and started the riots.

THE district attorney at Atlanta and Agent Dodge, wherever they got their authority, instructed me as warden of the prison not to permit indicted officials or their attorneys to interview any of the witnesses for the defense among the prisoners, and to have prisoner-witnesses who failed to come across with the required evidence changed from fairly decent jobs to the most disagreeable and hardest I could find. That was to be a lesson to them in coöperation.

In other words, a district attorney and an agent demanded that I punish men for not furnishing the kind of evidence desired by the prosecutors. Of course I ignored the orders and the attorneys for the defense were permitted to interview witnesses in behalf of their clients in the presence of officers of the prison and in accord with the rules. I was immediately reported to Mrs. Willebrandt as not coöperating.

During the trials that followed, the general confusion in the prison was increased by the tactics of the government officials. First, I was instructed to send the following officers of the prison to the Federal Building at Atlanta each morning to report as witnesses: the acting deputy warden, the acting day captain, the captain of the night watch, the prison physician, the superintendent of the duck mill where cotton ducking is made, five clerks, two guards, and twenty-five prisoners.

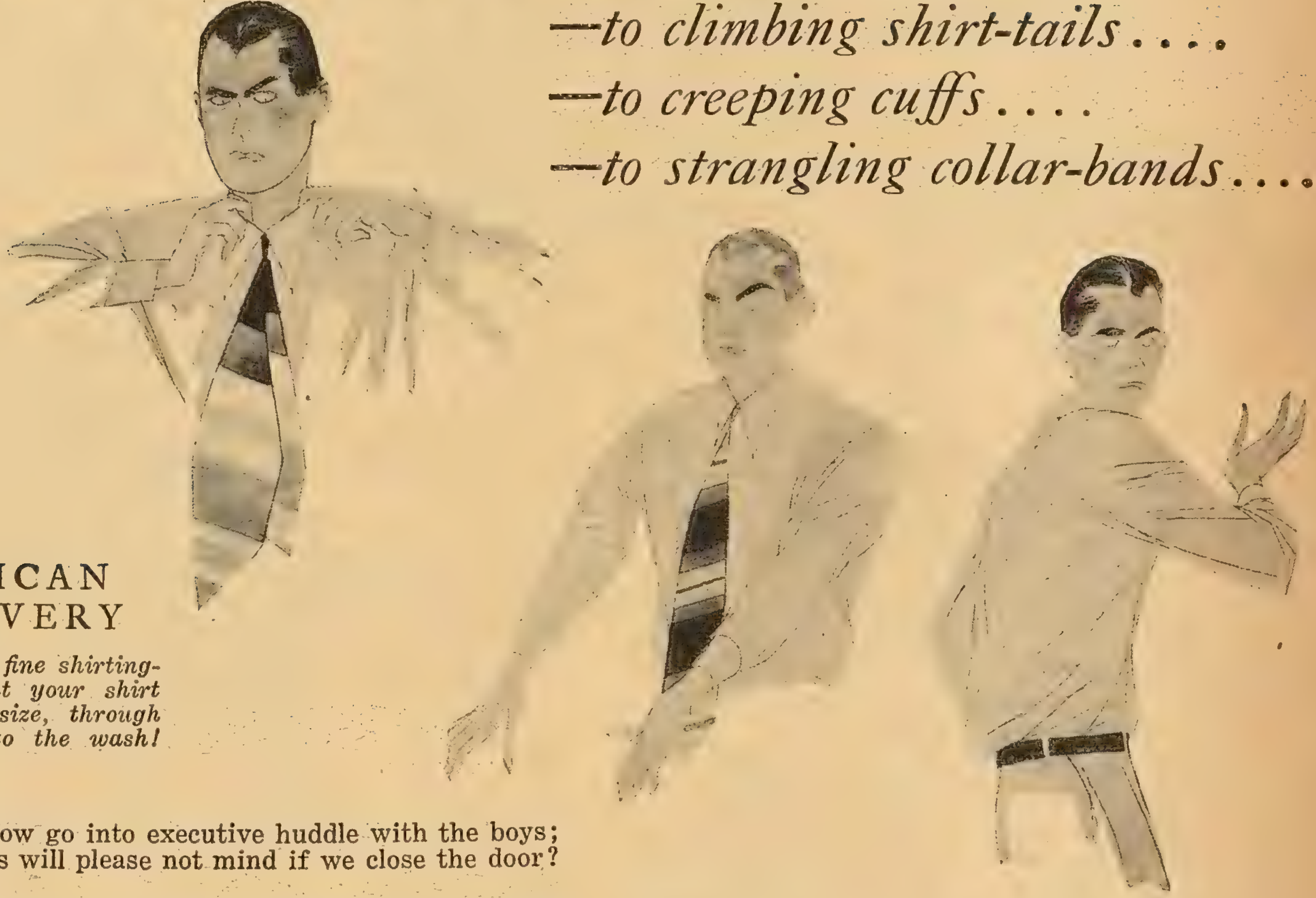
Immediately I objected. To me, the good order of the prison was paramount, and to have so many key men away at one time was dangerous and seemed unnecessary. It was like leaving an army without officers. I asked if I could not send the men when actually needed. The reply was abrupt: "Have them here every morning. It is impossible to say when they might be needed."

Wardens in the Federal service, I found to my dismay, were jokes. The job was a sinecure—a political reward, and the men appointed were not expected or even wanted to know anything about handling a prison. I was the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

Good-Bye!

—to climbing shirt-tails....
—to creeping cuffs....
—to strangling collar-bands....



A *new*
AMERICAN
DISCOVERY

now shrinks fine shirting-cloth so that your shirt stays your size, through every trip to the wash!

We will now go into executive huddle with the boys; the girls will please not mind if we close the door? Now.

How many of us (a show of hands will do) have bought shirts that fit all right the first time, and then begin to shrink each time they come back from the laundry? Ah....certainly. Just a minute....

Now, next: how many of us have a drawer full of half-worn shirts that have either shrunk until the collar-button popped, or until the old collar simply wouldn't go round the old neck? Thank you....

Now: is there in the audience anyone who is sick and tired of buying over-size shirts hoping that at some time in their lives, the shirts will be our actual size—with a collar-band just snug, a sleeve that doesn't creep up and bind under the arms, and a shirt-tail that won't fly free in the breeze at the wrong moment because it has shrunk in the wash from one to three inches? Is there—*stop! Don't crowd! Stand in your places while we count you.* The secretary will cast a unanimous vote.

Well, that's all over now.

Yankee ingenuity did it. A man named Sanford Cluett, in Troy, New York, of the famous Arrow Shirt family, invented a machine that takes the collar-shrink, sleeve-shrink, and shirt-tail-shrink out of shirts forever. While he was getting it patented, he and his associates raced to get it into actual practical operation on Arrow Shirts. As a result, Arrow is announcing shortly that every "Sanforized" Arrow Shirt will be positively guaranteed for permanent fit—which means that hereafter you'll buy your exact size without worry over what size it will be when it comes back from the laundry—and will save money and discomfort.

SANFORD
CLUETT

inventor of the new Sanforized process which takes all the shrink out of your collar-band, sleeve-length and shirt-tail —if your shirt's an Arrow

A LIBERTY Research man hunting interesting facts about American business for "A Weekly for Everybody," found this out at Troy. He found out, further, that the announcement will be made in Liberty in several subsequent issues, commencing in March—because the Arrow people felt that in Liberty's circulation of over 2,250,000 (the biggest newsdealer circulation of any magazine) there were several hundred thousand young men of all ages who would regard this discovery as the solution to one of the oldest annoyances in men's linen. No young man who cares about his personal comfort or appearance will waste the moments he spends in reading these announcements.

Of course, shirt people regard the "Sanforized" process as a very important piece of news in the recent history of men's shirts. Professional laundries, and the laboratories of great stores and colleges throughout the country, are startled by their own tests of the new Arrow processed-broadcloths. It looks like the end of laundry-complaints, and soap-complaints. Yankee ingenuity did it—again.

From now on, the old admonition "Keep your shirt on" takes on new significance.

As Mr. Cluett himself puts it, now you can "keep your shirt on and enjoy it."

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

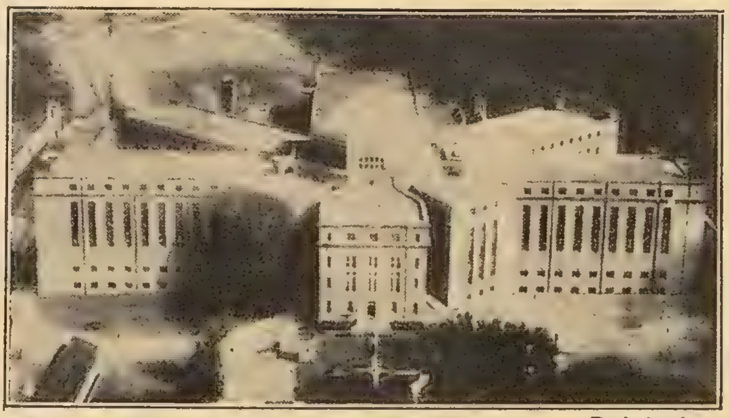
JUSTICE GOES TO JAIL
Continued from page thirty

fourth to serve under Mrs. Willebrandt at Atlanta, though Mr. Stone appointed me. The first appointee was a school-teacher, and after he relieved Warden Zerbst, the regular warden, and the latter started for Europe, it was realized that nobody at the prison could run the place. Consternation ensued and a hurry call went out to Zerbst to come back. He did, and was persuaded to accept a deputy wardenship at Leavenworth, where a former good newspaper man had been appointed warden; and Deputy Warden Fletcher was transferred from Leavenworth to run Atlanta. Biddle, the former newspaper man, stood up under eight months of Mabel's investigations, and after five years' service his resignation was accepted with the usual Willebrandt verdict of incompetency.

The mere matter of my exercising authority as warden at Atlanta was resented by the district attorney and, above all, by Agent Dodge. When I told them that they must interview prisoners only in the legal way, through my office, Dodge informed some of the guards that he would have me inside one of my own cells in six months. He was disappointed in me, and so informed the Department of Justice. At that time Franklin Dodge was in favor at the department. Mrs. Willebrandt valued his services. She said he went down into the mire and brought up pearls of evidence. But I know that any pearl produced by Dodge would have to be carefully appraised for its real value.

George Remus, styled king of the bootleggers, was an inmate of the prison at the time. His wife was living downtown at a fashionable hotel, ostensibly to be near her dear husband in his time of woe. But Remus, no man's fool, had already begun to suspect his wife was "coöperating" with his enemies and that they were personally interested in keeping him safe behind bars. I warned Mrs. Remus to keep away from Dodge—incidentally, thereby increasing Dodge's malice toward me—and told her that Remus was a dangerous man to play with. Remus, after his own fashion, felt dishonored. Immediately on his release from prison, at the first opportunity, he killed his wife. His defense, temporary insanity, and the nature of the evidence produced, must have made bootlegging and murder seem trivial to the jury of ordinarily decent citizens who acquitted him. I do not think myself that Remus was so much on trial in that court as those whom he regarded as his enemies.

The trial of the former prison officials resulted in the conviction of the warden, a kindly old man incapable of criminal intent, and the acquittal of the deputy warden. But those engaged in the prosecution were out to get the deputy. He was promptly reindicted, and this time with the chaplain who had confessed to petty graft.


P. & A. photo

An air view of the Federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

THE indictment was so worded that in order to convict the confessed grafter it was also necessary to convict the deputy. The jury naturally disagreed and no verdict was returned. The grafter was saved and the deputy was refused exoneration. This after the deputy had served twenty years with merit as a prison official. In defending himself he was obliged to spend all his savings and borrow from friends. Up to the time I left Atlanta he had not been tried again, nor had the indictment been dismissed.

The Atlanta penitentiary is a world within walls and not such a bad world after all. Comparatively few of the worst people get into prison—they are too cunning, or too powerful. The prison population is made up of all kinds and classes. Italians head the list of foreign born, and Mexicans head the list of those born on this side the water. When I made my first check-up in 1925 I found there were 1,290 men between the ages of twenty and thirty, and 115 boys from fourteen to twenty years of age. Now, it makes little difference what these boys did to get into trouble; they never should have been sent to Atlanta. Some of them even technically should not have been sent there. It was against the law. Their sentences were for periods of less than the year and a day required for incarceration in a Federal prison. The reform schools should have had them. Yet the Department of Justice, knowing that it was illegal, had sent them. The outrage of confining young boys with vicious, hardened criminals, some of them sex perverts and incorrigible, offended the moral sense of the best element among the prisoners themselves.

About one-third of the inmates of Federal prisons are committed for violating the narcotics act. Many of those who traffic in the drugs are themselves addicts and would sell their souls for dope. Any wonder that they became tools for the bolder criminals, or spies for the Department of Justice?

The next largest number of convicts are in for breaking the Federal prohibition law. Most of these are temperate men. They do not drink their own stuff. Nor can one honestly call them criminals, whatever the law says. They are the men whose offense was supplying you—and your name is legion—with liquor; and if you knew of them and knew of their sales and did not report to the Federal agents, then you, too, were as guilty as they—criminals all, felons whose rightful place was in jail among the gangsters and dopesters and perverts. Think it over, you suburban fathers and city business men, farmers and doctors and lawyers. It happens to be true.

MANY of the liquor violators were hill billies whose forefathers for generations had been making and drinking liquor in defiance of Federal officers, because of their inherited principle that government without the consent of the governed was unjust. Certainly they should be punished, but cannot the punishment fit the crime? Should these men who with clear and approving conscience violated what, after all, is not a law of life and death, but simply one of temperance—should they have been marked with the same brand that marks the abnormal being who crawls out of some gutter to kill his fellow man? Yet they were, and they are.

Several prisoners classified by the convict body as "rats" were transferred from Leavenworth to Atlanta during my term. An agent by the name of Wilcox, having come into special favor with Mrs. Willebrandt, replaced Franklin Dodge. Mrs. Willebrandt had been conducting a protracted investigation at Leavenworth, and now the "rats," their work done, had been sent to Atlanta for us to guard them from the victims of their espionage. Such prisoners, despised alike by convicts and guards, are a great responsibility for the prison officers. The "rats" are usually weak, cringing characters and poor wretches, and are constantly in fear of sudden death. Being dope fiends in many cases, they are easily reached by designing persons and any kind of statement from them is possible.

At Atlanta, inhumane pressure was frequently brought to bear on prisoners who had completed the period of punishment meted out to them for their crimes and were now eligible to reap the reward of good conduct in prison. They were recommended for parole and the recommendation was passed by the parole board. Then entered the Department of Justice. An agent would call and the inquisition would begin. The prisoners would be told that unless they came across with information desired by the agents—information that would land someone else behind the bars—their paroles would be refused and they would have to stay on until the bitter end.

Tomes could be written on the sufferings of prisoners waiting week after week, month after month, for the final action of the Department of Justice on their paroles.

They had worked hard and honestly for this small lightening of their sentences. They were in most cases better men than when they entered, and society had fulfilled its wish to both punish and redeem them. All that work was undone. Bitter men instead of chastened ones left the prisons. And consider how a weak character, confronted with a choice between telling a tale, however far-fetched, and remaining in prison under the rigorous arm of his torturers, might be tempted to tell anything that was wanted and get out. Aside from that, consider a great government stooping so low.

The Federal prison at Atlanta was constructed in 1902. It took seven years to build the thirty-two-foot wall that incloses its twenty-seven acres. The institution owns 1,576 acres of land, 1,200 of which are situated ten miles from the prison and used as a farm. This farm is of great value to the penitentiary for many reasons. First, it is a safety valve for prisoners. Men who want to make good in prison find an incentive in the promise that good work will get them an assignment to the farm. At least 3,000 of the men are anxious for outside jobs which are given only to the most competent and trustworthy. During the year 1928 the farm was operated by about 170 men controlled by unarmed guards and not one ever tried to escape.

THE value of the product of the farm consumed by the prison that year was $88,048.92. During the four years of my administration the duck-mill production increased about 50 per cent, and in 1928, after distributing a bonus of $116,493.60 among the prisoners, there was left a net profit to the government of $107,432.81. About 850 men were employed and in many instances their earnings kept their families from starving or becoming objects of charity—incidentally bucking up the manhood of the prisoners themselves.

Working conditions in the mill were good and the men were classified, according to their qualifications, as masters, journeymen, and apprentices. One-fourth of all earnings goes to the prisoners themselves. The rest goes to their families, or, if they have none, to their savings accounts, to be given them when they are released. Employment was found for about 1,000 men in all the departments of the prison—kitchen, dining room, laundry, tailor shop, etc.—and about 250 more were employed outside the walls on the farm and grounds of the institution.

But most of the time there were between 600 and 900 kept in idleness. If Satan can find mischief for idle hands, he has a fertile field for his discoveries inside a prison wall. At Atlanta the unemployed were exercised at least one hour daily, but that was little enough. To have such a body of able men loafing at the expense of the taxpayers and to their

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Don't be a 10 o'clock Business Man!

GETTING in at 10 o'clock may not cause any consternation to your stenographer, but it doesn't bring any cheers from the president's office! When you crawl out of bed with a "logy", half-sick system here's the simple way to a quick recovery and business send-off!

Take down your bottle of Sal Hepatica from the bathroom shelf... into a glass of fresh water drop a spoonful. (Measure with the bottle cap if more convenient.) Drink the sparkling mixture!

It works promptly. It clears your system thoroughly, yet gently. Women find this splendid combination excellent for their complexions. Men prefer it because it banishes, with dispatch, the ill effects of a sluggish intestinal tract. It gets you to the office on time, in the "pink" of form and fitness.

For constipation... headaches... colds... rheumatism and other common ills vanish before Sal Hepatica! It fights acidity, it purifies the blood, it sweeps away toxic wastes.

Physicians—in this country and abroad—endorse the great advantages of this saline method. Thousands of people go to Europe annually to drink the health-renewing spa waters. Sal Hepatica contains the same salines and is the efficient American equivalent of these world-renowned springs.

From your doctor learn more of this saline way to health. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist. And when you wake up tired, dull and gloomy, put a spoonful in your first glass of water!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30c, 60c and $1.20*

Sal Hepatica

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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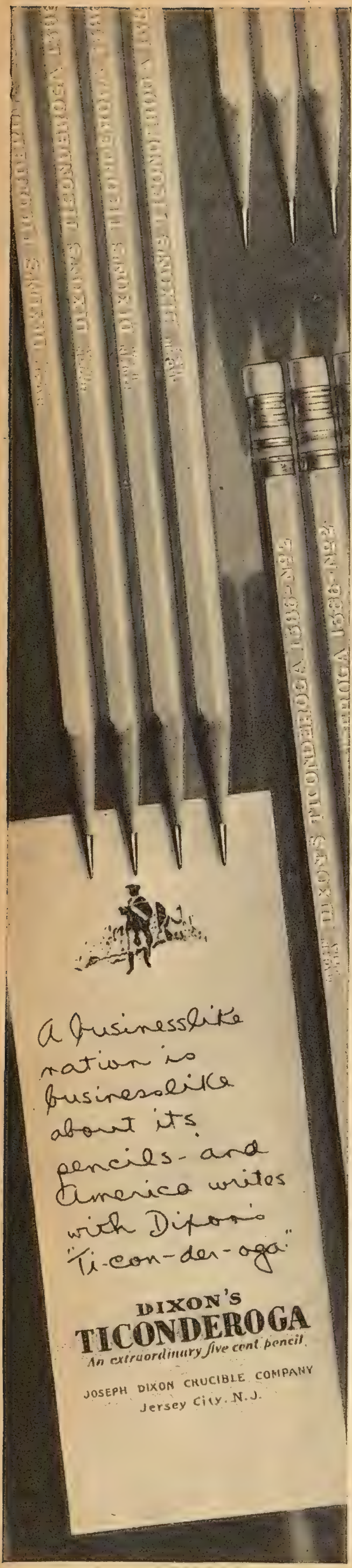
*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________



DIXON'S
TICONDEROGA
An extraordinary five cent pencil
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Jersey City, N.J.

JUSTICE GOES TO JAIL
Continued from page thirty-three

own moral detriment was a disgrace to the country.

Idleness in prison has been a bugbear of mine for fifteen years of my official life. It is against reason itself. I have seen much of it and the harm it can do, yet in all my service I had not become so hard-boiled that I could face the idle detail at Atlanta without a feeling of political and personal embarrassment.

How overcrowded we were can be estimated from the following figures: The prison was built to accommodate 1,840 prisoners; the danger limit was set at 2,000. Yet I have counted in at sunset more than 3,500 men! The average daily population was 3,149 for the entire year 1928. After packing eight men into a cell built for four, 1,600 into a cell house built for 800, we had to find space for the overflow in halls, corridors, and basements built for baths and toilets. Men of all kinds and degrees, foul men and clean, were herded together like cattle. There, surely, is riot in the making.

THE remedy was obvious. One-third of the convicts were drug offenders, most of them addicts. Prison was no place for them. It would have been easy for the government, and beneficial to the prisoners and the public to whom they would some day return, to build farms for them and keep them working on the land until such time as they were cured and fit for release. In a Federal prison they could only be a degrading influence. Rules which work hardships to decent prisoners had to be adopted on account of the presence of drug addicts. As stool pigeons and tools of dominating criminals, they are a special menace in large prisons.

There is a waiting remedy for the evils I have here revealed. The first move should be to take from the Department of Justice the care of the men it has prosecuted. The department's work should be done when sentence is passed. An entirely separate department should take care of the punishment. The forty-eight states recognize the wisdom of that.

BUT, instead of righting that evil, the proposal now is to aggravate it. The President of the United States is asking Congress to shift the prohibition unit from the Treasury Department to the Department of Justice. That will mean that from the moment of the suspect's deviation from the path of law he will be entirely in the hands of agents who will be police officers, prosecutors, judges, and jailers. There is something wrong with that. Recently the press of the country got excited because a man on the bench accused a fellow citizen, had him tried before him, and sentenced him himself. The Department of Justice will soon do that nationally. Another remedy would be to find work, manual labor fairly paid, for every man in jail. That would save taxpayers' money, save lives and save for good citizenship many a man who will otherwise drop out of sight in the underworld.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

A great story of Hollywood

Cleopatra's Kid Sister

By

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the birth stone for February?

2—What is common to Santa Fe, Montpelier, Salem, Annapolis?

3—What is the translation of the Latin phrase *pax vobiscum?*

4—Who recently was made Premier of France?

5—What is a tyro?

6—What was the name of Fulton's first successful steamboat?

7—What are asteroids?

8—Which extends farther north, Norway or Iceland?

9—What is the source of "While you live, tell truth and shame the devil"?

10—What is archæology?

11—According to the Bible, who came forth unharmed from a fiery furnace?

12—Who is the subject of Walt Whitman's poem "O Captain! My Captain!"?

13—What is a phobia?

14—In what war was the Battle of White Plains fought?

15—What is shilly-shally?

16—What is the native name of Persia?

17—Where is the Bay of Fundy?

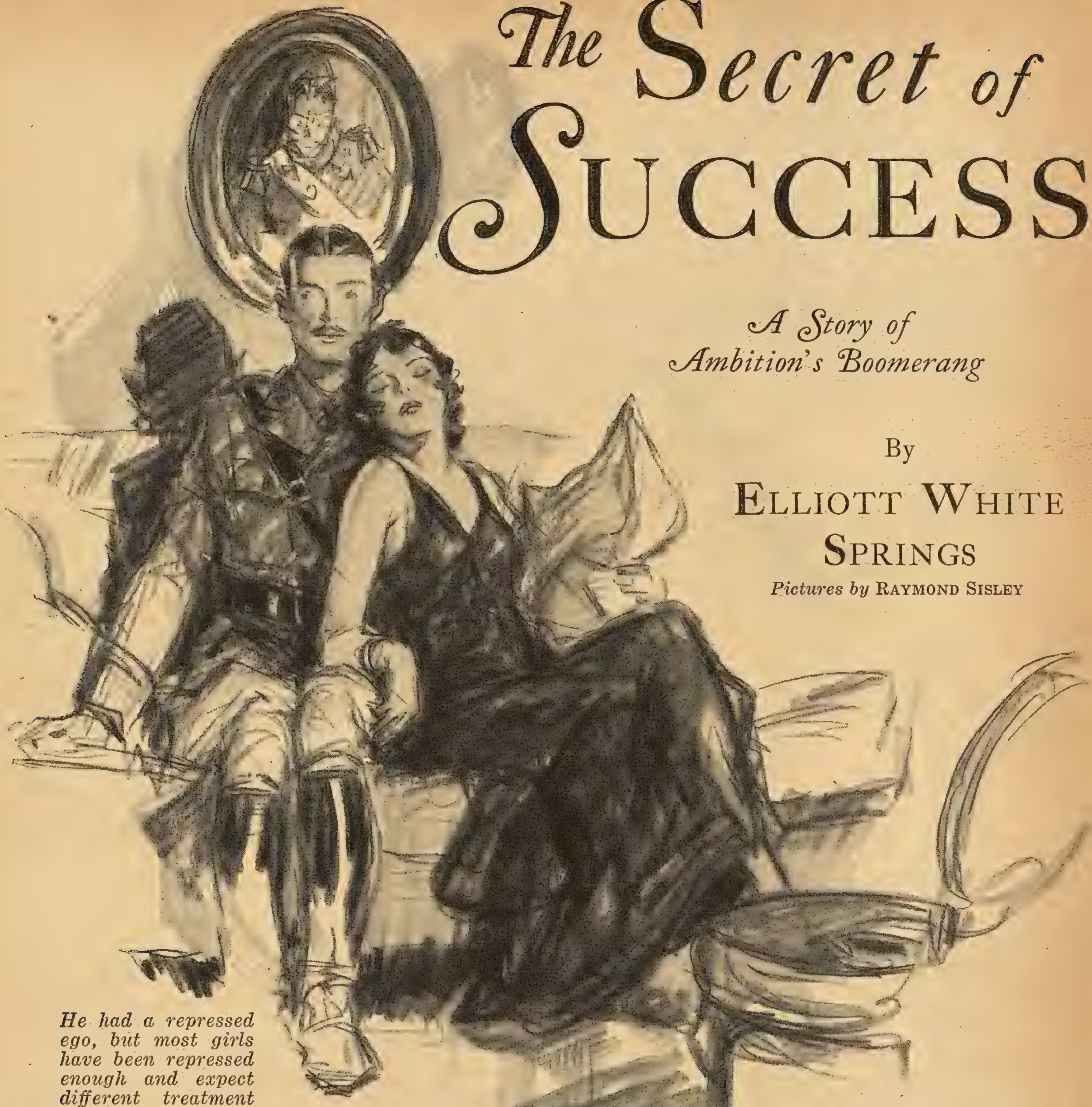
18—What is the distance of a Sabbath-day's journey?

19—What is meant by boxing the compass?

20—What is the difference between biannual and biennial?

(Answers will be found on page fifty-five)

The Secret of SUCCESS



A Story of Ambition's Boomerang

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

He had a repressed ego, but most girls have been repressed enough and expect different treatment from a soldier.

CAROL BANK was sitting beside me on the train coming back, and picked up a magazine that a fellow traveler had left behind him. He thumbed it idly until something caught his eye and he paused to scrutinize the page.

"It takes bunk to make the world go round," he told me didactically. "Listen to this brilliant prognostication: IF YOU WORK HARD YOU WILL SUCCEED, PROVIDED YOU HAVE THE RIGHT STUFF IN YOU. Yes, and if you've got four aces, and everybody else drops, you're going to win the pot. If you own the right kind of African dominoes, you can't roll a seven. Otherwise the story about the horny-fisted son of toil pushing the button for the board of directors to gather around him is just so much bunk.

"None of the successful Ali Babas count that day well spent until they buttonhole some unsuspecting stranger and tell him how they got where they are by the honest sweat of a brainy brow. They don't say whose brow, but the intimation is clear. More bunk! When they clean out the boys at stud poker they claim they invented the game. It hasn't ever occurred to them that somebody has to win.

"The plain truth is that some fallen arches can't be kept out of a bank by a scarlet-fever sign, while the lads with the manicured cerebrums trip over their own dogs when they're walking up to get their engraved whatnots."

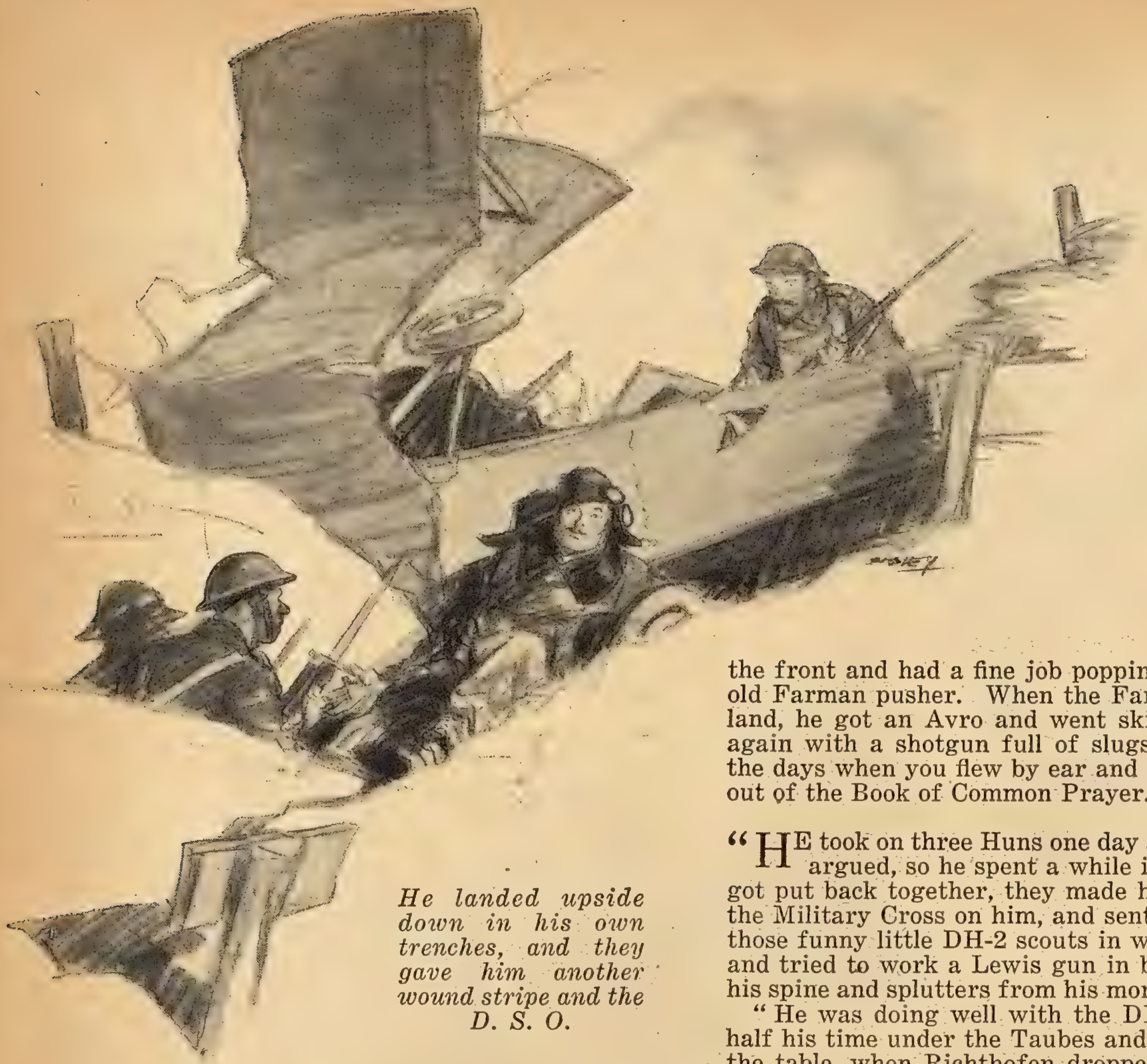
"All of which means that the boys downtown took your favorite stock for a loop," I surmised. "You always go bolshevik on a bear market."

"Oh, I never was lucky," Carol admitted. "But listen to this sucker advertisement: YOU CAN'T CONTROL YOUR OPPORTUNITIES, BUT YOU CAN IMPROVE YOUR JUDGMENT AND PREPARE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF LIFE'S OFFERS. BE READY! KNOWLEDGE IS POWER! THE TRAINED MIND WINS! SEND IN THE COUPON TODAY TO THE INTERNATIONAL SELF-IMPROVEMENT CORPORATION AND PREPARE YOURSELF TO GO TO THE TOP. Can you stop that?"

"Are you going to sign on the dotted line?" I asked. "Your mind sure needs improving."

"Maybe it does," he admitted. "How many correspondence courses in writing did you take? None! You just struck a lucky time to sling your ink, and found a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



He landed upside down in his own trenches, and they gave him another wound stripe and the D. S. O.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS
Continued from page thirty-five

soft-minded editor to buy your drool. He wants it to persuade the morons to look at the illustrations. Well, I could stand a little of the lucky salve, but it don't come from any correspondence school. Say, did you ever hear of Peter Mulberry?"

"Yes," I said. "I did hear some wild tale about him, but it's slipped my mind now."

"Well, I'll tell you about him," Carol volunteered. "It's a good story. He graduated from college in 1910 and got a Rhodes scholarship. After he got out of Oxford he went into the diplomatic service. He knew as much about diplomacy as a nun about necking. He was so dumb that he once took his little nieces and nephews to see Ibsen's Doll's House, and he was as shy as an anarchist on the Fourth of July.

"HE had a minor post as undersecretary at the embassy in London in 1914 when the swanking of the Kaiser, the spanking of Serbia, the flanking of France, and the banking of the United States got started. It wasn't his war, and fireworks had always made him nervous, but he was nursing a smoldering affection for a little girl who had a proprietary interest in it on account of an aunt who had married a Belgique, and she gave him to understand that the road to her heart was the one that led but to a hero's grave. In fact, she even intimated that it was impossible for her to continue social relations with any man who was not willing to give his life to save civilization and her father's colonial fortune.

"So after the German horde had battered down the walls of Liége and Namur and swung their hammerhead across Normandy to halt before the gate of Paris like the Huns on the plains of Lombardy, Peter found himself in a recruiting station signing on the dotted line for the privilege of seeing tears in his sweetie's eyes. He decided that the Flying Corps offered the best opportunity of coming to grips with Bismarck's other herrings, so it wasn't long before he was tricked out in a split-ear cap and a maternity jacket with the doubtful rank of second leftenant and no citizenship.

"He left the maiden behind without changing her name or status. She was willing for either, but when he'd see tears in her eyes, all he'd offer her was his handkerchief.

"He went out to the front and had a fine job popping off a carbine in an old Farman pusher. When the Farman flew to a better land, he got an Avro and went skidding about the sky again with a shotgun full of slugs. That was back in the days when you flew by ear and got your instructions out of the Book of Common Prayer.

"HE took on three Huns one day and the Avro got out-argued, so he spent a while in hospital. When he got put back together, they made him a captain, pinned the Military Cross on him, and sent him out again to fly those funny little DH-2 scouts in which he sat out front and tried to work a Lewis gun in between shivers from his spine and splutters from his monosoupape motor.

"He was doing well with the DH, and was spending half his time under the Taubes and the other half under the table, when Richthofen dropped on to his tail with one of the new synchronized machine guns that fired through the propeller, and they peppered each other until five of the Baron's men joined him. All Peter knew about military tactics then was fighting. A soldier would have known he was licked and died peacefully, but Peter wasn't a soldier and he kept on scrapping until his gas gave out.

"He got two of the Huns and then glided down with the other four shooting tracer bullets through his leather coat. He landed upside down in his own trenches with the crank case festooned around his neck, and they gave him another wound stripe and the D. S. O.

"He did another tour in blighty and then they patched him up and made him a major and sent him back to France with a squadron. His girl was still as doting as a maiden aunt and getting just that much fun out of it. He could meet a Hun at fifteen thousand feet and after two split-ear turns and a vertical bank be on his tail, but every time the girl would maneuver him into no man's land, he'd go out of control and all she'd get for her trouble would be another tender look. As Freud would say, he had a repressed ego, but most girls have been repressed enough by the time they reach the age of consent and expect different treatment from a soldier.

"Out at the front he ran a fair outfit when his pilots were sober enough, and led them all over the Somme valley in those little Bristol scouts. Then they gave him Sop Camels with two Vickers guns on them, and he did so well that by 1918 he was a colonel in command of a wing, with three wound stripes and a bar to his D. S. O.

"Meanwhile, his girl had rolled bandages for four years with a heart full of love and a soul full of hope. She finally decided that a bird with a hand was worth two colonels in France and began keeping company with a conscientious objector.

"When Peter got the news that his Penelope had weakened he nearly walked out on the Huns. I was up near him about that time and spent several days at his headquarters in a big château near Amiens. For a couple of days he didn't have his mind on the war at all.

"I heard that he was slated for a bigger job. You see, all the birds with brains had got themselves soft jobs where there was no exposure to mortality, and the dugouts had to promote some of the poor cannon fodder to lead the rest of the weak-minded. Peter didn't know anything about strategy or morale or organization, but fighting men were scarce and it looked as though he was going right on up the ladder by the well blistered route. He was so dumb he confused a military operation with a battle, and he was better known to the Germans than to the brass hats at G. H. Q. He was in good line for promotion, because everybody else was resting on laurels.

"When Ludendorff made a hiking club out of the Fifth Army, he was colonel of the wing that got caught by the Huns before they had time to retire. The infantry came back so fast that the Ak Emmas grabbed up rifles and mixed in the scrap. I don't know what stopped them in front of Amiens, but the Ak Emmas sure were helping. Peter was on the spot and tried to turn his Crossley phaëton into an armored car. When it was shot from under him, he and his chauffeur ended up serving a machine gun in a swamp on the Somme. All that boy needed in those days was a target.

"If he had let nature take its course, he might have gone far and some day got his picture published in the Go-Getter Magazine along with a story telling how he owed it all to his mother and the Ten Commandments. He stood a good chance of being a general as soon as one of the present incumbents broke into the House of Lords, and he had a double row of barnacles on his chest which came from his lack of military knowledge and his failure to make any strategic retreats.

"But right then he slipped and fell into the Rubicon. Somebody sent him a copy of the Go-Getter Magazine.

"WELL, Peter read all these articles on HOW I MADE MYSELF SO EFFICIENT THEY HAD TO MAKE ME PRESIDENT and FROM RAGS TO RICHES BY KNOWING MY JOB, and took the advice to struggling young men seriously. He realized that he didn't have any ambition or efficiency, and he thought maybe that was why he'd lost his girl. That's just how bright he was. He decided he'd better get a move on and gather in some glory so he could gather in the girl.

"He read how the champion horseshoe pitcher of Iowa started practicing for it when he was five years old, and how the president of the Excelsior Folding Tunnel Company studied nights to fit himself for executive responsibility. Peter decided right then that he was going to be promoted, and subscribed to a correspondence course in executive training because a prominent general came right out in the advertisement and admitted that he would still be a private if he hadn't got one of their diplomas.

"Peter did his home work conscientiously and it wasn't long before his new erudition broke out on him. He was so full of strategy and conscientious ambition that he was about to bust. He did.

"This was one brain wave he got by mail: If his Ak Emmas were liable to have to fight, why not train them for it? So he did. He equipped them with rifles and bayonets and Mills bombs and taught them to charge and grunt just like real Tommies. This didn't please the squadrons, but he saw his duty and did it.

"About that time a lot of Sop Dolphins were sent out to the front. They had twenty-four inches of back stagger and a 220 Hispano motor. They gave more trouble than teething twins, and forced-landing a Dolphin was a sport in the same class with herding camels through a needle's eye. When the ground removed the undercarriage, the top wing staggered back and removed the pilot's head—if any.

"Peter did everything but polish the crank shafts himself, and sat up late at night devising ways and means of encouraging his mechanics. He divided them into squads and had score boards and prizes and used all the tricks of the efficiency shysters.

"One day he got a lecture through the mail on PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT, and he decided that he'd have to have

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

beauty sleep?
not when you
cough all night

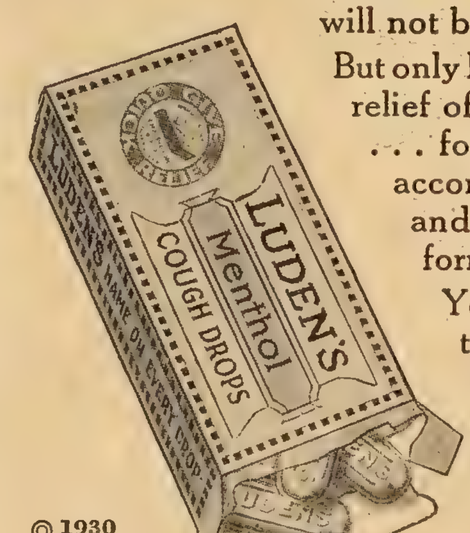
TROUBLED
THROATS

You're just dozing off . . . then it starts . . . a little tickle in your throat . . . a little dry spot that swallowing doesn't reach . . . then you cough . . . and cough. No wonder you feel dragged out and forlorn when morning comes.

But tender throats . . . troubled throats . . . will find quick relief in the cooling, soothing Luden's Menthol Action. Your mouth, your throat, your nose will feel so clean and fresh . . . and coughs will not bother you.

But only Luden's give you the quick relief of Luden's Menthol Action . . . for only Luden's are made according to the time-tested and jealously guarded Luden formula.

You need not hesitate to take Luden's Menthol Cough Drops freely . . . they contain nothing harmful . . . nothing to upset the stomach.



© 1930

*In the yellow package everywhere—*5¢

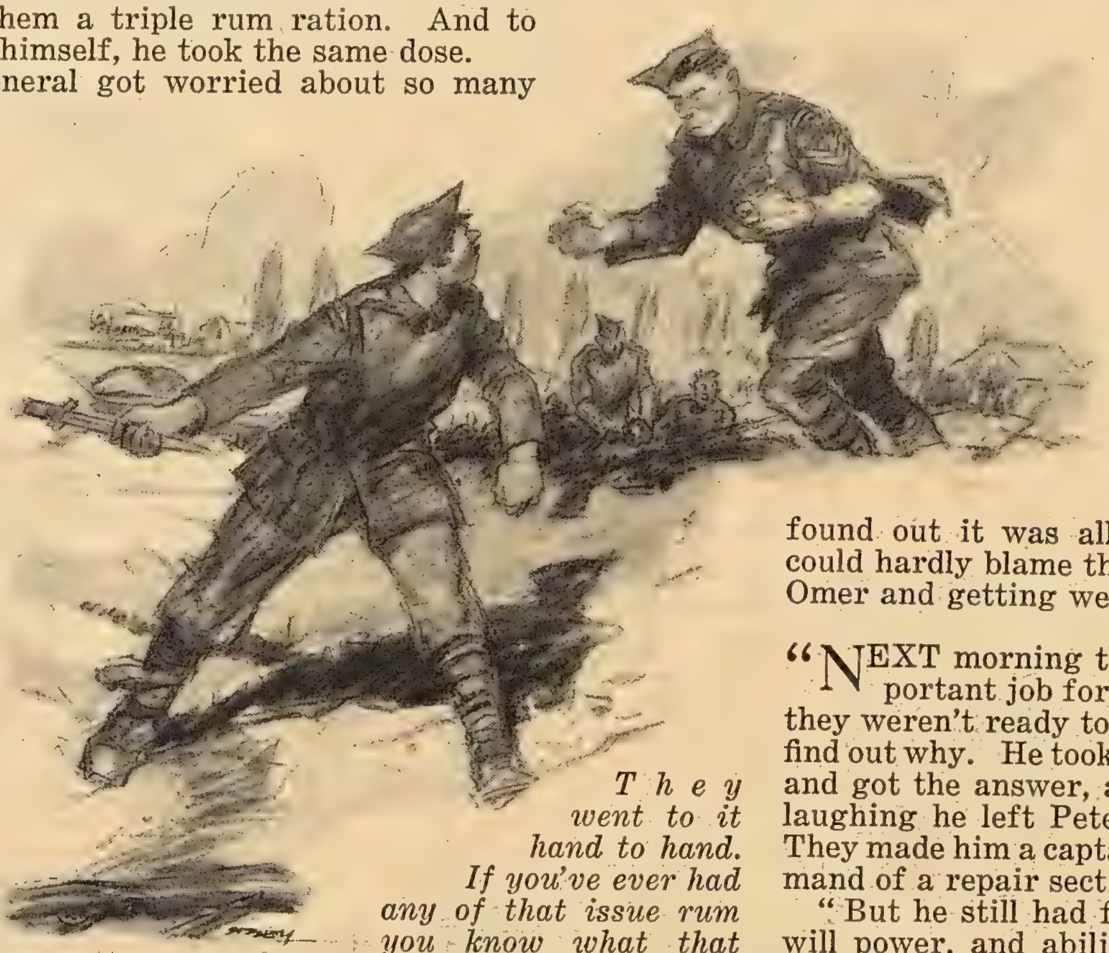
LUDEN'S

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS
Continued from page thirty-seven

a sham battle to prepare his Ak Emmas to resist the next push. He went up to the front and consulted an infantry major about what to do under such circumstances. The major told him that the most important thing about an attack was to give the men a double rum ration. Peter came back and decided that he'd be on the safe side and give them a triple rum ration. And to make sure he was fit himself, he took the same dose.

"That day the general got worried about so many Dolphin crashes and drove up in his Rolls to investigate the trouble. And this was the sight that greeted his astonished eyes:

"Two squadrons were over on the far side of the airdrome intrenched along the canal bank and firing away as if they were in a movie. Two other squadrons were deployed along the road on the opposite side firing back. Suddenly Peter jumped up with a whoop and, waving his sword, led the charge across the field and assaulted the trenches.



They went to it hand to hand. If you've ever had any of that issue rum you know what that stuff does to you.

"They went to it hand to hand, and the whole bunch was just tight enough to get mad and start a real fight. If you've ever had any of that issue rum you know what that stuff does to you. It would make Lord Cecil spit in Mussolini's face, and the mechanics were primed like shock troops. When Peter's cohorts got within range, they threw down their guns and blank ammunition and got out their fists in earnest. Before Peter took the canal there were nearly as many casualties as if the Huns had broken through again. When he reported to the general he was nursing a shiner that was like a searchlight and all he had left of his sword was the hilt.

"The general was meaning to inquire about the Dolphins, but he didn't need to. He demoted Peter on the spot and got drunk with the defenders of the canal.

"But being demoted to major didn't dim Peter's ardor a bit, and he subscribed to another correspondence course on will-power control and started out to exhibit his efficiency again. He sure did keep that squadron polished up. It was a bombing outfit with DH9 two-seaters, but he got the idea that he was back on scouts and he'd take them out and chase Fokkers all over the sky. He even shot down a Hannoveranner with his front gun one day, and the whole Hun army couldn't stop him from photographing his hits after a bomb raid.

"THE squadron did so well one month that the colonel didn't give them any combat orders one day as a reward. Did Peter declare a holiday and turn the transport over to the boys and let them go down to Boulogne or Abbeville and get drunk as they were entitled to by all the articles of war? He did not!

"A couple of Peter's squadrons got caught in the fog in March, and the Huns came through so fast that they captured all planes and equipment before they had time to move any of it. Peter recalled it when he received a postal lecture on HOW TO PROFIT BY PAST ERRORS and he decided that this would be a good opportunity to practice moving. So on this washout day the colonel gave them, he ordered the squadron to pack up and move. And he made them pack up everything there was on the place, too. The pilots had to pack up all their souvenirs and dogs and cows and load them on the lorries with the regular equipment. Then all the planes took off and the transport moved on down the road toward Arras. Peter made an inspection then to see that there wasn't anything left behind.

"The transport had straggled down the road about ten miles when he dashed up in the squadron car and ordered them to move back again. The lorry with the machine shop got off the road and turned over in a ditch, and the petrol tender fell through a bridge. One of the DHs crashed, because they had loaded a lot of spares in the rear cockpit which jammed the controls when they shifted. The squadron was mad enough to smash up the whole works when they got back and found out it was all just practice. You could hardly blame them for going into St. Omer and getting well stewed.

"NEXT morning the colonel had an important job for them to do, and when they weren't ready to do it he came over to find out why. He took a look about the place and got the answer, and when he got over laughing he left Peter minus a command. They made him a captain and gave him command of a repair section at Marquise.

"But he still had faith in efficiency and will power, and ability and preparedness, and insisted on showing the kind of stuff he was made of. He ran his section at full speed and was doing well when he got a chapter through the mail on THE UNTURNED STONE. He began to worry for fear he was overlooking something.

"There was a bomb raid one night and he figured out what it was he had overlooked. It was his defense system. The next day he got himself an old swivel mounting and a Lewis gun and erected the contraption outside his hut. The first night the Huns came over in numbers he went out and got in his mounting and prepared to do battle. It was pitch dark and they were down low trying to locate the hangars.

"One Hun dropped down to have a look, and Peter got a glimpse of the exhaust and opened fire. The Hun saw the tracer coming out of the gun and turned and let him have a load of bombs. One hangar blazed up, and by the time he got in the dugout the whole place was well strafed.

"A board of investigation found that thirty-eight planes and six hangars were destroyed, thanks to his brilliant idea. That reduced him to his original rank of leftenant. If the war had lasted long enough and the postal service had held out, they would have had to create a new rank for him. They don't have any second-class privates in the British army. But the lesson on GO GET WHAT YOU WANT stuck with him and two weeks after the Armistice he went back and treated the girl so outrageously that she had to marry him. That's what he was after in the first place, so I suppose you could call his training successful."

"What's he doing now?" I asked. Carol opened the magazine and handed it to me. I read:

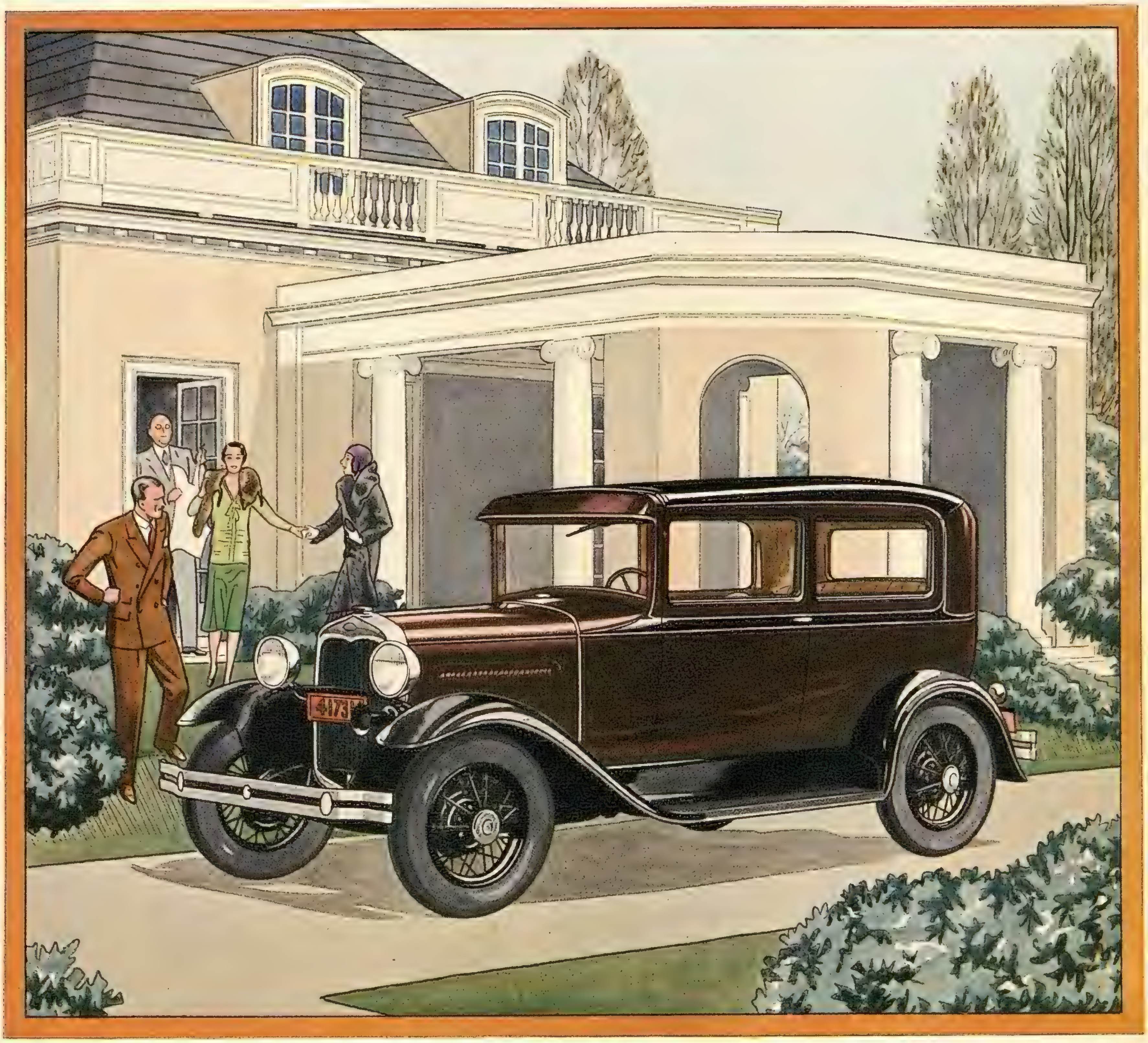
. . . PREPARE YOURSELF TO GO TO THE TOP. THE PRESIDENT AND FOUNDER OF THIS REMARKABLE COURSE, BY THE APPLICATION OF THESE PRINCIPLES, MADE HIS WAY UP THE LADDER OF SUCCESS FROM A HUMBLE SECOND LIEUTENANT IN THE BRITISH ARMY TO THE RANK OF COLONEL. HE COMMANDED A WING OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS, A POSITION REQUIRING EXECUTIVE ABILITY AND MUCH TECHNICAL SKILL.

And underneath it was a picture of Peter Mulberry in full regimentals.

"You win," I told Carol.

THE END

Pride of Possession

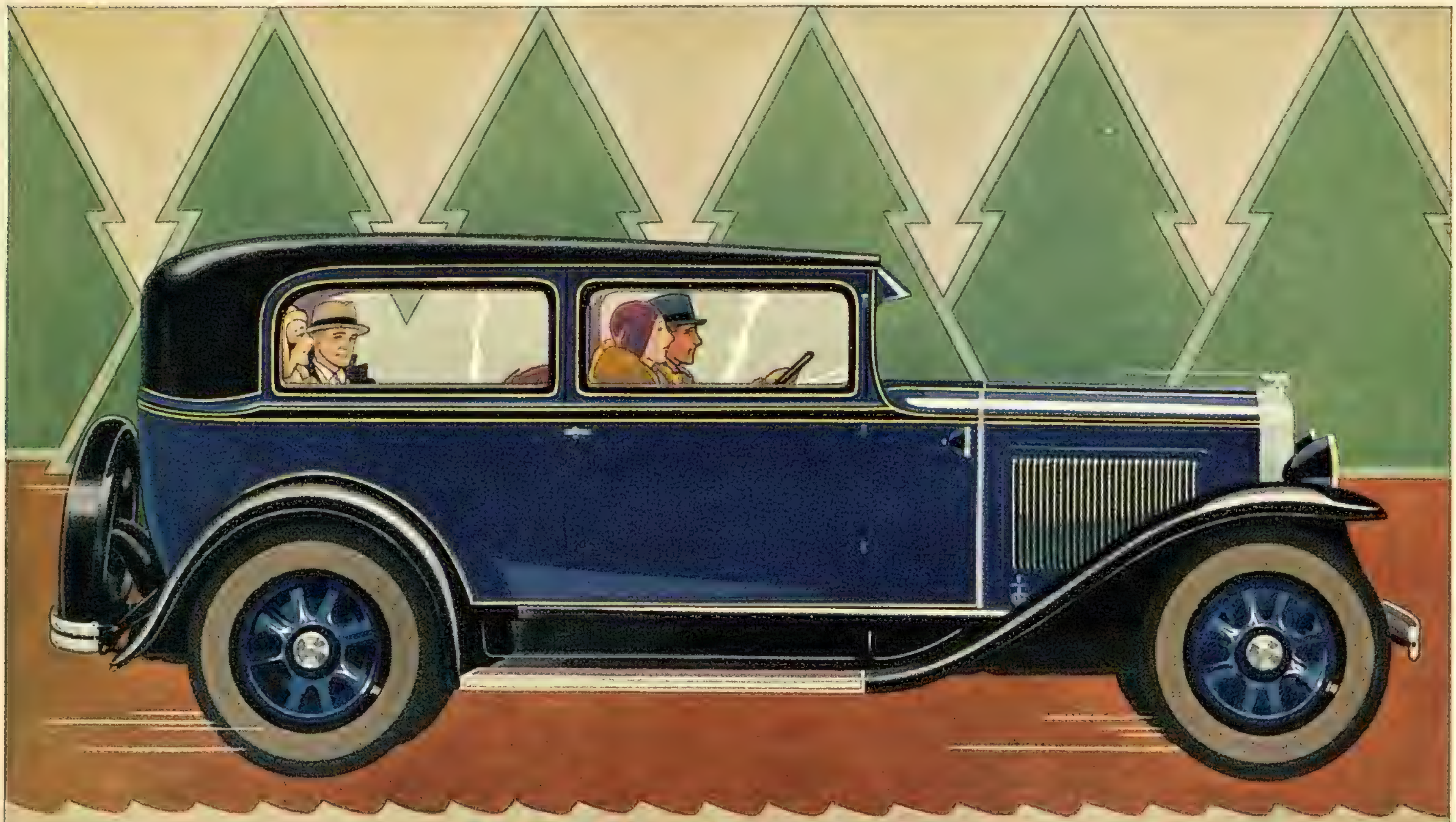


THE NEW FORD TUDOR SEDAN

YOU will take a real pride in the smart style and fresh new beauty of the Ford just as you will find an ever-growing satisfaction in its alert, capable performance. From the new deep radiator to the tip of the curving rear fender, there is an unbroken sweep of line—a flowing grace of contour and harmony of color heretofore thought possible only in an expensive automobile. Craftsmanship has been put into mass production.

Ford

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



The 2-Door Sedan · Body by Fisher

NEW SERIES

PONTIAC BIG SIX

Now an even finer car bears this famous name

Today the famous name, Pontiac, is borne by a new and finer automobile. It is the New Series Pontiac Big Six. This newest Pontiac retains all of the good qualities which have been so largely responsible for the popularity of its predecessors. In addition, it incorporates important improvements. Smart new Bodies by Fisher make the New Series Big Six a more beautiful Pontiac. A new belt moulding, which encircles the car, emphasizes its stream-line length and lowness. There is a choice of attractive new Duco colors at no extra cost. Added smoothness in the Pontiac engine results from the use of improved-type rubber engine mountings. Greater handling ease has been obtained by means of a new steering system acting on roller bearings. Pontiac's safety has been increased by improvements in its powerful, non-squeak four-wheel brakes and by the adoption of a new sloping, non-glare windshield. Increased riding comfort is afforded by Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers of improved design. In speed, power and pick-up, the New Series Pontiac reveals the great performance capabilities of its 60-horsepower engine. In dependability and long life it is all that former Pontiacs have been. And furthermore, the Pontiac of today is fully as economical to own and operate as earlier Pontiacs have proved to be. A famous name, a finer car—that, in brief, is what you are offered in the New Series Pontiac Big Six. Make it a point to see and drive this Pontiac. We believe you will find it a car you would like to own. Seven body types. Write for descriptive literature. Oakland Motor Car Company, Pontiac, Michigan.

A FAMOUS NAME, A FINER CAR

The eminent author, Babe Ruth, as you are supposed to think of him.

SPOOKS in the Press-Box

A Compassionate Look at the Troubled Lives of Our Literary Ghosts

By

WESTBROOK PEGLER

who has written on many topics for various newspapers, and in recent years has specialized on matters having to do with sports. He is now, officially, New York sports correspondent for the Chicago Tribune.

FROM a strictly material standpoint and with no regard for the æsthetic properties of the matter, George H. Ruth, the baseball player, is one of the most successful journalists of the current age, receiving, I should judge, about $25,000 a year for his essays, which would be about five times the salary of a first-class reporter.

His eminence in the journalistic trade, or profession, as the case may be, is the more remarkable in consideration of the fact that he never studied journalism, never served an apprenticeship following patrol wagons or fire engines, and, to this hour, could not tell you the difference between a jim-dash and a ribbon strip.

Mr. Ruth is a member of the vicarious or painless school of American literature, less amiably known in the press-box at ball yard and ringside as the sweaty literati. This school is composed of eminent prize fighters, always including the heavyweight champion of the world, if any, the more prominent managers, bottle-holders, rubbers, sparring partners, ball players, master minds, swimmers, and professional golfers, and, sometimes, their sisters and their cousins and their aunts.

In fact, during the World Series of 1925 between the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Washington Senators, the literary urge was so rife and so insistent in the city of Pittsburgh that there bobbed up in the press-box a journalist of the tender age of five years, the son of Mr. Lee Meadows, the Pirates' pitcher. He was assigned to compose articles of the type known as living human documents, giving his impressions of the conflict, by proxy. The journeyman journalist who was detailed to the menial literary work of setting down the young prodigy's observations reported that the task had been most trying.

"I was supposed to do something naïve and yet shrewd about these games," he said, "and I took my work very seriously at the start, in the hope of producing essays that would live. But whenever I would ask this genius what his impressions were, he would only reply, 'Buy me some peanuts,' or 'I want a hot dog.' I am afraid the work lacked fire. You cannot write for posterity about peanuts and frankfurters.

"I will explain how the little boy came to be selected for this work. Our paper did not appreciate the public taste for personal essays until the World Series was upon us, and by the time we started out to sign up authors more or less intimately connected with the conflict, all concerned had been placed under contract by the big syndicates or by other papers in town. We had to take our pick of the literary leavings, consisting of the Meadows boy and a catcher's landlady. We took the little boy as being the nearest of kin to an actual player, which was a compliment to the landlady, in a way."

Mr. Ruth, at the present writing, is the acknowledged dean of his school, having outlasted Jack Dempsey who used to carry on a very lucrative practice in *lettres* that were more or less *belles*. But Mr. Dempsey's literary flame waned simultaneously with and in exact proportion to the decline of his prestige as a prize fighter, as is generally the case. So he is now one, in the literary sense, with the late Laura Jean Libbey.

Of course, the unconscious style of literary execution has attracted devotees from other arts and industries, not forgetting homicide, many of whose devotees have financed their trials and appeals with the proceeds of their life stories, heavily salted with moralistic advice to boys and girls. In my modest career, I have been the journalistic instrument for a variety of celebrities, including a professional Fundamentalist from Fort Worth, known as the Texas Tornado, who played a limited season to very good business under the auspices of the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton at the Calvary Baptist Church in New York.

This was an abrupt change of pace and I was somewhat ill at ease at the idea of writing in the Cloth. So, at the end of a complete study of sin on and about Broadway, beginning one evening at nine o'clock and ending at one o'clock the next morning, I asked the reverend brother just how strong the piece should be. The truth of the matter was that our research had been something of a bust, as the more picturesque sinners do not begin to err in earnest until half-past two in the morning, and moreover, the Rev. Tornado was what you might call a character man, off as well as on. I mean he was always the pulpiteer; and although we asked for stimulants in two night clubs and one speakeasy, there was that about him which warned the head waiters and they said, "We don't serve no liquor."

However, what with taxis, club sandwiches, couvert charges, and two tickets for The Demi-Virgin, which was the dirtiest show in town, I had spent fifty dollars of expense-account money, and the Tornado, for his part, had wasted an evening which might otherwise have been devoted to constructive works of piety. We were entitled to our story and he was entitled to his publicity.

"JUST pour it on 'em, brother," he said. "Anything you write goes with me, but get some good headlines on it and don't forget to send me the clippings."

This was long before President Hoover put it up to the individual conscience to support the law in all its codicils, and I recollect taking a few saucers of gin to help me simulate my principal's style. It may have been this influence and it may have been inherent wickedness that dictated an introductory note, identifying the Texas Tornado and explaining that a tornado was a vacuum entirely surrounded by wind. This irrelevance was challenged and eliminated by the copy desk, though with some reluctance.

There came an afternoon, even, during the American visit of Maurice Maeterlinck, when his manager explained that the maestro's time was so taken up with engagements that he would have to decline an invitation to write a series of articles. He suggested, however, that I should write the pieces under M. Maeterlinck's name. I shall never forget with what consummate delicacy the editor of the syndicate, Mr. Fred Ferguson, expressed his belief that owing to an essential difference between M. Maeterlinck's style and my own, it would be extremely difficult to carry out the imposture.

"He writes so nice," Mr. Ferguson said, "and you write so nasty!"

But revivalists, flagpole sitters, attractive female defendants, aërial stowaways, and winners of beauty

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

This is
SAMOLINE'S
First National Advertisement

YET thousands of housewives make the use of Samoline a daily habit. Delighted women telling others how Samoline helps them save ⅓ the time, ⅓ the labor and ⅓ the expense of everyday household cleaning—cleaning everything, as some users aptly put it, "from the grand piano to the kitchen sink"—is the only advertising Samoline has had for the past 15 years. They have found that Samoline *is not just another cleaner.*

This *all-talkie* advertising has made Samoline "The World's Greatest Cleaner." Dealers having calls for Samoline, have put it in stock so that now stores most everywhere sell it—grocery, drug stores, hardware, variety and department stores. You have probably often seen Samoline displayed in windows, and on counters, in stores right in your own neighborhood.

With perfect faith and confidence you may use Samoline for cleaning all painted, varnished, enameled, metal, tile and glass surfaces. It will clean everything 100% WITHOUT INJURY to surface or hands—and actually leave your hands soft and white. Being in paste form there is no waste.

Little Sammy Samoline says—
"If men did the housework there would be a gallon can of Samoline in every home in your block."

Find out how much quicker, how much easier Samoline will do your cleaning. The store where you trade regularly can supply you with Samoline. And bear in mind that every can of Samoline is sold on the basis of absolute satisfaction or your money will be refunded. That is the way Samoline has been sold for 15 years and not a single can has been returned for refund. You will be no exception—Samoline will please you. It is guaranteed by Good Housekeeping.

SAMOLINE CORPORATION
1300 Fletcher St. Chicago, Ill.

SAMOLINE
"The World's Greatest Cleaner"
Sold and recommended by all grocery, drug, hardware, variety and department stores everywhere

SAMOLINE
SAMOLINE CORPORATION

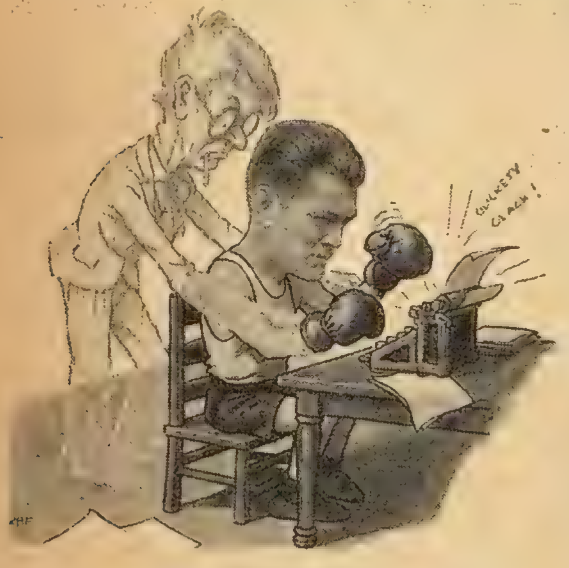
FIVE SIZES

DRUG STORE
GROCERY STORE
HARDWARE & PAINTS

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR ABOUT SAMOLINE

SPOOKS IN THE PRESS-BOX
Continued from page forty-three

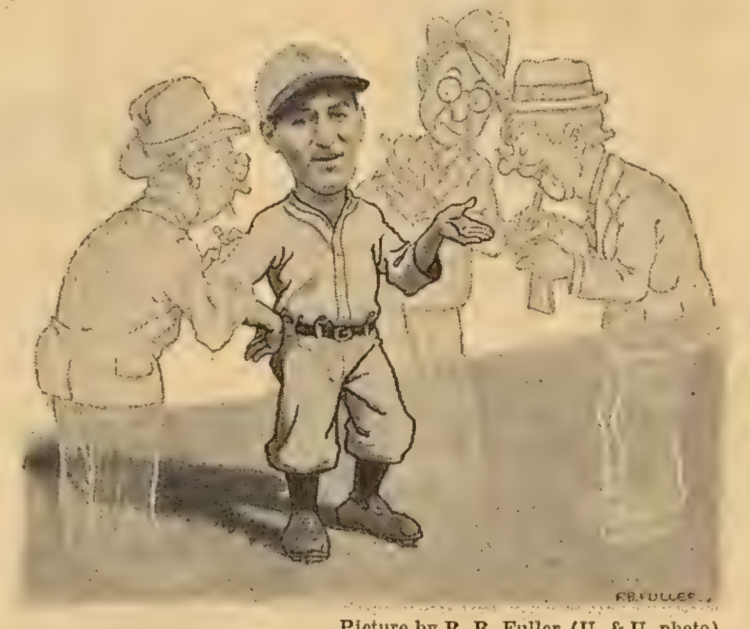
contests come under the head of journalistic June bugs. They vanish like one-book novelists, whereas the heavyweight champion automatically goes journalistic upon his accession to the throne and remains so until he is defeated or retires, when he automatically loses his literary touch. Ruth, though, has been carrying on ever since he went to the Yankees in 1920.


Picture by R. B. Fuller (P. & A. photo)
The ghost assigned to Tunney's camp was out of tune with him.

The Babe's literary practice has grown to such proportions that Mr. Christy Walsh, a reformed comic artist who has become the foremost dealer in such journalistic chitterlings, has been devoting much of his time to the Ruth account alone, although it is only one of many which he handles. Mr. Walsh applied efficiency to the marketing of this rhetorical offal. Under previous administrations, the Babe's story was a sort of office chore, assigned to the hindmost man in the office of the syndicate which happened to have the account at a given time. In the 'tween-seasons there were no pieces given under the name of Babe Ruth. But Mr. Walsh engaged a well known baseball writer, Mr. Ford C. Frick, to excogitate salable themes and adorn them with plain, joyous language; and otherwise did much to develop a branch of the newspaper business known as ghost-writing or ghosting.

The Messrs. Walsh and Frick evince some hurt when one suggests that the Babe's articles still are created without the coöperation of the author. They insist that he now confers with his ghost and even allege that he reads his own stuff—which would be quite a change from his policy when I was spooking for him in 1921, the year he hit fifty-nine home runs.

It was nominated in the bond that year that Ruth should receive a lump sum of $1,000 from the syndicate, plus a bonus of five dollars for each home run, provided he sent a telegram on every such occasion, describing the state of affairs at the moment of his going to bat. He did not coöperate. I wrote pieces by Babe Ruth describing his first ten or twelve home runs, beset by a sense that this was not keeping faith with those whom Chuck Wiggins, the prize fighter, calls the little, dirty-mouthed kids in the street.


Picture by R. B. Fuller (U. & U. photo)
Three separate autobiographies of Andy Cohen began running in three papers.

FINALLY I sent him a petulant wire and that was the time he wrote a dispatch which has since become rather celebrated in the newspaper business as a model of terseness and punch. To the extent of my knowledge, the collected writings of George H. Ruth still consist of that telegram:

"Socked one today. Fast ball. High outside. Ruth."

Deploring references to the impersonal character of the Babe's writings, Mr. Walsh sometimes asks me if I have not known occasions when a sport writer was taken so ill or unsteady as to require assistance—as who in the business has not? It may be shop talk, but there was an episode at one world series which illustrates his meaning. It was agreed in advance that any brother who expected to become irresponsible should write his name on a blackboard in the press headquarters so that a helping-hand committee might know just who needed protection. Upon filing a story in the name of the heated member, the Samaritan was to erase his name so as to avoid duplication. But one of the colleagues achieved a wide circulation in public places around town, and whenever a fellow writer would see him there would be a phone call to headquarters:

"Put Joe's name on the blackboard; he is out of his mind."

So, all in one day, his name was written and erased repeatedly before the managing editor's return wire was tacked up, reading: "Your stuff improving steadily. Fifth story was a classic."

But that sort of thing is strictly a domestic matter within the craft of sport writing, and has nothing to do with the journalistic career of Gene Tunney, for example.

Mr. Tunney was not happy in journalism. For one thing, soon after he became champion, a solvent firm offered him $100,000 for the rights to any and all writing done in his name. He was happily contemplating this connection when he discovered that his representative, while suffering from an overdose of grog, had signed a contract with another syndicate. This contract covered his entire tenure as champion and the price was quite meager. Gene was much put out.

THEN, to complicate a cheerless situation, the syndicate which held the contract assigned to Tunney's camp a ghost who was temperamentally out of tune with him. This spook was genial, democratic, efficient, a singer of zumzum or bass parts in nocturnal quartets, and a member of that contemptible rabble which remained insensible of the singular charm and professional excellence of Gene Tunney. In fact, Tunney's own ghost one evening went so far as to state that Gene Tunney was, in his opinion, a heel, and to predict that Dempsey would tear his head off.

Well, this was treason to the person of the king, so the ghost was withdrawn and another one assigned. He was *persona grata* to the extent that Tunney had no personal objection to him. But Gene refused to coöperate, and the young man used to sit on the lake shore at Speculator and say, "This is a hell of a way to make a living. I am supposed to be writing Tunney's stuff, but he won't even talk to me. If I don't write anything, they will call me back to the office and then I can't go swimming every day. But if I write something he doesn't like he will beef to his rich friends and they will take their advertising out of the papers and I will get fired."

I think, also, Mr. Tunney always believed he could write better than any of the newspaper writers at his camps, which may or may not have been a boastful thought. In all modesty, I doubt that he could, remembering that he took two hours to compose a statement of 200 words repudiating something he had said a few days before. Eight minutes would have been par for that statement on any good rewrite battery.

Dempsey gave an interesting account of his authorship one day when he was on the witness stand in the Federal Court, resisting Jack Kearns' suit for one-third of his earnings. Kearns' lawyers confronted him with a published article bearing his signature which might have been construed to acknowledge the debt.

"But I didn't write that," Jack said. "I don't remember that I ever saw it before."

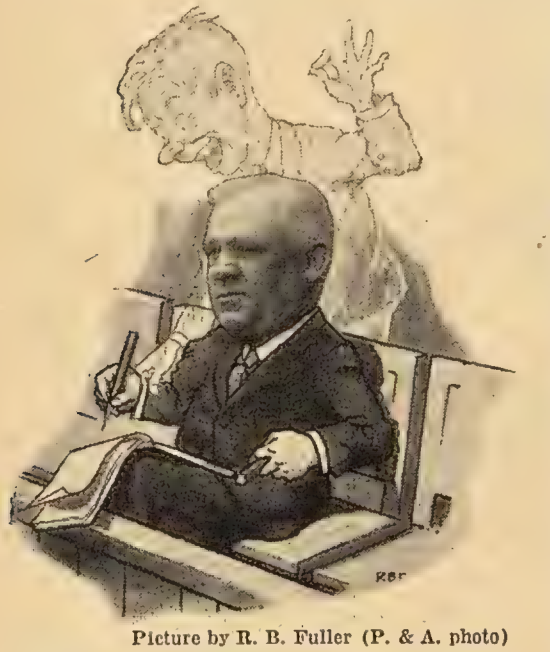
"But," the lawyer persisted, "it has your name over it, 'By Jack Dempsey.'"

"That doesn't mean anything," Jack insisted. "I just sell them my name and they can print anything they like."

"Then who did write this?"

"That fellow over there," and Dempsey pointed to a young man sitting among the spectators. The young man, in his turn, stated that he was by trade a ghost and that he had ghosted for nineteen celebrities simultaneously.

Of course, this kind of thing is as familiar as cheap murders to people in the newspaper business, and there is no editor in the United States so innocent as to believe that Babe Ruth, John McGraw, Wilbert Robinson, Johnny Farrell, Gene Sarazen, Walter Hagen, or any of the prize fighters ever wrote a syllable of the thousands of columns of noncommittal and windy prattle that have appeared under their names. Being so trivial, this material doesn't command even resentment, but only that mild irritation accorded all trashy and notorious frauds.



Picture by R. B. Fuller (P. & A. photo)

No editor believes John McGraw writes his own stuff.

To be sure, the sweaty littérateur is a bit of a pest when he crowds the limited accommodations of the world series press-box, attended by his ghost. Absenteeism is the better way. Ruth, the master, did very well at the last world series without congesting the press-box with his physical presence. I recall an incident in St. Louis. The Babe had just hit his third home run of the game and was rounding the bases, lifting his cap to the crowd, about 100 yards from the press section. Two rows in front of me, a typewriter began to jiggle excitedly and the words leaped to the paper something like this:

> By Babe Ruth
>
> Well, Fans, today was the red-letter day of my career in the national game. I have always dreamed of hitting three home runs in a world series game, and today I—

And so forth.

It was at this world series that Don Skene of the New York Herald Tribune, after a futile search for his appointed seat among the sweaty literati sitting two by two with their ghosts, remarked that the press-stand looked like a haunted house.

The light of literary inspiration flames and wanes abruptly. John McGraw brought up an infielder last year to take the place of Rogers Hornsby. His name was Andy Cohen. In the first game of the season he made several hits and handled a rather busy traffic around second without error. The next day, three separate and distinct autobiographies began running in three New York papers, done in three dissimilar styles. One was quiet and factual. Another was airy and killingly jocular. The third was heroic.

The myriad-minded Cohen's newspaper practice didn't last, though. He was awkward on balls hit to his right, or something. But for this he might have gone far as a writer.

The competition for these names is rather brisk, too. At the National Open Golf Tournament there are always several syndicate agents waiting at the eighteenth green to bid in the new champion or secure the leading contenders with provisional binders which become null, void, and of no effect as to those golfers who are finally defeated. Gene Sarazen refuses to sign provisional contracts. Having been champion once he knows the value of his literary rights. With the title definitely won, a man can command more money than he could in signing as merely one of three or four possible winners.

Incidentally, the syndicates among them almost suc-

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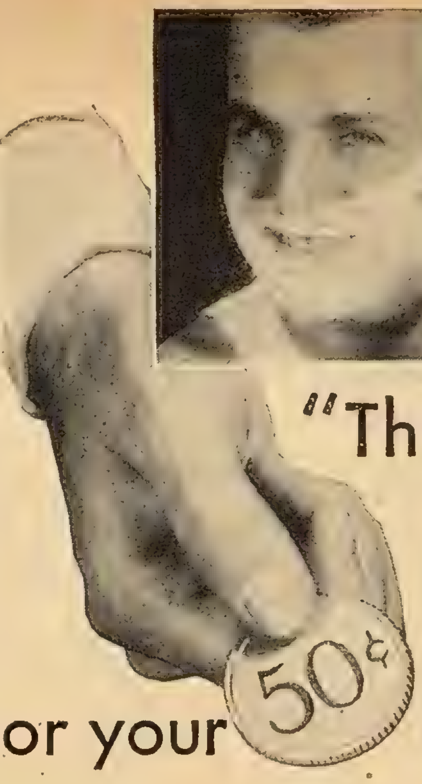

"The best shave in all your life or your 50¢ money back!"

Again we say, *we will not argue the shaving question with anybody.*

Talk means little. Only *performance* counts. And we know that MOLLÉ will perform for *you* as no other shaving cream can.

So—we make this unusual offer. "*Go to any druggist, buy a 50c tube of* MOLLÉ *(MO-LAY). Use it one week. If you don't get the best week's shaves you've ever experienced, return the balance and we will refund the entire purchase price.*"

You are the judge and jury. If any other cream will shave you *quicker* than MOLLÉ, *we return your money!* If another cream makes your razor work *easier* or more smoothly, *we return your money!* If another cream leaves your face feeling so cool and so free from irritation, *we return your money!*

Absolutely different from other creams

MOLLÉ is *different.* Different in *application,* different in *texture,* different in *after-feel.*

MOLLÉ *requires no brush.* With MOLLÉ, you shave in a jiffy—three operations instead of seven. Toughest beards are closely and easily removed, for MOLLÉ is *heavy*-bodied. The razor is *lubricated.* It *glides.* It never *scrapes. Razor-pull* is ended.

And when you're through, Oh, boy! What a grand and glorious feeling! Instead of that old burning, stinging sensation, your face feels great—positively better than before shaving. Why? Because MOLLÉ contains no caustic. Instead of being a lather cream, it is a no-lather *emollient* which softens, heals, and soothes the very tenderest of skins.

It is the delightful, refreshing *after-feel* more than anything else that has quickly won MOLLÉ nearly two million friends. It's why people are saying that MOLLÉ is the greatest shaving discovery since the invention of safety razors.

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(MO-LAY)
INCOMPARABLE FOR QUICK, EASY SHAVING WITH PERFECT COMFORT. NO BRUSH. NO LATHER

A Whale of a Tube
50c

[SPOOKS IN THE PRESS-BOX]
Continued from page forty-five

ceeded in killing off the story of Arthur Schreiber, the young man who stowed away on the Yellow Bird for the flight to Spain. None of them really wanted this one. Not only was Schreiber in bad publicly, but his exploit was not new. Still, they were in their usual fear of being outbid, so the price went to at least $10,000 bid, against $30,000 asked. Schreiber held out. The syndicate managers hoped he would hold out indefinitely because the story was dying of galloping disinterest, and while none of them wished to be scooped, all thought any money spent on it would be wantonly wasted.

He finally sold in a bear market for $5,000.

Some of the football coaches write their own material, but there is one serious objection to this from the standpoint of the syndicate salesman trying to peddle it to the papers. The coaches are all pals and brothers in the craft, doing the best they can. So they shade their opinions, pull their punches, and copper their predictions with ifs, buts, and howevers.

They have much to say which simply cannot be said in the papers: criticism of the other fellow's team, harsh truths about individual players, detailed instances of cheating against the rules of amateurism, and so on. The coaches are too sporting and they love football too well to write what they think or know.

STILL, with that syndicate money to be had, they will put words on paper, writing much but saying, in round numbers, nothing. This is the weakest of all sport material.

One of the syndicate managers noticed this pallor in the writings of a coach at a large university and wished to stimulate the stuff. So he sent a ghost to talk to the coach and suggest that he needn't bother to write his own pieces any more. He must be a very busy man with much on his mind, and they would just do the stories for him, send him the checks as usual, and relieve him of that much work.

The ghost came back puzzled.

"I didn't put the proposition to the old coach," he said, "and I don't think we ought to. He thinks his articles are swell and puts in a lot of work on them. Of course, I would like to get this work, but if you tell him he needs a ghost you will just hurt his feelings and lose him."

Still, there are some football coaches with no such sensitive pride of authorship. I remember a young writer assigned to interview the coach of the local university on Friday nights and Saturday nights in the season, who never could find him. He turned in the copy nevertheless, but the strain on him was terrible. College alumni are the touchiest mortals on earth and it takes beautiful tact to prattle along for two columns a week, saying nothing at considerable length in the name of a varsity coach.

TWO of our most distinguished lady athletes have required the assistance of literary pinch hitters for curious but dissimilar reasons. One, a celebrity of much public charm, wrote such infantile essays that people who had read of her high standing in college would have been amazed and disillusioned. A rewrite man regularly went over her stories, dressing the ideas with language that was, anyway, adult.

The other lady's work was fair enough in all respects save one. Her copy was loaded with gaucheries of the most alarming character. They were naïve passages which in the old days would have been clipped and pasted on the walls of the reporters' room at police headquarters, with vulgar remarks in pencil. Ghosting, in this case, was simply a delousing operation.

Last winter it was proposed in the National League that a tenth man be added to the batting order in baseball, a ghost hitter to bat for the pitcher, because pitchers, as a rule, can't hit. The proposition didn't carry, but it had the virtue of respectable precedent, considering the statesmen who have been ghosted through terms in high public office.

I have even read that Shakespeare was just a Babe Ruth of an earlier day, and a ghost did his stuff.

THE END

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for

Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—*not merely stamps.*

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

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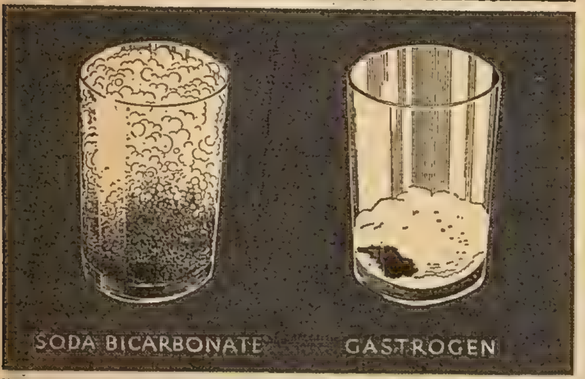
Gastrogen is harmless, spicy, aromatic, delightful to the taste. It comes in tins of 15 tablets for 20¢ or bottles of 60 tablets for 60¢. At your druggist's.

★ Prove it yourself—make this simple test

1. *Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)* **2.** *Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.* **3.** *Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.*



Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually *less than half* as much, while neutralizing the *same* amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly, comfortably and without retarding normal digestion.

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73 West Street, New York City
Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

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Double Decoy

A Short Short Story

By

ROBERTA YATES

who says of herself that after five years as Sunday editor of the New York Daily News, "trying to give people news stories written the way they want to read them," she turned author and for two years has been trying to do the same thing with fiction.

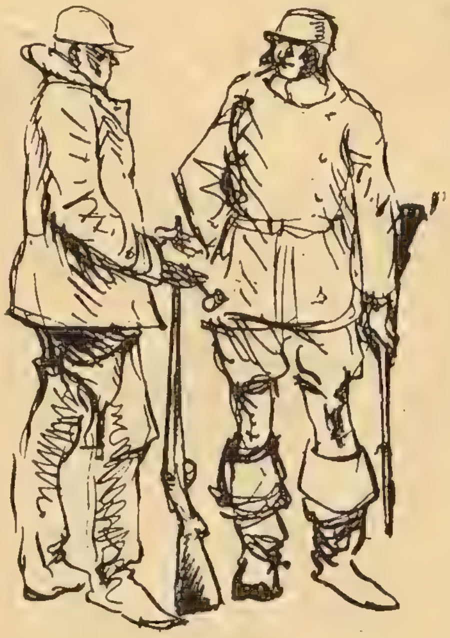
KENNETH ANDREWS was going to kill Charlie Moran. He was a precise man and he had planned exactly how he would do it. To-morrow in the duck blinds he would discharge his gun—accidentally. There would be no witness to challenge his story; no one to doubt his feigned grief at having slain his friend by accident. Andrews had known that he must kill Moran ever since Moran had asked an accounting of twenty-five thousand dollars given by him to Andrews to invest in gilt-edged securities. In reality that twenty-five thousand was gone, flung away in speculation—embezzled. Andrews had postponed the accounting until after this duck-hunting trip. Then there would be no need for accounting.

As they slogged along over the marsh his eyes were riveted on the back of Moran's red mackinaw. That square of red plaid on the left side below the cross seam would be the surest spot for quick death.

"Weather's with us," Moran boomed genially. "The birds'll fly low tomorrow."

Andrews agreed with a thin-lipped smile. Moran stamped into the cabin, knocking caked mud from his boots. He was a big, easy-going man, slow of movement, good-natured.

"Glad you persuaded me into this trip," he said. "Damned fine idea!"



Moran was always over-hearty, over-friendly. Tonight he bubbled even more than usual. Andrews reflected that he seemed almost hysterically eager to flatter and please. It was as though he sensed his danger and were trying to soften Andrews' heart. Well, there wasn't a chance.

After supper they smoked before the embers in the fireplace, Moran close to the glow, Andrews hunched in the shadows.

"It's good to have a pal like you, Andie," said Moran. "We've been friends for ten years now, haven't we?"

"Yep," said Andrews without enthusiasm.

"I reckon if we ever had anything against each other we could have it out man to man."

MORAN'S big, doglike eyes searched Andrews' face. Again Andrews had that uneasy feeling that Moran sensed danger. He shrugged the notion aside. This rot about friendship was just Moran's usual line. And it was the bunk. Why, Moran was more Helen's friend than his own. Moran had been her beau before Andrews had married her. Since then Moran had become a sort of household hanger-on. Taking Helen to dinner or the theater whenever Andrews stayed at the club.

Often he'd wished that Helen and Moran would fall in love with each other. An elopement would solve two problems—the twenty-five thousand dollars and a marriage which had been irksome. But they showed no signs of any such dramatic dénouement. Therefore Moran must be forced into an exit of a less agreeable kind.

"That's what's good about being pals. I mean you can always explain things to each other. Have 'em out clean."

The fool was still drooling.

"Yeah, sure," said Andrews. "Time to turn in." . . .

Night still lingered as they stumbled through tall marsh grass toward the blinds.

"I'll take Beacon Point like you say," said Moran. "Good luck. See you later."

He vanished into the murk. Andrews went on to his own blind. He laid out his rubber blanket and water bottle but he made no move to set up the decoys. Instead he gave attention to his gun. He inserted two shells from his pocket in place of the original loads. These new shells were of the heaviest load obtainable.

Then he sat down and waited quietly until dawn came in a pallid tinge over grassy shores and calm water. Across the marsh sounded the distant crack of a gun. The ducks were flying and Moran had begun to shoot.

Andrews left the blind and circled carefully, trudging through ankle-deep ooze to approach the Beacon Point blind from the rear. Beacon Point was ideally designed for the business in hand. That was why he had suggested its use to Moran. Bushes and reeds rose in a screen at the back; the clinging mud deadened the sound of footsteps.

Five feet from the blind, Andrews stopped and peered through the grass. He saw Moran's red mackinaw. The shoulders were erect, motionless. Apparently Moran was seated on a stool, facing the water and intent on the shooting.

ANDREWS raised his gun to his shoulder. He picked out that square of plaid beneath the cross seam. He pushed the muzzle through the reeds and took careful aim. For a moment his face froze in a snarl of triumph. Then his eyes widened, his jaw dropped, as he stared at the red mackinaw.

It flopped in the wind, and through the hole in the back, shone a jagged streak of light. The mackinaw was empty. It had been hung carefully over the bar of wood to simulate the pose of a man with head down.

Andrews clutched a bush for support. Realization flooded over him in nauseating waves. Moran had indeed suspected. Moran knew everything.

Moran had put the mackinaw there as a decoy. Moran was crouched somewhere in these bushes now, watching him, ready to accuse him of attempted murder and to send him to the penitentiary for that as well as embezzlement. He stared about, fearfully. The reeds and water held a calm more terrifying than movement. He turned and plunged back across the marsh, blind panic at his heels. If he could reach a railroad station before Moran caught him he could beat it out of the country. Alaska, China—anywhere.

When he had disappeared, Charlie Moran arose cautiously from the muddy ravine in which he had been lying.

He looked after Andrews' flying figure. His plump face was apoplectic with fright. He was chattering with cold. He put on the red mackinaw and his fingers trembled as he tried to button it.

Then he too struck out across the marsh—taking the opposite direction from that taken by Andrews.

Toward noon he reached a small town on the edge of the duck country. He sought out the railroad station, bought a ticket, and sent a telegram. The telegram was addressed to Mrs. Helen Andrews and it read:

"Andie on. Sorry but deem wise start solo trip round world—other plan off."

THE END

Royalists and Roughnecks

Novarro Scores in a Napoleonic Romance; The Cock Eyed World Has a Successor

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

One way of winning a girl: Ramon Novarro and Dorothy Jordan in Devil May Care.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ DEVIL MAY CARE

ANOTHER talkie adventure in charm comes from the Metro-Goldwyn studios and stars the young Mexican, Ramon Novarro. It is Devil May Care, a musical romance of Napoleonic days. It does not equal that superb celluloid operetta, The Love Parade, but it is both engaging and spirited.

The plot of Devil May Care is as old as drama itself. Remember the young Union officer who loved the beautiful Confederate? The soldier of Washington who lost his heart to the lovely Tory? The handsome Cavalier who was captivated by the prim Roundhead? It is the old fable of love versus duty.

Napoleon had abdicated and departed for Elba. His followers are being hunted down by Louis XVIII. The young color bearer of Bonaparte, in escaping from a firing squad, climbs into the bedroom of a pretty little royalist. In the end (just after Napoleon returns to French soil) our hero kidnaps his royalist, the romance coming to a pleasant ending quite oblivious of Waterloo, just around the corner.

Devil May Care does not take its history very seriously. It merely is a background for a light sentimental comedy. Its charm comes largely from Novarro's performance of the sharp-witted and amazingly resourceful Armand de Treville, lieutenant

Corinne Griffith, in Lilies of the Field, gets some solid backing for her idea that happiness can be found in a glass.

in the emperor's service. Novarro sang The Pagan Love Song in the otherwise silent film, The Pagan. So this picture really marks his talkie début. Right here let it be said that he gains immeasurably with the aid of his voice.

His light comedy is highly skillful—shy and unaffectedly guileless. Indeed, Novarro seems a sort of sensitive and sentimental Chevalier. His is a winning performance, miles ahead of his florid Scaramouche and his hard-working Ben-Hur. And he sings delightfully.

You will like Dorothy Jordan as the royalist. Miss Jordan is a little Tennessee girl making her second screen appearance. Her first was in The Taming of the Shrew. The casting of Marion Harris in the other leading feminine rôle was less fortunate.

★ ★ ★ Hot for Paris

Ever since the Fox Studios encountered boisterous success with the rowdy Cock Eyed World, a follow-up comedy was inevitable. Hot for Paris is the successor.

The Mighty offers us George Bancroft, Esther Ralston, and O. P. Heggie.

A comedy with teeth in it: Victor McLaglen and Fifi Dorsay in Hot for Paris.

It has Victor McLaglen and El Brandel as two roughneck sailors on shore leave, Fifi Dorsay, the hit of Will Rogers' They Had to See Paris, as a French music-hall cutie, and it has Raoul Walsh directing.

The story—such as it is—traces the efforts of the authorities to find one of the sailors, winner of a $1,000,000 lottery. The sailor, suspicious of the endeavors, is always in flight with his pal.

The result is funny but the laughs aren't as spontaneous as the raucous bellows in The Cock Eyed World.

★ Lilies of the Field

One of those sobby, sentimental orgies. A wronged wife, embittered by a framed divorce, is installed in an ornate apartment by a wealthy young bachelor. But she isn't happy. She gives elaborate drinking parties but still she isn't happy. And so on, through many reels.

Corinne Griffith is decorative in this First National film as the déclassée wife who poses in revue tights before she accepts Mr. Ted Willing's apartment. She is not very successful in the rôle, I must report, but some of the fault lies in bad direction and some in inferior dialogue.

This is a dull and badly told yarn.

★ Blaze o' Glory

Starring Eddie Dowling, who made his screen début in The Rainbow Man. It starts with a courtroom murder trial and then flashes back to the story of a song-and-dance man who enlists, is gassed, and returns home a physical wreck in time to kill a man making love to his wife.

Dowling sings a lot of songs in the flashbacks, is comforted by Betty Compson as the wife and by Frankie Darro, the child player, who again is little pal, and is acquitted of murder. This is one jury I regret not serving on.

★ ★ The Mighty

The World War is here, too, this time playing second fiddle to the virile George Bancroft. The Paramount star is a gas house gangster drafted by Uncle Sam. His recklessness makes him a major and, when he comes home, he carries a dying man's message to a small town. There he falls in love with the man's sister and is made chief of police.

The old gang reappears, naturally expecting a pleasant reception.

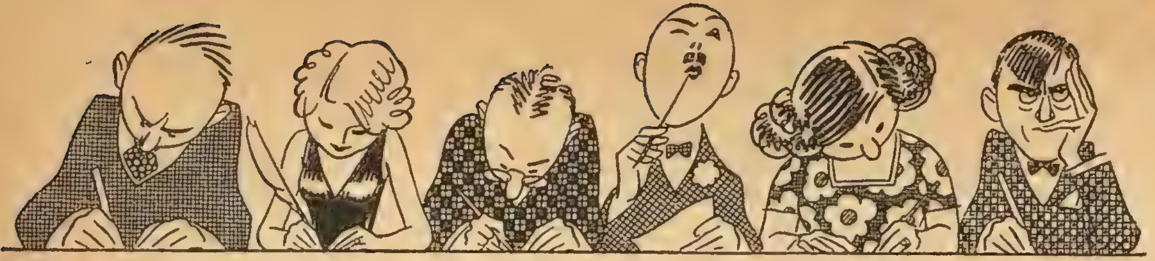
What is the ex-gangster to do?

On one side is Esther Ralston. On the other his pals.

You'll like this, I think, but it isn't Bancroft at his barkiest best.

Do you know that—

Gary Cooper is to follow The Virginian with The Texan? . . . Anita Page plays opposite Buster Keaton in On the Set? . . . Mary Astor will be George Bancroft's leading woman in Ladies Love Brutes?



Vox

Cross-fire

Detroit, Mich.—I am constrained to answer your editorial, "Solomon versus Jesus," as a mental relief after perusal of your most astonishing assemblage of inaccuracies, innuendoes, and illogical deductions.

You assume the wine Christ dispensed was of high alcoholic content. There is no such record. A logical conclusion from Christ's teachings would be that the wine was of low alcoholic content—perhaps less than one-half of 1 per cent.

Further, prohibition is not a religious question, nor is it a state religion. Church members number not more than a fourth of the population. There are perhaps more drys outside the church than in.

Certainly that is true of the wets.—*C. S. Ford.*

Charleston, S. C.—I do not hesitate to say that your editorial, "Solomon versus Jesus," is the best editorial I have read in years, and should make Dr. Clarence True Wilson and others of his ilk take a back seat.

These people who live by the "word" alone so often get the word mixed up with their own opinions.—*E. B. B.*

Knoxville, Tenn.—Re the fact that Christ made wine for a feast in Galilee, there is no record that He performed a double miracle by making a fermentative product.

His miracle-making powers may have also surmounted the delight of the palate by creating a new product altogether which may even have counteracted drunkenness.—*Robert Lindsay Masson.*

Wheeling, W. Va.—What a pity it is that your splendid editorial, "Solomon versus Jesus," could not be emblazoned in the heavens in letters of red, throughout the length and breadth of this land of ours, dispelling, in the minds and hearts of our people, that dormant lethargy to which they have been lulled by the charlatanism of prohibition.—*Christian H. Stoehr.*

Lake Grove, Ore.—Why will people quote the Bible in support of their views on prohibition? To expose their ignorance? That is what they accomplish, whatever their intention. To discuss the legislative import of turning water into wine is clowning.—*D. E. Young.*

Tampa, Fla. — Congratulations on your editorial, "Solomon versus Jesus."

I am glad we have a few people left in this country who are not afraid to speak their convictions publicly in order that our bunch of paid lobbyists, religious fanatics, and hypocrites can see that everybody is not being fooled by them.

My line of work has taken me over a good bit of these United States, and I have heard prohibition cussed and discussed—and you can bet your last dollar that if you take away the fat salaries that are paid those long-faced, hard-working parasites, they will lose their interest in whether the country is wet or dry.—*A Traveling Man.*

P. S. No, I don't drink.

Nashville, Tenn.—Apropos of your editorial, "Solomon versus Jesus," a revivalist in a meeting at Cleveland, Ohio, some years ago, asked the question: "What would you do if Jesus returned to earth in our midst?"

He didn't expect an answer, but he got one from an old man who arose and said: "I'd hustle down to the jail to bail Him out for turning water into wine." —*Dr. Davenport.*

Certainly; Virtuous and Moral Is Our Motto

Memphis, Tenn.—Well, well, well! Bob Chambers had Joshua Brooke, the gentleman Rake, and Naia Strayling, the virginal Hussy, pounding their respective ears on the same pillow for about sixteen tiresome weeks, dodging arrows, tomahawks, and Limey bullets—and, through it all, as innocent as brother and sister.

And now we bloom out with Mr. Doherty, the Chicago news hound, throwing our two fearless sleuths, Dick and Jean, together in a single cabin for a transatlantic trip, with a gang of throat-cutting diamond snatchers playing William Tell with them—and everything virtuous and moral.

Say, what is this—a habit?—*Unconscious.*

We Hope So Too

Chicago, Ill.—Say, that new story by Edward Doherty got off to a flying start. I mean the one called "The Diamond Eye." Tell Ed for me that I liked the first bite fine. Hope the rest of the meal is as good.—*Joe.*

Which One Did You Say Makes You Sleepy?

York, Pa.—I am a traveling man and do a lot of reading to pass the lonesome evenings alone among strangers. Most traveling men do read away the evenings (contrary to reports) and I find that many of the boys have the same reading habits as myself.

Collier's, Liberty, and Saturday Post, in the order named, are my favorite weekly companions. These three magazines keep me up to date, entertain me, and eventually make me sleepy enough to turn off the bed light and go to sleep.

Although Liberty is now my second choice, it was formerly s'teenth. I love a dark horse and you are on the way. —*Eddie.*

From a Modest Violet

Danville, Va.—Who started all this Vox Pop argument about the sucker's game of marriage, anyway? I'm tired reading about it.

I am not married and the half has never yet been told. Why should I get married? If I want to spend a lot of my hard earned dough on a woman's clothes I can find plenty of girls that would accept all the clothing I could buy; if I want to gaze at a woman's mug across a table, there are scores of girls who would be thrilled and delighted to dine with me whenever the opportunity presented itself.

If I want to argue with a woman, I can go into a department store or any place else where women work and start a perfectly good argument; if I want someone to pet me and make a fuss over me, there are plenty girls I could get.

In short, I can get all of the advantages of married life (if there are any) without the disadvantages (which are numerous).

And I'm not an old fossil, either. I'm tempted to flirt with myself every time I look in the mirror. It is now 4:30 P. M. and I could take my choice and marry any one of several girls by 6 P. M. today. —*One Who Is Well Off and Knows It.*

It's Even More Complicated; You Should Hear Bert Yodel

Hillsboro, Tex.—Things I do not understand:

How anyone yodels.

Why anyone yodels.

How Bert Green gets his stuff printed.

Why Liberty prints his stuff.—*A Respecter of Old Jokes.*

One Never Learns

Cincinnati, Ohio—If the boobs (of which I am one) who dislike your magazine would quit writing there would be no Vox Pop. This, in time, would mean no Liberty. Then we would all be happy. —*D. A. L.*

Try Hobson—Page 7 (Advt.)

Boston, Mass.—Why on earth do you clutter up your otherwise good magazine with accounts of dead-and-gone actresses of the gay nineties? They have nothing in common with the present day, and who cares about them but a few old-timers?

For instance, who nowadays is interested in Lillie Langtry, her houses, yachts, jewels, and lovers? Furthermore, how she ever could have been famed as a beauty is beyond me, as her pictures show her as a heavy-featured, masculine-looking woman.

Her figure is the favorite of the period: that of a big heavy woman squeezed in at the waist.

She would never have been noticed at all had she not had good press agents.

Pop

According to her own admission, she was not beautiful, and according to the articles she had a hard heart and a selfish disposition, a catty tongue, and a loose moral character. What does a woman like that deserve to be remembered for?

I would rather read the life of Carrie Nation or Susan B. Anthony.—*M. L. Brewster.*

Attaboy, Mr. Bell

New Albany, Miss.—If the brains of all the people who knock Liberty were ink, there would not be enough of it to write one of your short stories.

As for myself, I will read Liberty till hens lay bacon and eggs.—*A. M. Bell.*

What's Sugar Moon? It Sounds Interesting

Denver, Colo.—As a loyal citizen of Denver, I want to enter an emphatic protest against the libel on our city and state in John N. Wheeler's article "Is It Possible to Go on the Water Wagon in the United States?"

When he states that no one offered him a drink in Denver, merely because he did not know "well" anyone who was in the city when he was, he is reflecting upon our well known Western hospitality, as well as upon the quantity of "sugar moon" available for the stranger within our gates.

Any Denver visitor knows that it is not necessary to know anyone at all, let alone know him "well," to get a liberal sample of this famous product.—*Loyal Denverite.*

Frivolous Reply to a Perfectly Serious Question

Wheaton, Ill.—John Wheeler queries: "Is It Possible to Go on the Water Wagon in the United States?"

Sure, John—but who in h—— wants to?—*I. M. S.*

Rhapsody

Youngstown, Ohio—It is at once a novel and brilliant conception—that of reproducing the calendar as a cover subject in the highly illuminating and entertaining "For the Love o' Lil" series.

In comparison with those subjects of this series already depicted, what more artistic theme could be chosen! The Calendar — *Our* Calendar! — faithful companion to the household drudge—despair of the débutante—boon to the childish scissors and colored crayons! How entrancingly romantic! How spicy! How movingly dramatic! How grand! How altogether original!

Undoubtedly Mr. Thrasher outdid himself, both in the originality of his conception and in the faithful and lifelike depiction of his subject! He may now rest upon his laurels. He has produced his masterpiece!—*P. L. Pickens.*

The U. S. S. R. Looks at Life, via the Bronx

Bronx, N. Y.—Your editorial, "Give a Thought to Russia," which appeared in Liberty for January 11, somehow or other provoked from me a smile or two. You no doubt meant it seriously, but it was impossible to take it that way.

You speak first of Christmas, or rather of its attempted abolition in the U. S. S. R. (By the way, do you know were you to address a letter to some one in "Russia," that it would be returned to you for a better address?) Need I remind you that Christmas means, at most, but two things to the average, let us say, American? Either it may have a religious significance, or it may have, as is usually the case, a deep commercial significance.

If the latter, it has no true significance whatsoever, except profit to those who are in a position to exploit the holiday; if the former, I am sure the consensus of the best contemporary thought is that the throne of God has been trembling for quite some time, and that religion is, as a whole, naught but an opiate for the masses. The U. S. S. R. is alive to these thoughts.

You speak, next, of the early separation of children from their mothers, and further on indicate that it is contrary "to all nature itself." Unfortunately for your statement, the writer lays claim to being something of a biologist and I can assure you that *nowhere* in nature does any animal impose its maternal care for so extended a period as does the human animal.

The average time of relinquishment to its own welfare for the young of other than human species corresponds approximately to the relative development attained by human offspring at the age of seven years.

The U. S. S. R. has every rational reason to assume that in the state rearing and education of its children it has launched itself upon a most commendable undertaking.—*Myron Ackland.*

On the Other Hand

Eau Claire, Wis.—I believe you have the stuff on Russia. If this brain storm does not blow itself out, I am one who, after giving considerable thought to the matter, can see the people of this nation and others that still have a spark of common sense left, rising and crushing that damnable monster that has possessed itself of Russia.—*L. E. Wood.*

More from Mr. Gallico Next Week

Beverly, Mass.—"McGillicuddy," by Paul Gallico, was one of the finest written sport articles I have ever had the pleasure of reading. Boy, sign up Gallico for life!

And as for that splendid manager, Connie Mack—many more championship banners and many more happy years of life!—*Amateur Newspaperman.*

Jersey City, N. J.—"McGillicuddy" saved the day. I was about to burn Liberty for January 11, when I turned to Page 68.

But for "McGillicuddy" you would be down in circulation to 2,499,999 copies.—*Kane and Kane.*

In Parting

Hartford, Conn. — Since I began reading Mr. Chambers' story, "The Rake and the Hussy," I have waited impatiently for each installment.

I just gobbled it up from start to finish, excepting—pardon an ordinary man's learning—the foreign languages. It was simply delicious.

When I turned to the index to locate the starting point of the fifteenth installment, the word "conclusion" twitched something in my heart. I've loved and lived that story from start to finish.—*Ernest Dyson.*

Let Us Know How You Come Out

Norton, Kan.—At last I've solved the mystery of Liberty's circulation.

First: You pay $100 for stories like "Testimony" (and others).

Second: You rush into print with them.

Third: You print all the letters telling how rotten they are.

Fourth: You repeat.

Think I'll start a magazine or a school of journalism, now I know the formula. —*M. J. L.*

The Face that Launched a Thousand Quips

Hollywood, Calif. — May I compliment your cover artist on his very good judgment in removing Marianthe, the girl with the ingrown face and the big feet, from the cover of Liberty?

If beauty is only skin deep, some one must have skinned her a long time ago.—*E. Butler.*

Mr. Barton Thanks You

New York, N. Y.—Why doesn't your creator of "News of the World," Ralph Barton, get some credit from the Vox Poppers? Maybe it's because he's too good to pan, as that is what the majority of them seem to do.

His page never fails to produce at least one guffaw from my gullet.—*Robert Steward.*

Also Mr. Smith

Rockford, Ill.—When I buy Liberty, I think most of my nickel goes for Frederick James Smith and his reviews. I don't always agree with him, but, what the horse, he's good, anyhow!—*Duck.*

DULL DAWN?

When your morning is dull and slightly tinged with regret . . . and you'd like to enjoy a smoke . . . remember that one great cigarette which brings "happy-mouth" . . . as well as the compensation of old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

◆

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

◆

SPUD CIGARETTES-20 FOR 20c
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

Celia Caswell

became one of the biggest box-office attractions in moviedom simply because she had a nifty little figure, and clever directors discovered new ways of displaying it with each succeeding picture . . . Her anatomy was familiar to 20,000,000 Americans . . . Only one young man—a critic—refused to be impressed. And of course he would be the one man Celia insisted upon impressing. How she did it makes an entertaining and glamorous story of a super star in Hollywood—

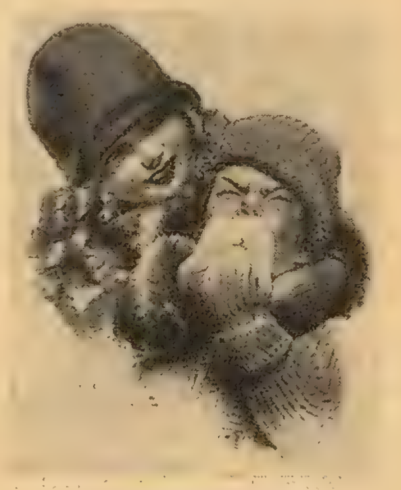
CLEOPATRA'S KID SISTER
by
FREDERICK
HAZLITT
BRENNAN
Read It
in LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

"Wash Your Face"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"HEY, you little imps," Mrs. Huff called from her third story as she shook out a dusty mop. "Stop throwing snowballs at my windows! You'll smash 'em and scatter my glass all over the street. Why don't you aim at some other house?" After this big-hearted suggestion, she yanked in the mop and ducked under the shade like a crab.

"Just one more shot," Gwendolyn whispered to Ulysses. "Hand me a snowball soaked with water. I'll watch for the ogre. She must be watched like a step in a trolley or your coat and hat in a swell rest'rant."



This week's cover picture.

Obediently little U.'s four stiff fingers, icy thumb, and clammy right mitten wallowed in the pail stolen from Lil's kitchen. The theft had been a cinch. Gwen had merely told the cook that a mouse was posing like a pancake in the wringer.

"Here," U. said, lifting out two hard gray messes. "Take your pick."

Of course she picked the ugly humpy ball. Then she scuffed through the deep snow in Mrs. Huff's front yard, and called as sweetly as the first robin of spring:

"Eggs, butter, cheese, peanut butter! Fresh eggs. fresh butter, fresh cheese, fresh peanuts!"

Oh, oh, oh, what suspense! Would Mrs. Huff's sweeping cap be lured to the third-story front?

"She's afraid," Gwen giggled. "She's scared I'll crack her skull. If she heard about a war in China, she'd run like a—like a cat."

Lucky word! Gwen blushed with joy.

"*Catnip, catnip!*" she called. Then she took steady aim.

The mop, the glorious dusty mop, came to view. Then the floppy lace sweeping cap.

"Wait!" Mrs. Huff yelled excitedly. "Wait! I want a quarter's worth of—"

Of what? That's what she wondered. She saw stars doing the Highland fling on her eyeballs. Her temple stung. She grabbed it with a cleaning glove. What had happened? Her vision cleared. A streak of green was speeding down the street, followed by a little boy in blue.

"I'll sue your parents!" Mrs. Huff shrieked. "I'll get money out o' this!" She shook her mop savagely.

Several parents looked out of windows. Were they being sued? The white street made a peaceful arctic scene. Mrs. Huff's mop disappeared.

"She keeps a nice boarding house," Lil murmured, settling back with her darning, "but she can't keep her temper. Huffy thing!"

"Your parents will get sued," Gwen told U. around the corner. "Mine won't. They're in Toledo on business. You'll get spanked. I won't!"

"My mother wouldn't hit me 'cause you hit Miss Huff with your snowball," U. was slowly reasoning. "If you hit Miss Huff, you ought to get hit yourself right where you'll feel it hurt."

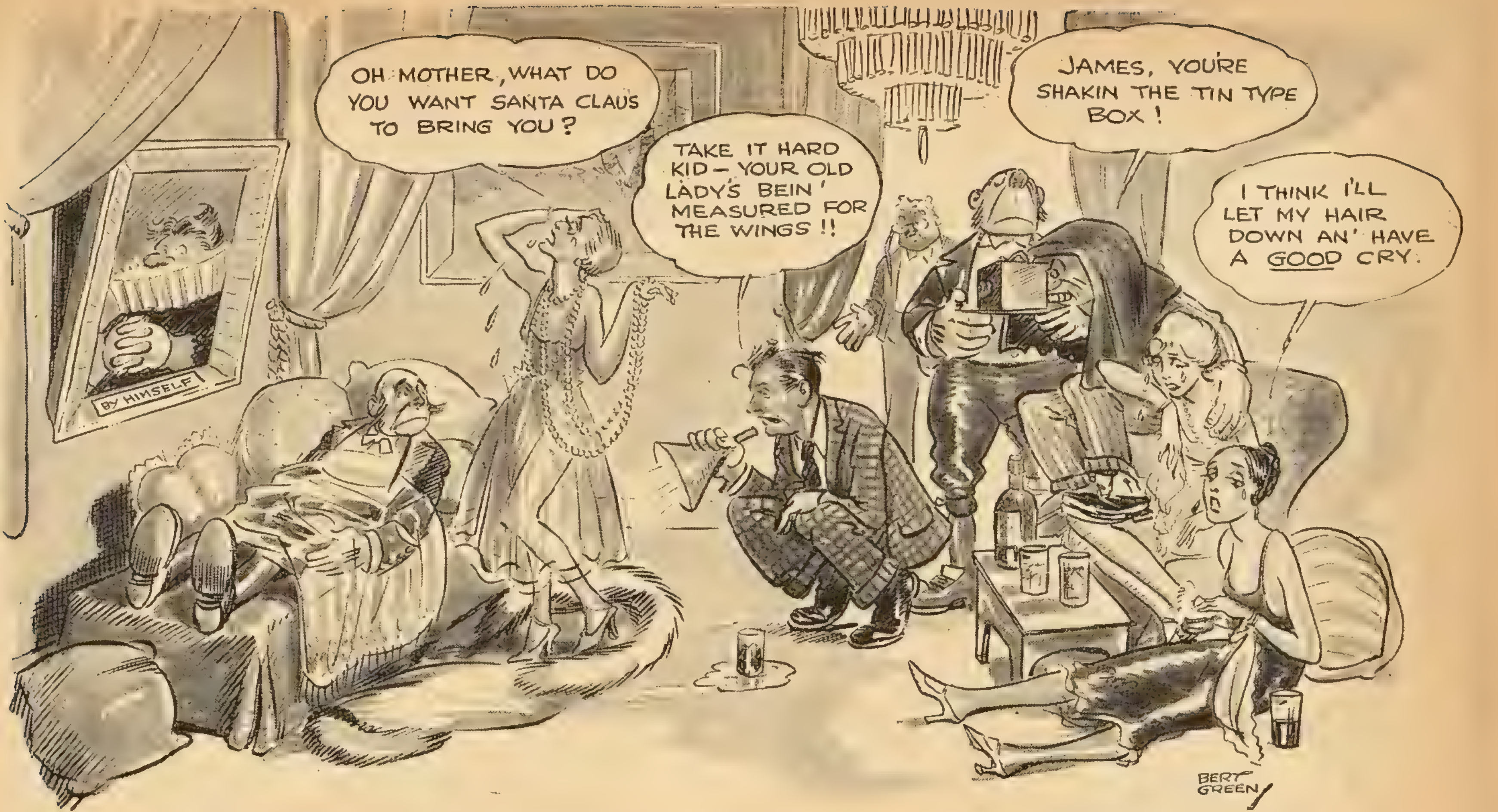
"I won't get hit," Gwen said. "I'm too smart, and my mother's too stupid."

"Well, just 'cause you yelled 'catnip'—"

"Oh, forget it!" Gwen had scooped up an icy wad of snow. "Here, wash your face an' quit squealing like a frog. Wash your face an' you'll feel better, mamma's little nitsie-witsie!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Gwen's Bird)

COMING SOON
For the Love o' Lil—at your favorite movie theater


OH MOTHER, WHAT DO YOU WANT SANTA CLAUS TO BRING YOU?
TAKE IT HARD KID — YOUR OLD LADY'S BEIN' MEASURED FOR THE WINGS!!
JAMES, YOU'RE SHAKIN THE TIN TYPE BOX!
I THINK I'LL LET MY HAIR DOWN AN' HAVE A GOOD CRY.
BY HIMSELF
BERT GREEN

Action—Camera—Lights; and in ankled Ruthie the star of the picture.

Love Letters *of an* Interior DECORATOR

The Low Down on the High Hat

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

New York

DEAR MARGE,

Well Kid, Im back in New York. Ive got plenty to tell you about the trip, but write now Im goin to give you an earful about a party I went to over on Park Ave. I'll hafta tell you all about it because it was kind of pathetic. Heres how it all happened,—I sent my swell pencil striped suit out to be pressed, but some how or other the tailors little boy Max what delivers the suits got the uniforms all scrambled up. He left me a swell tux instead of the pencil stripe. I think the letter he mailed to Santa Claus landed in a delicatessen store instead of the North Pole. It must have worried poor little Maxy plenty because he aint been the same since.

Anyway, I gave the swell tux a peek and its a *wow!* Silk lined an everythin. Brother, I never saw such a swell break-away in my life. The big shot what owned it musta had plenty of sugar bullieve me. I'll bet the tailor what made it drew down a coupla grand designin it.

Well, in goin through the pockets to see who it belonged to, what do I find but a Ritzy engraved invitation what reads—

You are cordially invited to dine with
Miss Ruth Cheesboro
at 0000 Park Ave.
An exclusive rendezvous for
the discriminating business man.
Cuisine extraordinary.

After reading that, I tried on the suit and it fit perf. Like the skin on a plum. And in one of the downtown pockets I found a pain of glass to put in your eye. What a swagger suit I ask you.

At that moment who blue in to see me but my old friend Dick Freil. I showed him the trick suit and the swell engraved invite and we both went into a huddle. What a laugh! We knocked the hat off a bottle of Mr. Ushers Green stripe and the merriment was on. With every hoist of the laughing soup the situation got sillier. So we decided to put on the swell front and give Miss Ruth Cheesboro a blow.

With these few remarks we grabbed a gas chariot and started for Park Avenue.

Well Marge, Im not kiddin you, you shoulda seen the doody layout. A swell canopy over the side walk what they call a markey like they have over a movie house. The chump that opened the taxi door had on a better uniform than King George when he was laying the corner stone for Buckingham Palace. Oh what a joint! It took six of the uniformed guys to bow us in. The first guy opened the taxicab door. The second goof unlocked the beautiful grilled doors. The third punk took our coats. The fourth foulded em. The fifth parked em in a wardrobe and the sixth announced us. What a dood layout!

Honest the Chinese rugs were up to our chin. The moral paintings on the wall would a retired a tired business mans weakness. The big lounge we sat in made us think we were sittin in an omlet it was so soft. A fountain in the middle of an oriental rug was playin Yankee Doodle to a school of herring that were swimmin through the onions growin in the pebbles. What a Ritzy joint. It looked for all the world like the castin office to the Sultan of Turkey. Well anyway, while we're waiting and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NET WEIGHT
Beech-Nut
BLACK
Cough Drops

Whenever you have a cough

Beech-Nut
BLACK
Cough Drops
A cough drop with an agreeable flavor

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.
Makers of
BEECH-NUT
LEMON, LIME AND ORANGE DROPS

LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR
Continued from page fifty-three

poppin wise about the place who comes in but Miss Ruth Cheesboro herself. What a picture and a frame!! She had a gown on that would start a traffic jam between here and St. Louis that a Scotland Yard dick couldnt untangle. After a half hours conversation with Ruthie we found out that the joint was a high hat speakeasy for the heavy business executive and she was chief hostess. Sure, just a nobby place where the presidents of railways and banks could put on a frolicking conference.

For 100 smackers you were served in a private dining room that looked like a movie stars boodwar. The rap included two cocktails that would fracture your bridgework and a luncheon delicate enough to grow hair on a mummy. You started with Cavier a la Holstein, climbed thru the Terrorpin an Shucks and wound up with Glazed nuts Raviola. If you were able to get passed the nuts, they topped the feed with a pony of brandy or a colored cordial that would snap the inner tube on a Scotchmans bankroll. Three shots of the 4 Star duco and the palace was yours.

And did Ruthie clipp the grey haired chumps roll? Oh no! Not much!! If they ran out of jack she'd gladly cash their checks. She didnt mind little things like that at all. Bank blanks and fountain pens she'd give em by the arm full. She had a way with her that was smart. Certainly, *away* with the DOUGH! What she did to those financial nit witts would surround you. Brutal, if you ask me. She took em like WAIL Street nicked the saps and made em love it.

ON the square, it was funny to watch the old fossils comin rollin out of the private dining rooms with their girl friends and go for a whirl on the shiny floor. Theyd take the dizzy dame in their arms and hop to a dance like their life depended on it. The expresshon on their pans would a tied a cartoonist in a not. And the way theyd dance! Honest to goodness Marge they looked like they was restlin with a crockadile.

One dance and the youthful patootie felt like she ran up the top of the Chrystler building without stopping. Oh it was too cute for words.

The way Ruthie systematized that doggie place was nobodys business. She ran *class* and HOW!

Well anyway, when me and Freil got the tipp off to the layout, we doped out that if Ruthie was so hard on the big chumps she might go soft herself. So we started to work on her. She couldnt exactly figure us out. We were a coupla ham and eggers, but dressed like a fashion page we looked like a million. We introduced ourselves as big movie shots from Hollywoods playground. Freil was the producer. Mr. Warner Fox we called him. And I was the director, Wellman St. Clair Walsh owner of the Hollywood Studios.

Honest Marge, when Miss Ruth Cheesboro found out we were a pair of movie magnates she nearly folded up. Oh she became too cute for words. How interesting she said, You know, I used to be on the stage once. Sure, I used to play with Booth in The Virginnian.

WITH that she pushed all the buttons on the wall for James, the head waitor, and ordered all kinds of Laughing Soup. Waitors came rushing in with 57 Varieties of Scotch. Seltzer bottles with bamboo crocheyed around them graced the table. *Service* we had and *what I mean!!*

After five or six highballs Ruthie decided that us movie magnates should see her pictures. She immediately chased a made for a package of photos and press clippings. And make it snappy!! she'd yell.

You say I cant act? Take a look at that! Thats me on the end when I used to play in High Jinks in Chicago. And heres what they said about me when I was in Floradora, etc.

Well Sister, between highballs, champain, press clippings and footlights we got all binged up. Ruthie *must* go in pictures, thats all there was too it. By this time Ruthie didnt even give the Ritzy Palace a thought. She couldnt be annoyed. She was all set for the movies. She'd leave for Hollywood anytime. Just then Freil said to me—I wonder if we could use her in that big Special Feature were making called Christmas night in the Poorhouse?, at the same time givin me the eye.

So I said, Well, you know Warner, we're all filled up with leadin ladies, and besides, I dont know weather Miss Cheesboro can act or not? Right then Ruthie squarks out—Me act? Say, Id walk away with the fillum!! So we asked Ruthie if she'd mind givin us a dish of her actin? Not in the least. It was Okay by her. Oh, she was a set-up and HOW!! Comedy or drama meant nothin to her.

After that crack we both left the room to keep from laffin. We ribbed up a bit of a scenario in the washroom and put the bee on the head waiter to keep the funny fluid flowing.

Ten minutes later the swanky room was converted into a movie set. Sure, the inside of the Poorhouse—Christmas night. The waitors rolled up the Chinese rugs and a couch was stuck in. The floor was chalked off with screen lines and the orchestra moved in with Hearts and Flowers while the actin went on. We made Ruthie up and bulleave me she *was* made up. She looked like a wreck from one of the Wooden Soldiers.

Everybody all set, the director yells —Action—Camera—Lights; and in ankled Ruthie the star of the picture. What a actress! Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl had nothin on her. She was a riot!!

In the story, she was supposed to be the Wayward Daughter who drove out to the Poorhouse in her Rolls Ruff to see her sick old mother about ready to croak. We had to use James the butler for her sick old lady. And did that donkey act!

Two other janes on the side lines began to get peeved because Ruthie was gettin the break in pictures. What a laugh! So we boxed them in too and made em act. After a few more shots of Ruthies Champain everybody was actin.

Im not kiddin you Marge, I never had so many giggles in my life. What the frails wont do to go in pictures would floor you. And another thing, *youre* just as bad, *you* went hook, line sinker and half of the fish market.

Well, after the picture was over Ruthie wouldnt think of *us* paying the check. I should say not!! *She paid it!*

What a night!!!

Well, I'll be seein you.

Cheerio, MIKE SHEA.

P. S. I aint seen Ruthie since. But I'll bet a knickle shes had many a good laugh over that performance and *what I mean.*

Another of these letters will appear in an early issue.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 34

1—The amethyst.
2—They are capitals of states.
3—Peace (be) with you.
4—André Tardieu.
5—A novice; beginner.
6—The Clermont.
7—Small planets.
8—Norway.
9—King Henry IV, Part I, Act iii, Sc. 1 (Shakespeare).
10—The study of antiquities.
11—Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.
12—Abraham Lincoln.
13—A morbid fear, dislike, or aversion.
14—The Revolutionary War.
15—Irresolution; also occupation with trifles.
16—Iran.
17—Between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.
18—About one mile.
19—Naming the thirty-two points of the compass in their order.
20—The former means twice in one year; the latter once in two years.

HOME MEALS *are Quicker and Easier with this*

G. Washington's
INSTANT COFFEE

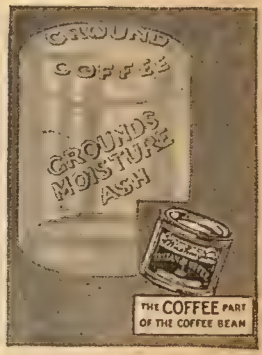
"Ready to Serve" Coffee

WHETHER you wish to make one cup or six, it takes only a moment to prepare good G. Washington's. Just add a teaspoonful of coffee to hot water for each cup.

Why is it so easy? Because G. Washington's is the coffee part of the coffee bean, with the grounds and water removed in the making. In this "new way" coffee the roasting, grinding and percolating have been done for you. This eliminates your bothering with pots and percolators, strainers and grounds.

The wonderful flavor of G. Washington's is uniform from day to day and month to month, as it is roasted and percolated at one time to preserve *all the original coffee freshness.* Always, it is made exactly the same.

This modern beverage is all coffee, good coffee—and nothing but coffee. Send 10c for a sample can. G. Washington Coffee Refining Co., 201 Hanover Ave., Morris Plains, N.J.



G Washington's
COFFEE
the coffee *part of the coffee bean*

Play **GUITAR**
Mandolin-Ukulele
This **FREE BOOK**
Shows the Way to
Popularity-Pleasure
Bigger Income
Send for Your Copy Now
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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
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IF you Really Want a BIGGER Income!

SELL SHIRTS!

Pull yourself out of the rut of a limited fixed salary. Let Quaker establish you as local representative to take orders for complete line of men's quality Shirts, Ties, Underwear and Hosiery. Start in your spare time. Big commissions, Cash Bonuses, Your Own Shirts and Ties FREE. Write us that you want more money; we'll send you FREE the Quaker Outfit that brings big incomes to thousands of ambitious men and women. Address Dept. LTY 2.

Quaker Shirt Corp.
1107 Broadway, New York

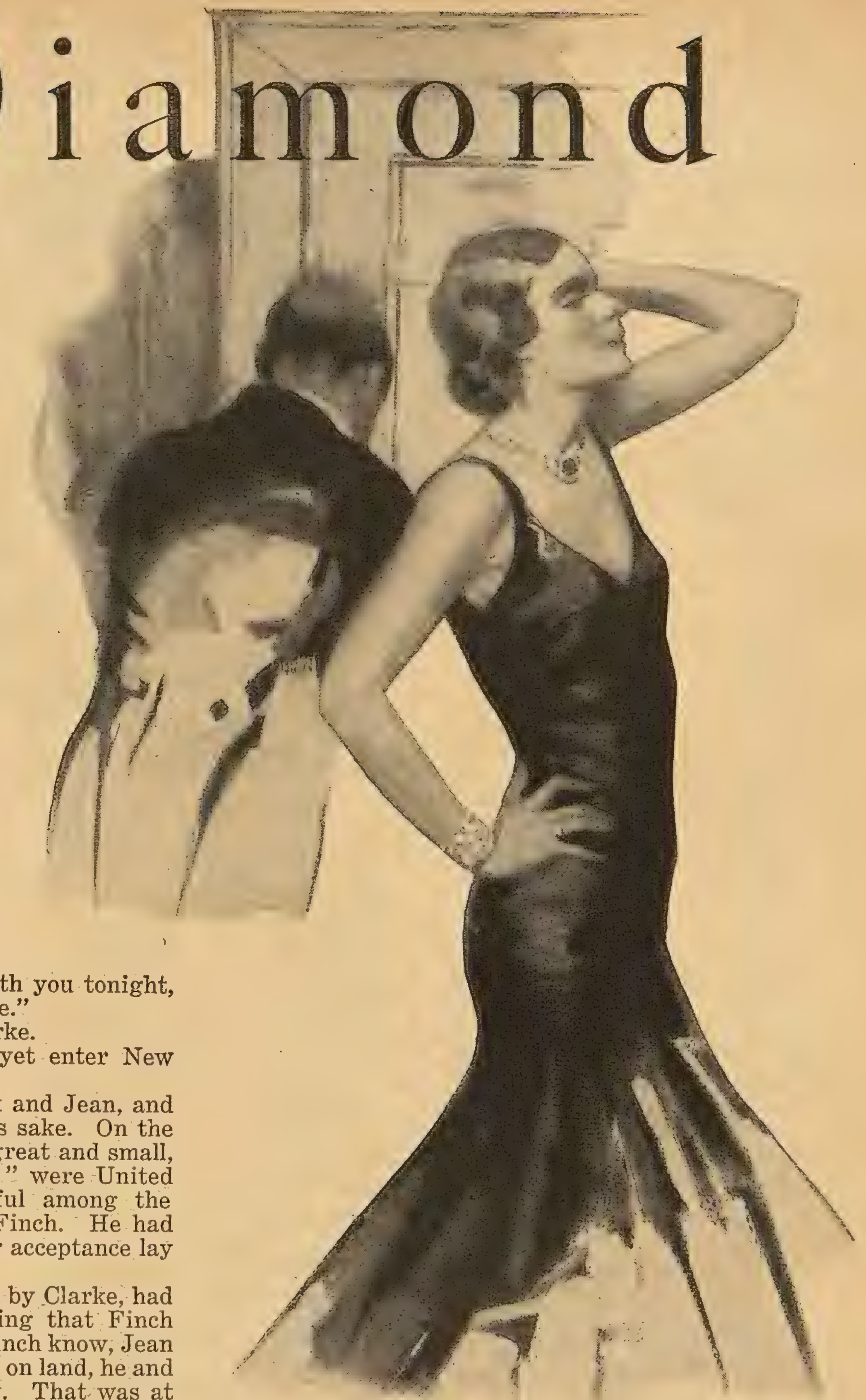
The Diamond Eye

A Romance of the Jewel Smugglers

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by KENNETH FULLER CAMP



"I KNOW I'm walking into danger with you tonight, but I'm going to do just as you tell me."

It was Jean Wood speaking to Dick Clarke.

"Good," Dick answered. "We may yet enter New York alive."

They were on the S. S. Marantic, Dick and Jean, and were posing as man and wife for safety's sake. On the vast steamer with them were smugglers great and small, and it had leaked out that "the Clarkes" were United States Treasury agents. Most powerful among the crooks was the fabulously wealthy Jay Finch. He had invited Dick and Jean to dinner. In their acceptance lay the danger Jean was facing.

Pelky, the smuggling purser, unmasked by Clarke, had turned informer and sounded the warning that Finch meant to trap Jean. How much did Jay Finch know, Jean wondered. The last time she had seen him on land, he and she had taken part in a scene of tragedy. That was at the Crown and Bull, in London, with Jean disguised as an ugly waitress and serving at the table where Finch sat, together with Poppy Brooks, his latest whim, Henri Conté, and three Greeks. It had been arranged that Conté smuggle into the United States, for Finch, a great gem known as the Diamond Eye. When Conté had held the stone exposed in his hand, Jean had deluged him with beer. The table had been overturned, Conté falling with it. Jean had managed to capture the Eye and escape. There was confusion, a woman's scream—and Conté lying stabbed to death. When the pack had fled a man rose from the next table. It was Dick in disguise. He picked up from the floor a woman's garter slit with a knife.

Was it Poppy's garter? Poppy's knife? The garter proved to be full of diamonds.

Now, on the Marantic, there were further facts for Dick's consideration. The hunchback passenger with the fake hump used for smuggling purposes was dangerous, as was Istrelle du Bose, who had had a detectagraph placed in the Clarke stateroom. And, more disturbing still, the room had clearly been entered via the porthole by some slim person with wet feet!

PART FIVE—THE GAME OF MURDER

"I ONCE knew a man who went crazy," Dick Clarke began, coming out of the trunk room where he had dressed.

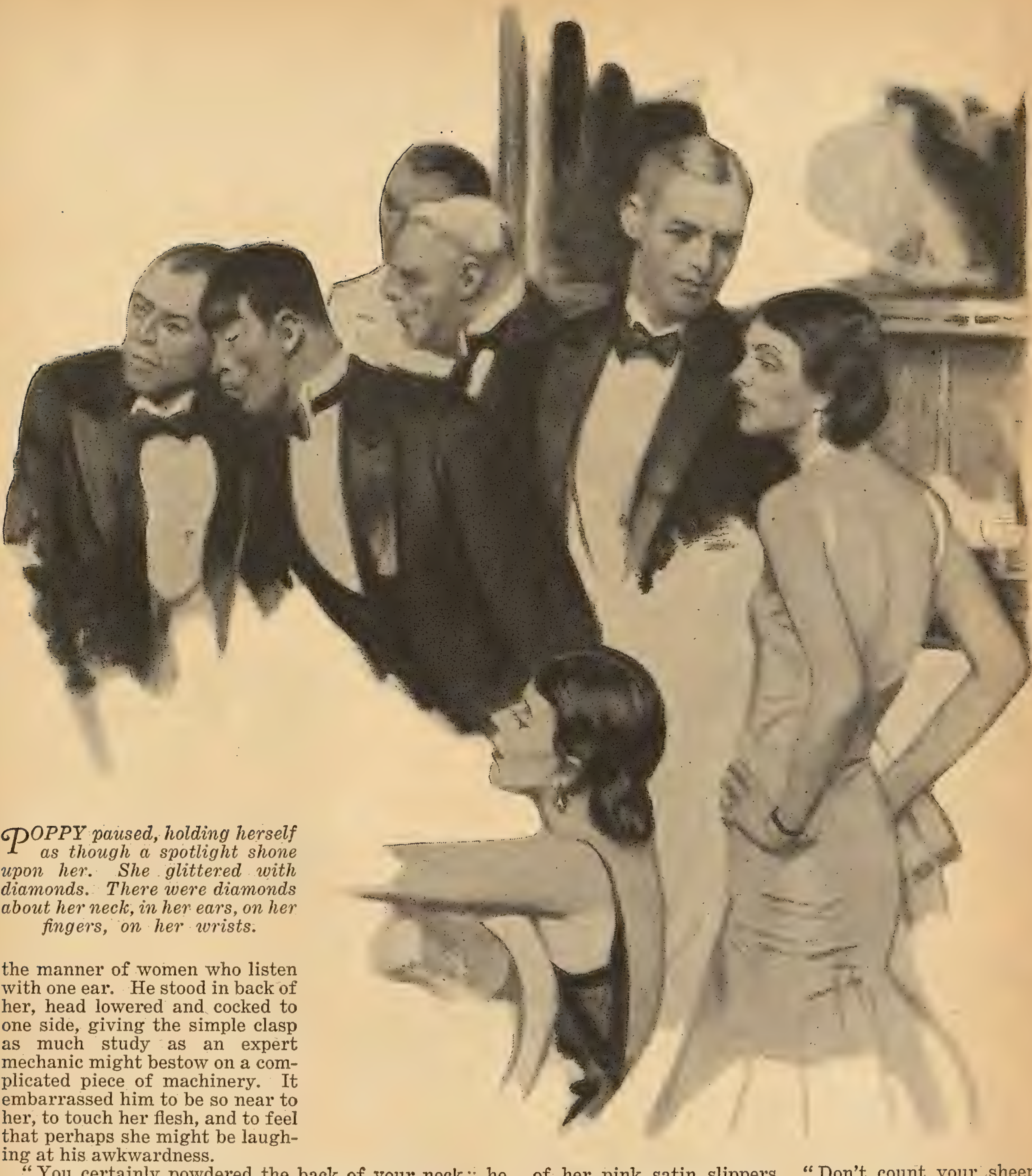
"How odd!" Jean commented, looking into the mirror, turning her face this way and that, lifting her chin, hands smoothing her rich black hair.

"He couldn't sleep at night," said Clarke, paying no attention to her. "So he went to a doctor, who gave him Noah's old remedy. 'Count imaginary sheep jumping over a hurdle,' the doctor said, 'and you'll go to sleep. Keep on counting. Don't be discouraged if you find yourself still awake. The first hundred ewes are the hardest.'"

He sat on his bunk and smiled at her.

"I suppose that's where the saying originated. Imagine old Noah's plight, though, with only two sheep to count."

"Fasten my necklace, please, darling," she said, after



POPPY paused, holding herself as though a spotlight shone upon her. She glittered with diamonds. There were diamonds about her neck, in her ears, on her fingers, on her wrists.

the manner of women who listen with one ear. He stood in back of her, head lowered and cocked to one side, giving the simple clasp as much study as an expert mechanic might bestow on a complicated piece of machinery. It embarrassed him to be so near to her, to touch her flesh, and to feel that perhaps she might be laughing at his awkwardness.

"You certainly powdered the back of your neck," he said, rubbing his knuckles with a handkerchief.

"But what about your sheep-herding insomniac friend?" she asked.

"Oh, him! Why, every night after he had counted a hundred sheep going over the hurdle, he would see one little black sheep who never could quite make it. It would jump and jump and jump. And always it would just fail to get over, and flop back on the ground.

"And the poor fellow—not the sheep—stayed up all night, every night, trying and trying and trying to get 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep' over the top. He never did it."

"What happened?"

"They put him in the crazy house. And now whenever his temperature goes up the nurse knows he's still trying to put the black sheep across."

"What's the moral?" asked Jean, buckling the straps of her pink satin slippers. "Don't count your sheep until they're hatched?"

"The moral?" He was wondering if he shouldn't buckle those straps for her, but that would be even more intimate than fastening her necklace clasp. "The moral? A bald dome gathers no wool."

She was wearing a pink chiffon gown cut like a little girl's party dress, with a band of lace across the breast and a soft satin sash tied in a bow at the left side.

"You look," he said, "like a very good little girl."

"I ought to have a scarf for my hair," she answered. "Hear that wind? It'll blow my wave to pieces."

Dick rummaged in the wardrobe until he found her orange scarf, the one she had worn when she kissed him—that's how he identified it in his mind. He spread it over her hair, and began to knot it under her chin.

"You make me look like a peasant," she said.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Out of humor?

chew

BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION

for digestion!

PERHAPS your food lies heavy . . . you worry too much . . . or you're out of humor!

Then look to your digestion! Chew Beeman's — the pepsin gum.

Perfected 30 years ago, this delicious pepsin gum is still the favorite of thinking people who chew gum as an aid to digestion.

Millions prefer the fresh, keen flavor of Beeman's, the smoothness of it, the quality of it, and the pleasant way it aids digestion.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM aids digestion

THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page fifty-seven

"Then how the deuce would you fix it?" he asked, perplexed. "I know I'm not a lady's maid, but—"

"Fix it like Diana would fix her bathing cap," she said. "Fold it. Put it tightly around my head. And then tie the ends in a knot at the back of the neck."

"Like a pirate. Diana's bathing caps are made of rubber."

"That's all right," she said finally. "Now get me my wrap, please, and we'll go."

"Little girls need lots of attention," he said.

"And kisses," she added, kissing the back of her hand at him.

"What did you mean by that story of the man who went insane?" she asked as soon as they left the room.

"Jay Finch," Dick said. "He's tried several times to get you over the hurdle. If you keep falling back all the time he's going to go crazy. I hope he does. He's sure of getting you tonight. He'll run a temperature when he doesn't. I hope he gets high blood pressure too, I hope his arteries harden, I hope he chokes."

"Honestly," she said, "I'm frightened half to death." He squeezed her hand, and dropped it quickly.

"You're really brave," he said.

He laughed as they came up to the sun deck and met the full force of the wind.

They managed to get to the rail. They fought their way along it to a point opposite the door of the reception room of Finch's suite.

THEY waited until the ship lurched to starboard, and ran down the incline to the door.

Finch's butler opened at their knock. Finch was right behind him.

"Well, well, well!" he cried. "We picked out a wonderful night for our party, didn't we? Now you know how the ice feels inside the cocktail shaker. You're just in time for that 'pink chicken' I promised you. Mama!" he called.

Clarke almost smiled. This fat old crook calling his wife "Mama"!

Mrs. Finch came out of the dining room, just beyond the reception room, Istrelle du Bose at her side, and three men back of her, Indian file. She walked quickly, her austere face lacquered with a thin smile.

She was dressed in somber brown. A necklace of diamonds hung limply from her thin neck, like a wreath that has been thrown over the top of a pole. Her scant wrists bore loose gold bracelets lighted with brilliants. Two large pendeloque diamonds fell from her ears.

She shook hands, man fashion. Her hands held power. They were hard, capable, big-knuckled. They had known labor, and were not ashamed. Her face had wholesomeness and charm, if not beauty, and her voice was low and gentle.

"You are very welcome," she said simply.

She took Jean's wrap and scarf, and handed them to the butler. "I believe you know Miss du Bose."

"But yes!" cried Istrelle, stretching out her arms to them. "Have I not said they are my charming children?"

Istrelle was wearing the gown she had worn the night before, and the red stones. Her cigarette in its paper holder was cocked at a jaunty angle, and she held her pale face back from it and to the left, one green eye half shut, as though the smoke from the cigarette bothered her.

"DO they not make the lovely couple?" she cried, and left them abruptly to find the cocktail she had left somewhere and forgotten.

"This is Mr. Kuroki."

The powdered and scented Japanese bowed from the waist but did not smile.

He did not offer to shake hands with Dick.

Instead, he reached into his dress-coat pocket, pulled out a lace-edged handkerchief, and wiped his plucked eyebrows. A diamond glinted in the bracelet he wore on his left wrist.

"It is," he hissed, "indeed the pleasure. We have met before."

"You have met our purser, Mr. Pelky," Mrs. Finch said. "Mr. Finch told me all about it. And this is Mr. Silovitch. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke."

Silovitch sneered with his red eyes and his teeth of a dog, and nodded his head.

"I have met Mr. Silovitch also," Clarke said.

"Have you?" the man asked, amazed. Clarke smiled at him.

"Before you dehumped yourself," he said.

"You were the hunchback?" Jean asked, making her voice sound incredulous.

Silovitch laughed.

"I could go through a needle's eye now," he said.

"But not through a porthole," Clarke thought; "not, at least, until you had dieted away that stomach."

"And this," said Mrs. Finch, with the suggestion of a laugh, "is Mr. Finch's famous 'pink chicken.'"

The butler stood before them, holding a tray containing two glasses filled with a pink liquid that seemed to bubble but did not.

He stood at ease on the pitching floor, holding the glasses so steady that the liquid didn't even quiver.

"You don't even vibrate," Clarke said to him, amused.

"Oh, Nelson's an old sea dog," Mrs. Finch explained. "I think he could hold a tray steady if he stood on the back of a galloping horse—unless, of course, he fell off."

A look of pride and pleasure animated the face of the butler.

He was devoted to Mrs. Finch, Clarke saw, grateful for any notice from her, proud of her pride in him. Clarke was glad of this, for in his mind he was sketching a rôle for this butler, a rôle that required fidelity to Mrs. Finch and nothing else.

Nelson poured more cocktails and passed them.

"Let us," hissed Kuroki, "drink to science."

"Science!" echoed Mr. Finch. He drank daintily.

"I think," Clarke said, "after such a noble toast that we ought to smash the glasses."

He had an idea that Finch wanted Jean's fingerprints on that cocktail glass.

The purser had said that Finch invited Jean to this dinner to hang her. He might have her hanged if he could prove she was "Mabel Willebrandt," the waitress of the Crown and Bull. He could prove it only by fingerprints.

Dick chuckled inwardly as Finch threw down his glass, and the others followed suit. Finch must be annoyed. If he were really after fingerprints he had failed this time—the little black lamb had fallen back again.

But of course there would be many more opportunities for the taking of fingerprints before he and Jean would be allowed to leave. But again the black sheep would miss the hurdle bar. If it were only fingerprints Finch wanted—

"MISS KLING!" said the butler, holding open the door.

Instinctively the company moved out of the path of the wind.

Miss Kling was a vague young woman with gunpowder hair and bony shoulder blades.

Dick looked at her a dozen times or more during the evening, and didn't remember the next day what she looked like, what she wore, or what, if anything, she had said.

The girl came in through the doorway, and seemed to vanish.

Nobody greeted her, nobody introduced her. Nobody apparently thought of her again. Miss Kling was merely Poppy Brooks' secretary and companion and—at present—her herald.

"Miss Poppy Brooks!" said the butler.

Poppy paused in the doorway, holding herself as though a spotlight shone upon her, and smiled at her audience.

She was in black velvet. She glittered with diamonds. There were diamonds about her neck, in her ears, in her golden hair which the wind hadn't pawed, on her fingers, on her wrists, in the heels and the buckles of her slippers.

And this was the woman Dick had last seen in oilskins and a sou'wester. It didn't seem possible. Her eyes were hard then, he remembered, as

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page fifty-nine

she watched the smuggler Conté and the Diamond Eye, hard and dangerous. Now they were soft, sparkling, full of candor and childlike innocence and simple happiness.

"A poor girl's dream of riches," Clarke whispered.

"And a rich girl's poverty of dreams," Jean answered.

All the men save Dick rushed to greet Poppy Brooks, but the women held back.

Poppy was not at all popular with her sex. She didn't care to be.

The butler closed the door, poured a cocktail, and proffered it, but Poppy declined.

"I drink very little," she said, her tone frosty.

Istrelle laughed.

"But are you not American?" she asked.

"At least I am not French," Poppy retorted, starting across the room, Finch following a step or two behind, as though he had been broken to heel.

Clarke watched her, enjoying the insolent grace of her walk.

"This is Mr. and Mrs. Clarke," Finch said. "Honeymooners, Miss Brooks."

Poppy threw an indifferent nod and smile to Jean, and thrust out her hand to Dick, to be held or kissed, whichever Dick chose.

He held it for a moment only, looking at the great diamonds it displayed.

"I am glad you could come," she said; "I love honeymooners."

"Miss Brooks has been on more honeymoons than most women I know," said Istrelle.

"At least I married my lovers," Poppy said sweetly.

"Dinner is served," said the butler.

Finch drained his glass quickly and hurried to Jean's side.

"I'll take in the blushing bride," he said, offering his fat short arm.

The musicians in the dining room began to play.

THE butler threw open the dining-room door, disclosing a long table, set crosswise in the narrow room, candles burning on it, waiters standing behind the chairs.

The guests were sorting themselves into couples when there came a sudden interruption.

The purser squealed in fright.

He stared at a window port, his Adam's apple moving like a piston in his neck, his freckles staring like so many frightened eyes, his shoulders quivering.

"What is it, man?" asked Finch. "Good God, you scared me!"

"I must get away," the purser wailed. "I must get away!"

He started through the dining-room door, ran through it into the kitchen in back of it, came running out again.

"I must get away!" he cried. "For God's sake, let me out!" He opened the door leading into the bedroom, slammed it after him. Another door slammed—the door opening on the starboard side of the bedroom, Clarke thought.

He opened the bedroom door and looked.

The purser had gone.

"What's the matter with him?" Finch asked of his guests. His voice was peevish rather than worried. "Suddenly gone seasick?"

Kuroki grinned. Jean shuddered at him and moved away.

"He saw somesing," Kuroki said, hiss, hiss; "somesing that made him run."

"Well, the rest of us will eat," Finch said, again offering his arm to Jean.

He attempted to treat the matter lightly, to dismiss it with a smile, but Dick could see he was worried now and not peevish.

They went in to dinner.

II

IT was a pleasant little room, decorated with wreaths of holly and sprigs of mistletoe.

The musicians sat in a corner near the door—an accordion player in a Cossack uniform, an Italian violinist, and a Turk who played the piano. Finch had recruited them from the steerage.

Finch sat at the head of the table, with Jean at his right and Poppy at his left.

Dick sat next to Poppy, with Miss Kling at his left. At Jean's right was Silovitch. Istrelle du Bose sat between Silovitch and Kuroki.

Mrs. Finch sat at the end opposite her husband, between Kuroki and the purser's vacant chair.

All during the dinner, while the waiters were popping the corks of champagne bottles, or filling half-emptied glasses, or bringing in new dishes, Clarke wondered what had frightened the purser.

Had he seen a man staring in through that porthole? Or was it a woman? Where had he run? Was he hiding? Was he safe?

Dick's mind held pictures of the frightened man squealing as he ran down the stairway to his room to avoid some shadowy menacing figure that followed.

He imagined Pelky trapped, begging for mercy. He spoke lightly to Poppy Brooks, and in fancy heard the purser's voice saying, "Don't kill me, please don't kill me!"

He drank the toast Finch offered to "the bride," and wondered whether Finch knew that Pelky had given information.

Perhaps Silovitch knew, or Kuroki. Kuroki had frightened the purser earlier in the evening. Kuroki had had some "business" with him.

Did these men know who frightened

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

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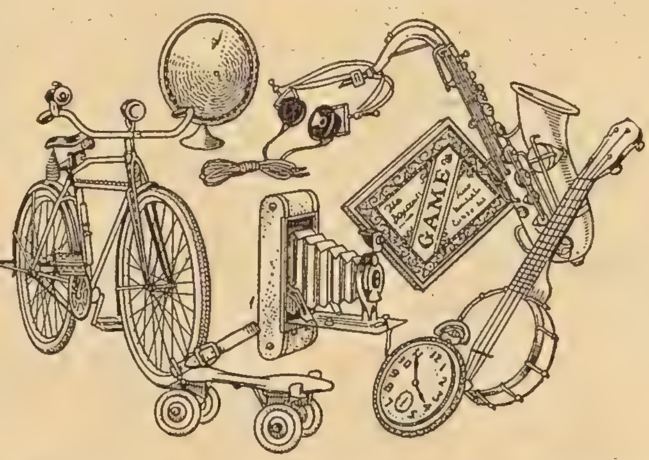
"FELLOWS, I'VE stopped looking in store windows and wishing I had things—*now I just get them—free!* And not from Mother or Dad either. That dandy collection of prizes in my room came to me for doing the pleasantest kind of work.

"MOTHER AND Dad say the business training for my future is the best part of it—but you know how fellows like us are, we're interested in more solid results delivered right now—like bicycles, sleds, sporting goods, cameras and so on!"

IF YOU'RE the kind of boy who daydreams—and what fellow doesn't?—you'll be interested in Bill Robinson's story and you'll go right on reading to find out how he does it. But make up your mind to be more than a Day Dreamer; be a Do-er, too!

"ANY FELLOW can do what I did. A year ago I saw an ad just like this one you're reading now. After I mailed the coupon, I received a nice fat letter from Liberty Magazine—and I began making money the very first week! They sent me too a dandy free catalog crammed full of pictures showing almost 400 prizes boys can get free.

"I ALSO got with my first letter: a book of hints on salesmanship, a book to keep track of my customers, and a copy of the free magazine which Liberty publishes monthly for us boys.



"I DIDN'T need any experience. I worked only in spare time. It was clean, easy work—delivering Liberty to regular customers right in my own neighborhood. I was supplied with a free carrier bag and the magazines.

"THEN THE money and prizes began rolling in! And say, what prizes! I wish you could look into my room and see my dandy bike, my skates, baseball gloves, and equipment for every other kind of sport.

"BESIDES THE prizes, one of the nicest things about my business—and it is my own business, you know—is the fact that when I shake my pockets I can hear money jingling!—money to go to the movies or buy a soda or do any one of a thousand small things. And you can do more than small things . . . . I've already started a bank account that's going to help me through college when I'm ready for it.

"BUDDY, IF you want to stop wishing, and start getting—do what I did!"

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[THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page sixty]

the purser? Clarke was sure the purser was to be killed, but he would not leave his seat, for that would be to leave Jean at Finch's mercy. If he had to sacrifice the purser or Jean, let it be the purser by all means.

Finch did most of the talking, and there was no loud laughter. Clarke found that sinister.

Perhaps everybody else knew what fate had overtaken the purser. And perhaps they were waiting now for Finch to make whatever move he had planned to hang Jean Wood.

Kuroki was beaming. Silovitch was frowning and sullen, his red eyes watching Finch. Istrelle was smoking furiously, Poppy languidly. Miss Kling kept her eyes on the table and ate as though she ate alone. Mrs. Finch was severe and aloof and silent.

Jean was shy, pretending nothing was wrong, and that Finch was interesting and witty and the perfect host. Yet every now and then Dick saw her looking at the vacant chair.

It was not until the fruit and the coffee had been served that Finch arose to spring his trap.

"My friends," he said, "the waiters and the musicians will now retire, and we will have some rare fun."

"If it weren't for his white eyebrows I'd say he looked like a hunter who thinks he's caught a doe," Clarke thought. "But his eyebrows remind me of swine."

"Some rare fun," Finch repeated as the waiters filed out. Silovitch laughed loudly and leered at Jean.

"'In't we got fun!" he shouted. He shoved back his chair and locked the door.

"Nobody will bother us now," he explained.

"Excuse," hissed Kuroki. He bowed and hurried into the kitchen.

"Are you having a good time, Black Lamb?" Clarke asked Jean, laughing fondly for the benefit of the others.

He wanted to warn her that Finch was trying once more to get her over the hurdle.

"Having a fine time; wish you were here," she answered, which in Moran's queer code meant "We are in danger, but I'm ready for it. Don't worry."

"MY friends," Finch said again, opening his dinner jacket and fingering his suspender straps—they were of black satin decorated with the figures of nude women in charming poses—"we are about to play a new and fascinating game. I'm sorry our friend Mr. Pelky couldn't remain to enjoy it.

"However—" He shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"The day before we sailed I was buying back a diamond that had been stolen from me.

"The little crook who wanted to make me redeem it was killed, and the stone was stolen. A woman disguised as a waitress fled from the place. But she left her fingerprints behind!"

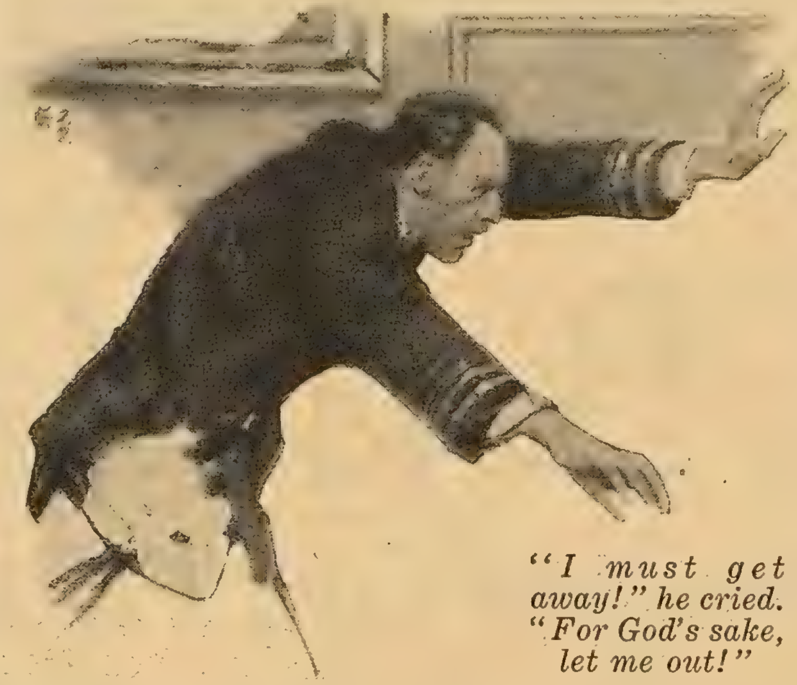
He laughed and looked at Jean, who smiled at him, cool, unflustered.

"Science—we drank a toast to science, remember—science has put those fingerprints in my possession, though we are more than a thousand miles from the nearest land.

"The marks of the young woman's hands were developed from a steamship folder she had stuffed in her apron pocket and forgotten in her flight. They were radioed to me.

"That gave me the idea for the game we will play here tonight."

Again he looked at Jean.



"I must get away!" he cried. "For God's sake, let me out!"

"A hog with a flower," Dick thought. "My insomniac with his black lamb."

"All the best sellers nowadays," Finch went on, "are murder-mystery stories, detective stories. You can hardly pick up a magazine that doesn't contain a story or an article concerned with murder. There are few people in this age who are not interested in the solving of high crimes. So tonight, my friends, let us play the game of murder."

"But it is a game?" asked Istrelle, her green eyes baleful. "Americans, then, like murder? We have murders in France. Yes, some. But we do not make games of murder."

"A nation's characteristics," said Mrs. Finch, "are determined by its games."

"Your prohibition men," said Istrelle, looking at Clarke, "play this game very well!"

SHE blew her cigarette into a glass of wine. Her face was flushed with anger.

"The game I propose," said Finch, his hands knotting and unknotting a napkin, "is concerned only with the scientific angle of murder, the solving of the crime. Civilization"—he said this importantly—"was built on the solving of crimes, the consequent enforcement of law and order.

"Mr. Pelky, for some reason known to himself alone, has disappeared from among us.

"Let us suppose Mr. Pelky was the victim of a murder instead of Mr. Conté.

"Let us suppose he was stabbed through the heart, in his cabin, and that the diamond was stolen from him.

"Let us suppose there is, on this ship, a Scotland Yard man who was smart enough to develop the fingerprints left by the murderer.

"And let us suppose"—he bent his head toward Jean and smiled at her benevolently—"let us suppose, for the purpose of this game, that the murderer is here, present at this table tonight."

Poppy Brooks straightened quickly, and the cigarette fell from her jade-and-diamond holder. Clarke took it up, that it might not burn a hole in the cloth, and tapped it out on an ash tray.

"Not ill, Miss Brooks?" he asked.

"Not at all," she answered, avoiding his eyes.

"Pelky's body has been found, a knife in his heart, and the murderess is one of the women at this table," Finch said, throwing his napkin on the chair. "Now, to play this game properly, one of the ladies must be accused.

"She will declare herself innocent, of course, and try to put the blame on someone else.

"The prosecutor— Oh, we must have a prosecutor to convict our fair prisoner. And that"—Finch smiled, and then laughed loudly—"that, of course, suggests our honeymoon couple.

"Mr. Clarke, will you prosecute your bride for the murder of Henri Conté—meaning Mr. Pelky, of course?"

"Delighted," Clarke said. "It's a happy thought, Mr. Finch. Imagine a man being asked to hang his brand-new bride!"

"And you'll be the prisoner?" Finch asked, bending close to Jean's face.

Jean smiled up at him.

"If no one else objects," she said.

"I do not object," Istrelle said, lighting another cigarette. "It is the situation piquant. I am interested. But if Mr. Clarke free his wife, I am not very surprised. He is more clever than you think."

"I really ought to have a pair of thick-rimmed glasses for this stunt," Clarke said. "Whoever heard of a district attorney who didn't wear specs?"

Finch opened his dinner jacket and took out a spectacle case.

He removed the glasses from it, threw the case on the table, and extended the glasses toward Clarke. Clarke pretended not to see them. Poppy took them from Finch—and left the print of her left thumb on one of the lenses.

Clarke saw the glasses then, and took them from Miss Brooks.

"Thank you," he said. He turned to Mr. Finch.

"Of course you have fingerprints of everybody here," he said. "We've all left our signatures on plates and cups and saucers, and knives and forks and spoons and glasses. Why not compare these prints with those radioed to you?"

He looked around, as though for applause, approbation. They stared at him blankly, all save Jean who was smiling, and Silovitch who sneered.

"Why," said Finch, "that's what—that's what Kuroki is doing now."

"But did I not say he was clever?" asked Istrelle.

Clarke put on the eyeglasses, taking care not to injure Poppy's thumbprint. He screwed his face into a scowl, and turned to Jean.

"NOW, young lady," he said sternly, "remember that anything you say will be used against you. You have been apprehended and charged with the crime of murder. The police—" he laughed shortly. "By the way, Mr. Finch, who is your police department, outside Mr. Kuroki?"

"There are only Silovitch and I. It had better be Silovitch."

"Suppose, then, Sergeant Silovitch," said Dick, glaring at that individual, "that you tell us just why you arrested this girl."

"I caught her outside the room, sneaking away."

"Did she have the diamond in her possession?"

"No. We searched her, and searched her luggage, but we didn't find the diamond. Maybe she gave it to her husband."

Clarke thought of the Diamond Eye that lay hidden under the handkerchief in the breast pocket of his dinner jacket, and laughed.

"You found fingerprints in the room, which you photographed and developed, and Mr. Kuroki is comparing them now with the—the rogues' gallery prints Mr. Finch received by radio. All right. Until we hear from Mr. Kuroki—and I trust it will not be long—I will examine the prisoner."

He took a gold pencil from his pocket and tapped with it idly on the tablecloth.

He was looking at Jean, but he saw the wolfish grin on the face of Silovitch, the lips flecked with foam, the bared dog's teeth, the red eyes that wanted to see torture.

"Mrs. Clarke," Dick said, "did you kill Mr. Pelky—or, rather, Mr. Conté? Or either of them, for that matter?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE DIAMOND EYE
Continued from page sixty-three

"No, indeed," said Jean.

"Sergeant Silovitch says he caught you sneaking away from the room where the murdered man lay. Had you been in that room?"

"Yes," Jean answered. "I had."

"You knew Mr. Pelky?"

"Yes."

"Why did you go to his room?"

Jean laughed suddenly and looked around the table.

"You all look so serious!" she said. "Am I really being tried for murder?"

"Not a chance, not a chance," said Dick. "Go on with the game, Black Lamb. We're almost around the bend now."

He saw by her eyes that she understood.

"Why did you go to his room?"

"I was jealous of a blonde woman," she answered. "I opened the door, expecting to see her there. But she had gone and Mr. Pelky was dead."

"Humph! How could you tell the blonde woman had been there?"

"I saw a blonde hair on the knife." That was a clever touch, Clarke thought. Effective, too. He could feel Poppy breathing hard and quick. Out of the corner of his eye, despite the glasses, he could see her fingers stiffen.

"Anything else?" he asked.

Someone knocked softly on the door.

Poppy jumped. Finch and Silovitch started nervously, looked toward the door.

"One of the waiters perhaps," said Finch. "Go on, Mr. Clarke."

"Did you find anything else?"

"Yes. I found—"

BUT again they were interrupted. Kuroki came stalking out of the kitchen, smudges of lampblack on his powdered face, his slant eyes blazing dangerously, his hands full of smudged papers.

"She left no prints," he said, hiss, hiss. "No prints." Hiss. "There is"—hiss, hiss — "some trick."

Jean laughed, and turned to Finch. "I'm so sorry," she said. "I really didn't mean to spoil the game. But then I couldn't have known you meant to take fingerprints, could I?"

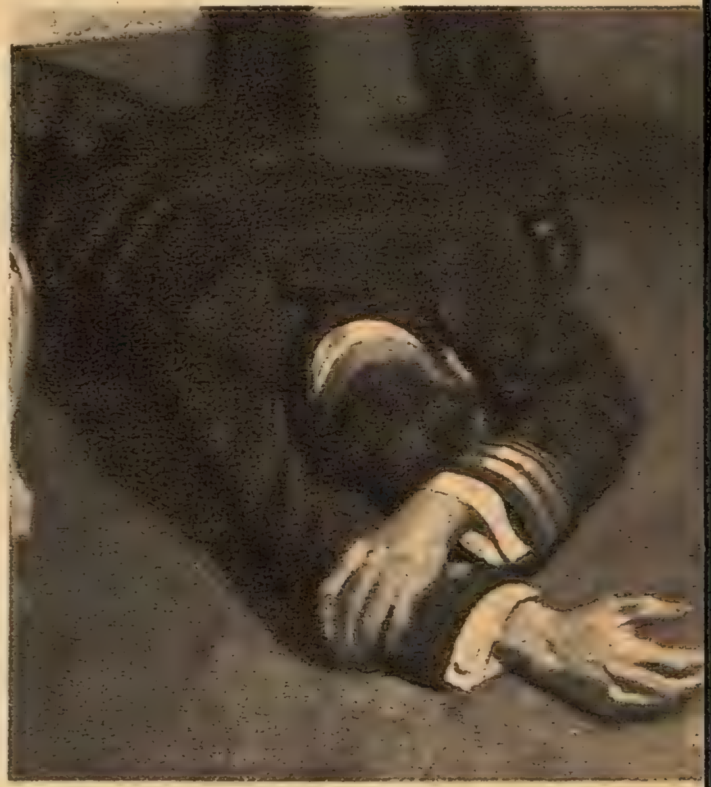
Finch could not answer her.

"I was all dressed and ready," Jean explained, "but at the last moment I decided my nails weren't quite nice enough. I decided to put just a little more polish on them. I grabbed the bottle, being in a hurry, and it spilled. The polish was smeared over all my fingers. Wasn't that stupid? And of course it happened to be the kind that won't come off without a special preparation, which I didn't have. It hardens, you know, really forms another skin over the fingers. Naturally I couldn't leave any prints."

Finch seized Jean's hands almost roughly, turned them palms up, and looked at her finger tips, exhibiting them to Kuroki. The Jap hissed through his teeth, and threw the smudged papers over his shoulders.

Clarke laughed provokingly. He couldn't help it. The black sheep had missed that hurdle once again.

"Well," he said, "if my cleverest detectives can't make



A man covered with blood la

your fingerprints agree with their facts, I don't see how I can hold you."

Istrelle laughed, a trifle too shrill to be sincere.

"But did I not say he would free his charming lamb?"

Kuroki sat down, sulky, and brushed his eyebrows.

"But we will go on with the questioning," said Clarke. "Somebody's rapping at the door, but we can't be annoyed. What did you find in that room that made you suspect the blonde woman?"

The knock was monotonous. It was like the sound of tom-toms in some voodoo woods. It was like the beating of some frightened heart.

"I found a garter," Jean said.

"Describe it," said Clarke.

Poppy got up quickly, knocking over a glass of ice water.

"I feel faint," she said. "Somebody open a window!"

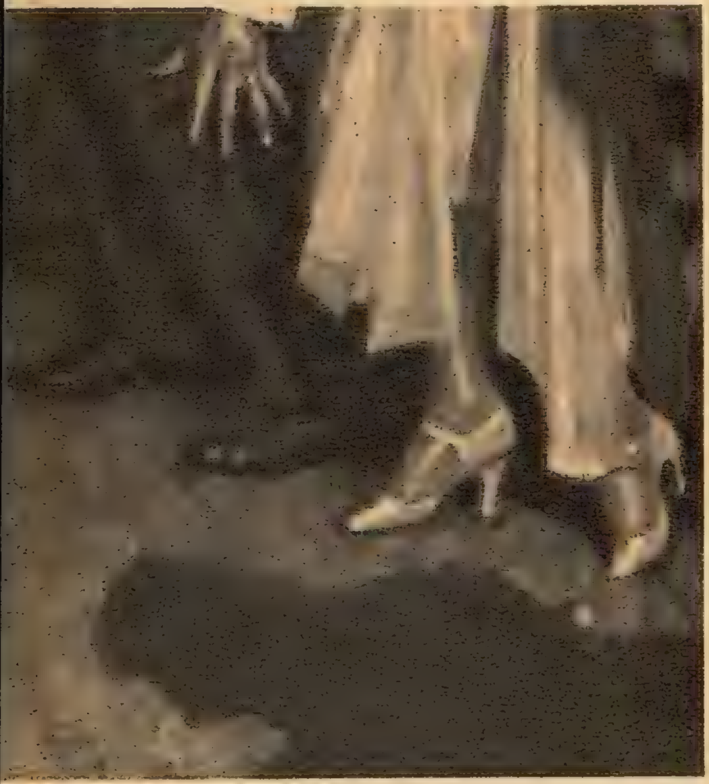
FINCH sprang to the nearest port and opened it. The wind howled. The rain beat in on the floor.

Poppy sat down again, and held a glass of whisky to her lips. But she could not drink it. She was staring at Jean.

"It was a black elastic garter, with the initial set in strass," Jean said. "It was hers." She stood up, and pointed to Poppy.

In the silence that dropped with her words Clarke could hear that knock, knock, knock on the door, slow, weak, rhythmic—knock, knock, knock!

"It was slit!" said Jean, in a flat calm voice. "It was slit with the knife that murdered Conté!" Poppy fell back as though she had been hit. She screamed.



face downward on the floor.

"Stop that knocking at the door!" she cried. "Stop it! Stop it! I'll go mad!"

"Hush!" Finch said. "You're hysterical, Poppy. It's only a waiter. I'll go kick him over the rail."

He strode quickly to the end of the room, turned the key in the lock, and pulled the door open.

A man covered with blood fell into his arms, slipped through them, and lay face downward on the floor.

Clarke and Silovitch turned him over. Clarke wiped the blood from the face with a napkin. "It's Pelky!" he said.

"Is he dead?"

Finch's voice was awed.

"No."

Pelky's bloodstained hands began to knock on the floor. Silovitch grabbed his wrist, held it.

"It's all right, Pelky," he said. "It's all right. What's happened?"

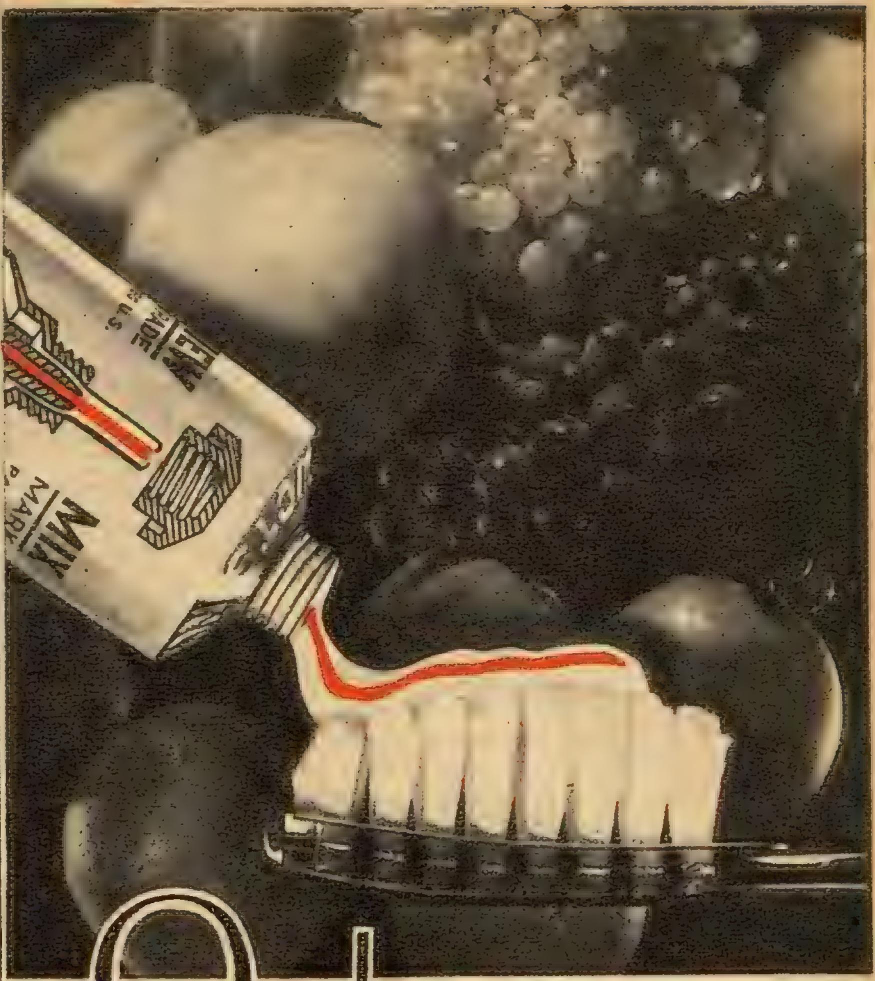
Pelky opened his eyes. They were frightened. He made queer sounds in his throat—horrible sounds.

"Tell us—what's happened?"

Pelky opened his mouth wide.

"It's his tongue!" Silovitch said. "Someone's cut out his tongue!"

In next week's installment Jean and Dick seek to ferret out the clever and cruel mind that had directed the crime. The trail seems to lead to the mysterious "man from the sea." They are interrupted in their search by a still more startling happening.



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What to Do With Chopped Meats

By ETHEL SOMERS

BECAUSE there is no waste, chopped meats make the most economical dishes. Because they are chopped fine, the necessity for a long slow cooking to soften the tougher cuts is eliminated. In a strictly economical diet, meat is the most difficult item to provide, and so the housewife frequently wonders what she can do to vary the serving of chopped meat.

Meat Balls

1 pound chopped meat (all beef, beef and pork, beef and veal, or ham, beef, and veal)
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
¾ cup tomato juice or water
4 tablespoons granulated tapioca
1 onion
2 tablespoons fat or suet

GRAVY

2 tablespoons flour
2 cups boiling water or sieved tomatoes
⅛ teaspoon chili powder, or
1 tablespoon chili sauce, or
1 minced green pepper, as desired
1 teaspoon salt

ADD the seasonings, tapioca, and liquid to the meat and shape into balls. Mince the onion and cook gently in the fat for three to five minutes. Heat smoking hot and add the meat balls, searing until browned on both sides (ten minutes). Remove to a hot platter where they may be kept warm while the gravy is being prepared. Stir the flour into the fat and onion mixture. Stir in the hot water or sieved tomato. Boil and stir about three minutes.

Add the chili powder, chili sauce, or green pepper, if used, and salt, together with the browned meat balls and cook very gently for about fifteen minutes.

Creamed Chopped Meat

1 pound raw chopped beef, or beef and pork, or beef and veal
½ onion, minced
3 to 6 tablespoons melted fat or oil, depending on leanness of meat
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 cups milk, or sieved tomatoes, or tomato soup
3 tablespoons flour
2 to 4 tablespoons chopped pimiento
½ green pepper, minced
1 to 2 chopped hard-cooked eggs, or
½ cup sautéed mushrooms may be added for variety, as desired, or any combination of these

MINCE the onion fine and brown in the melted fat. Add the salt, pepper, and flour to the chopped meat. Mix until well blended. Add to the hot fat in a fry pan.

Stir and heat over a high flame until well browned. If the meat tends to gather in large lumps, use your spatula or spoon to break these up as the mixture browns.

Cabbage leaves rolled about chopped meat and garnished with appropriate sauce make a tasty menu item.

When well browned add the liquid and any other ingredients. Cook very gently, with occasional stirring, for fifteen minutes. Serve on toast, in patty shells or timbale cases, with potato or rice balls or nests made of noodles, macaroni, or spaghetti.

Sliced raw tomato makes an appropriate garnish if served on toast. Slices of fried tomato may be put next to the toast before the creamed meat is added and the whole garnished with parsley, making a dish fit to grace any table.

Meat Pasties

PREPARE one-half of the creamed chopped-meat recipe, doubling the portion of flour or cooking one-half the milk away. Cool and place a tablespoon or two of this mixture on a four-inch square of plain or rich pie crust, biscuit dough, or noodle paste rolled to one-eighth-inch thickness.

If you have some potatoes left over from the day before, a chilled mashed-potato mixture may be substituted for the pie crust; for example:

2 cups mashed potato
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ tablespoon butter and
1 beaten egg
Blend and cool before rolling

If pie, biscuit, or noodle crust is used, dampen the outer edges with water. Fold one corner over on the other to form a triangular turnover. Pinch the edges together, brush with melted fat, and brown in a hot oven (425° F.) for about twenty minutes, or drop into deep hot fat (375° F.) for three to five minutes.

Savory chopped meat buried in mashed potato, pie crust, or a noodle paste furnishes a dish that's different.

Cabbage-Leaf Pasties

Blanched cabbage leaves
½ recipe of creamed chopped meat

SAUCE

½ pound chopped beef
1 onion, sliced
1 tablespoon fat
1½ cups stewed tomatoes, or tomato soup, or meat stock

MIX the creamed chopped meat as for meat pasties and place from two to four tablespoons of the meat filling on a blanched cabbage leaf. Cabbage leaves are made ready by letting individual leaves stand for five minutes in boiling water before draining.

Brown the meat and onion for sauce.

Roll the filled cabbage leaf and place on the layer of browned meat with the last edge of the leaf rolled down so that it will not come unrolled. Add the liquid to be used in the sauce—for example, tomatoes—cover tightly and simmer until tender, about twenty minutes.

Lift the cabbage rolls carefully to a hot platter, arranging the sauce and meat as a garnish.

DELICIOUS creamed-meat sandwiches, Delmonico steak, and Hungarian goulash are among many other easy-to-prepare chopped-meat recipes to be found in Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. Your menus can be kept delightfully varied—and at the same time economical—by utilizing the complete list of chopped-meat suggestions in Miss Somers' booklets. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Order them now. And please use the coupon.

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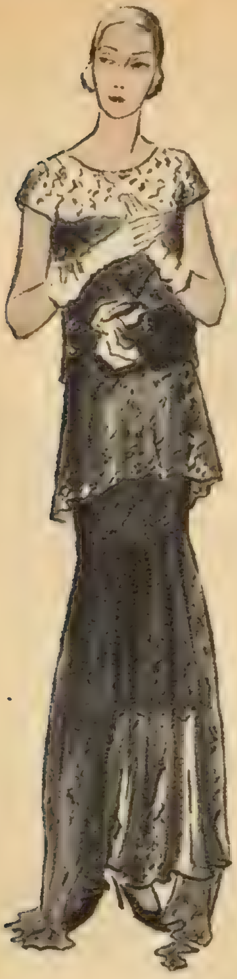
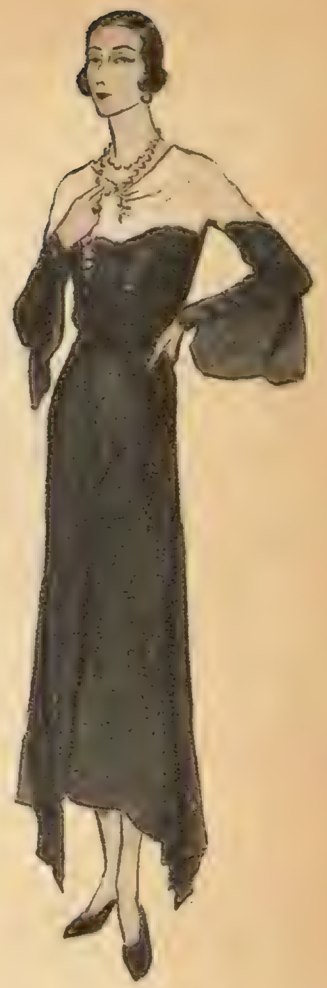
Conquering ENEMY CURVES

By BETTINA BEDWELL



Lucile Paray makes a frock of brown lace over a silk foundation.



Georgette is used for the white yoke of this Paray creation.

Paris.

OUR natural curves are often enemies of fashion, and a terrible battle goes on between the two. This fight has been furious since curved clothes came back into style. Nature's curves being the immovable object in most cases and fashion's the irresistible force, Paris experts resort to strategy to avoid violence. Their new system is to make the lines of the new afternoon and evening clothes flow instead of fitting them. They follow the silk-stocking principle of veiling curves, thus giving them beauty.

Practical daytime and sports clothes make peace with nature by returning to straighter lines and concealing obvious curves. They have a thousand tricks with belts to make the waistline look high and at the same time becoming. This is very different from what is done to more formal fashions. The latter are the really new styles, and they have to look curved if they are to be smart.

FOUR of the best examples of Parisian genius are shown in our sketches. All lines are soft but not sloppy. The ideal is to look rounded and womanly.

The brown lace dinner dress from Lucile Paray shown in our first sketch is placed over a brown satin slip that is semifitted. A lace bolero veils the lines of the waist, a lace peplum does the same for the hips, and the full flounce of the skirt begins below the long yoke, so that a beautiful slender line is given above the knees. The small cap sleeves provide a flattering film for the joining of arm and shoulder. A pink and a brown chiffon flower mark the high waistline.

The afternoon frock in the upper right corner succeeds in melting natural angles into curves. Lucile Paray makes this dress of black georgette pin-dotted with white. The white georgette yoke gives a graceful curve to the shoulders, and the lower sleeve has set-on pieces that take care of the forearm. The waistline is tied around with a narrow georgette belt adjustable at will, while the long skirt is made more ample by flaring panels.

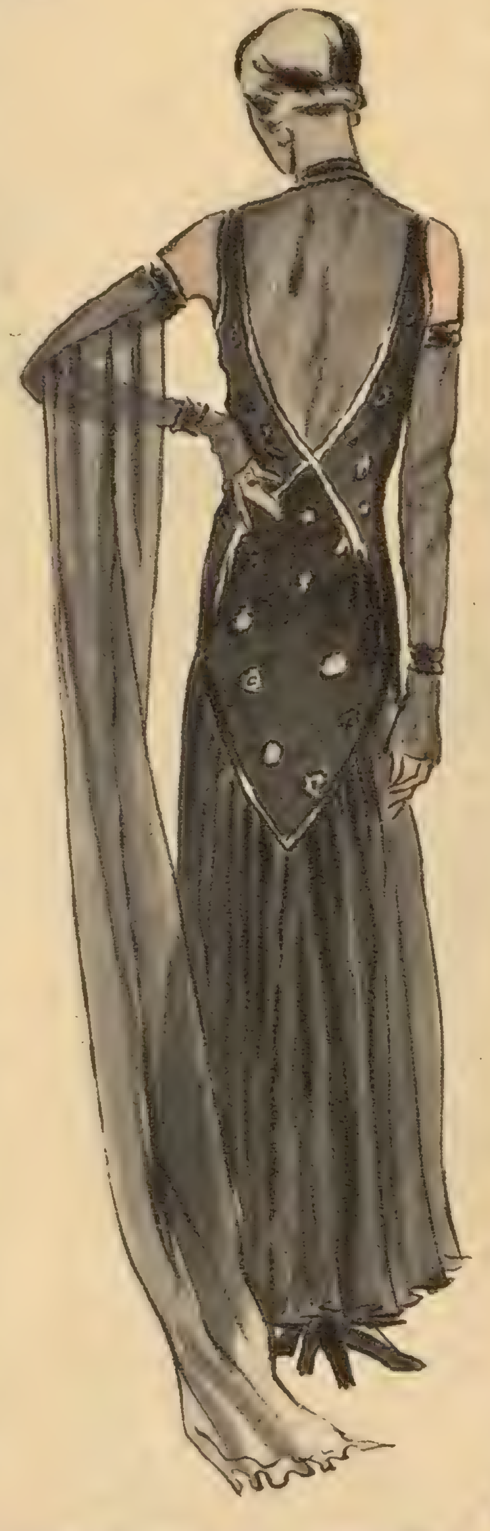
The lower left model is a dinner or dance dress from Paul Poiret. It is in bright green chiffon, and the incurved long bodice is of green crêpe de chine veiled with chiffon and embroidered with gold. Gold bands crossing at the back slenderize the hipline and outline the transparent yoke, which will make any back look charming. The skirt is full and long and flattering. The arms have green chiffon mitts banded with gold, and a chiffon scarf hangs from the left one.

THE lower right model, a black satin afternoon frock, also from Paul Poiret, is a one-piece model with a long bodice effect, curving in, but loosely, at the sides. The bertha collar is of black satin and white georgette. The double-breasted closing has a short band buttoning under its second button, and this is quite enough to place the waistline high. The skirt is plaited over the hipline, and dips at the sides of the hem.

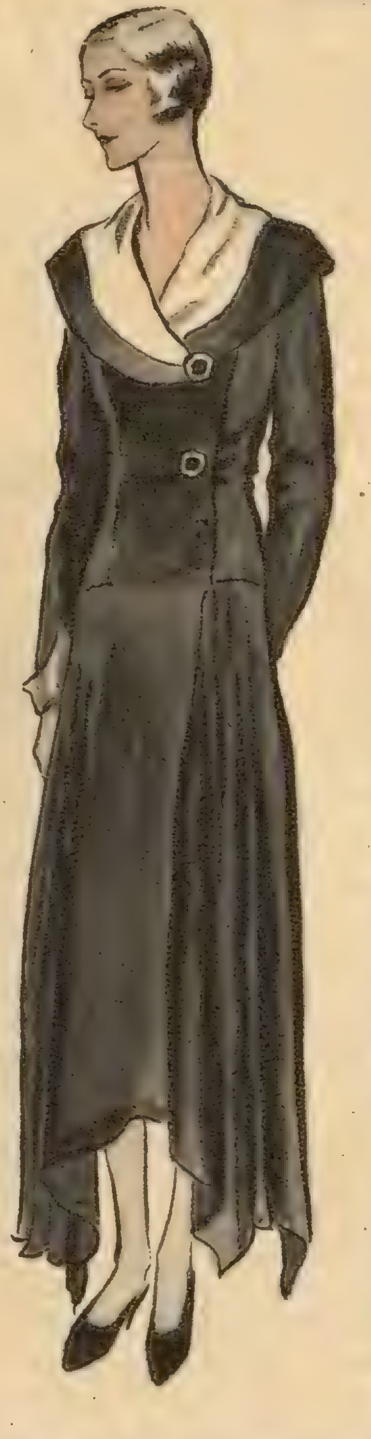
* * *

I've just seen the first spring Paris hats. Most of them have brims that are ruffled, smocked, cut, and draped close to the head. Green, brown, blue, and black are the predominating colors.

A new jewel ensemble from Guillaume et Cie consists of a choker and earrings made of tiny strings of blue and white crystal woven like filet net and arranged in hanging squares.



Chiffon veils the arms and the décolleté back of this Poiret green chiffon frock.



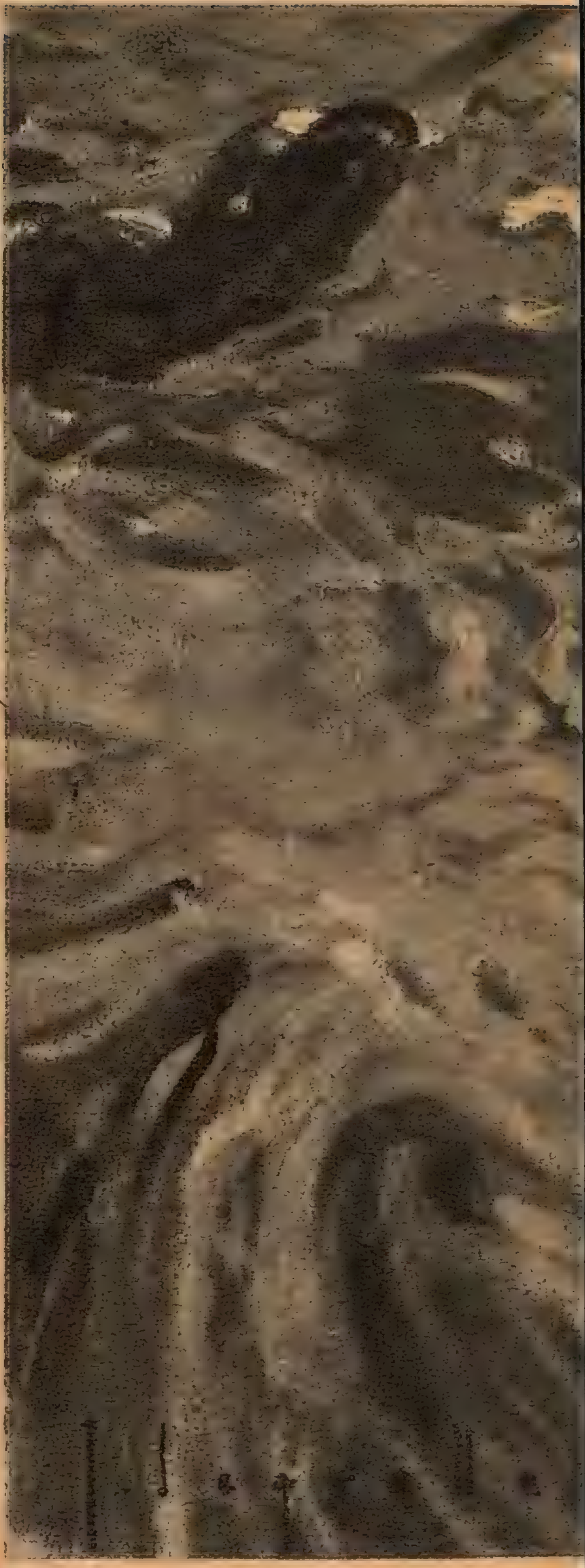
This Poiret afternoon dress is made of black satin. The double black and white collar and the double-breasted closing are distinctive.

The Speckled SPEARMEN

A Drama of the Sea Deeps

By PAUL ANNIXTER

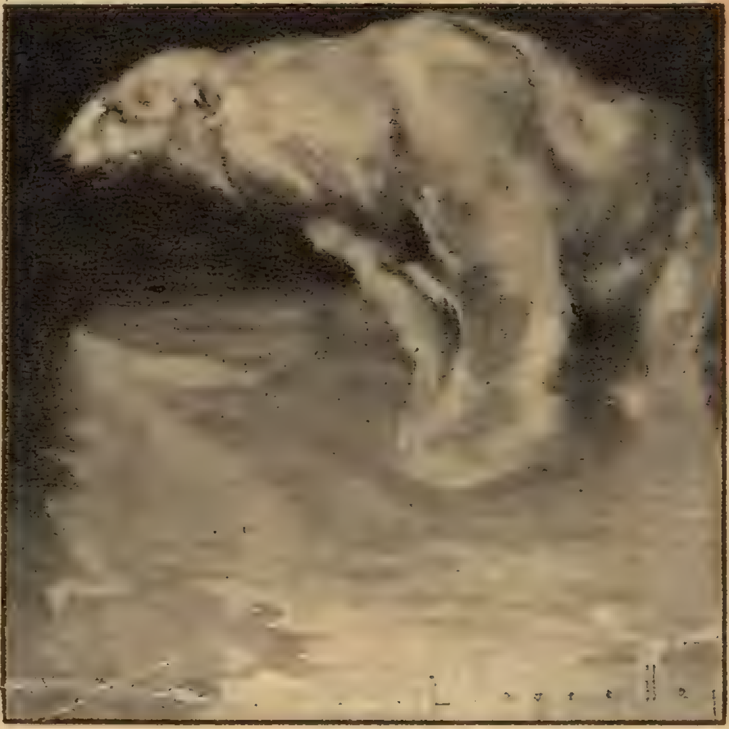
Pictures by JOSÉ SEGRELLES



Ten, twelve, fiftee

IN a sheltered cove in Eureka Sound, Telak had established his summer breeding grounds. He was the giant sea unicorn of the northern ocean, known to whalers as the narwhal, one of the weirdest creatures left living in the sea or out of it. Ten miles to the north, above the cold, knife-gray waters, lay North Devon Island. East of that, like a drab cloud bank against the remote arctic sky, brooded Greenland, nadir of desolation. To the south, where massed the rocky coast of Canada, the cold apple-green swells of the north Atlantic were aglint with the sun, but not for two thousand miles beyond did the northernmost frontiers of human settlement begin. Here, amid the sullen somber waters of this landlocked sea, girt with frowning rocks, the herd of thirty sea unicorns was as safe as ever their harassed clan could hope to be.

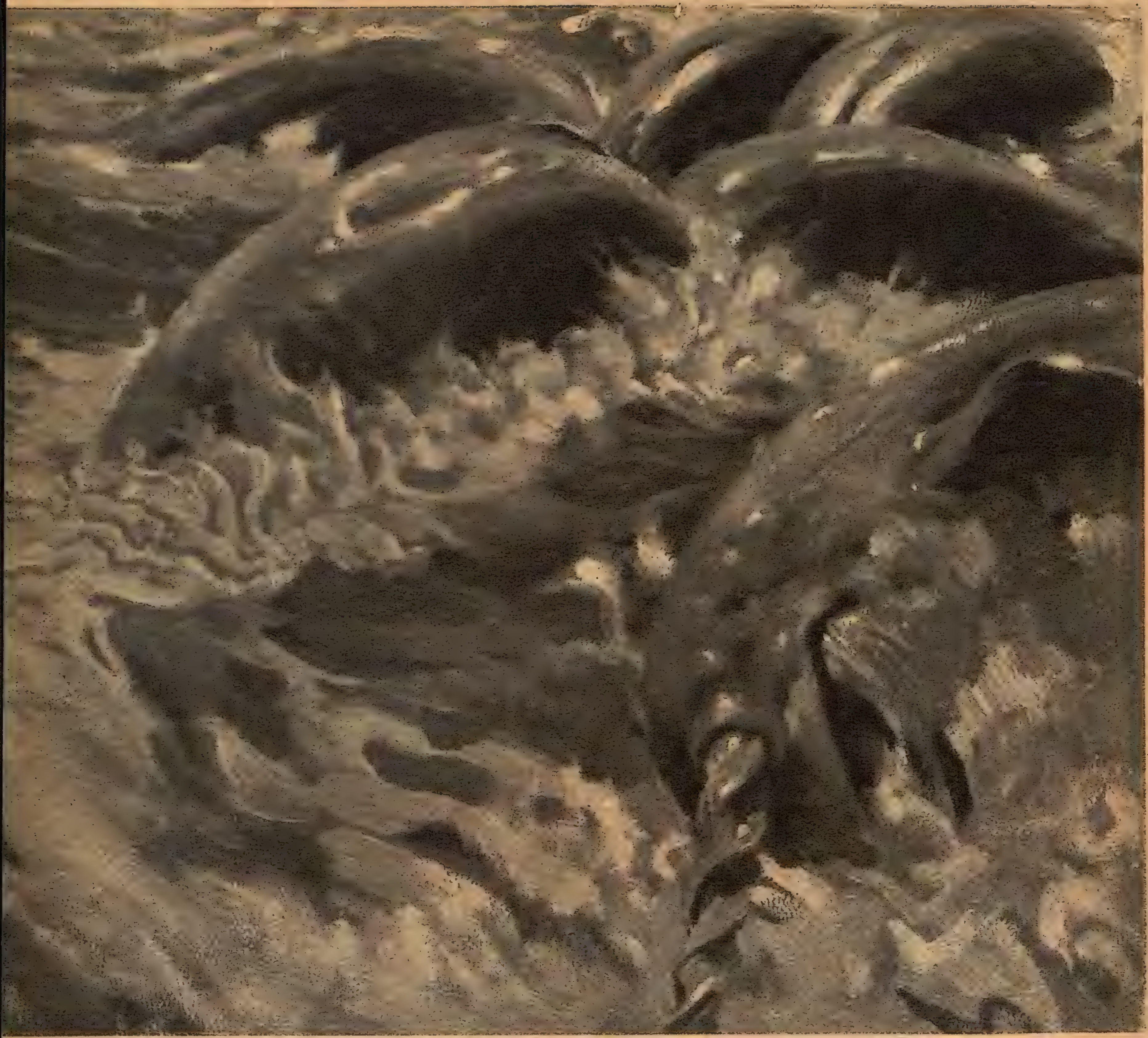
Summer had just come to the northern muskegs. Between darkness and daylight it had come, for there is no spring in the far north. All in a night the blood of all creatures was filled now with that mad, intoxicating sweetness that is only known where the slow procession of the seasons is abolished. After the long months of darkness and unbelievable cold of the polar region, the sun, as if to make amends for long absence, had begun to circle the sky throughout the whole of the twenty-four hours, never quite disappearing below the hazy sea mists of the horizon. From the south and east warm breezes came puffing, and already the gray-brown tundras, still spotted with lingering snow, had begun to blossom with flowering moss, gray-green lichens and scores of delicate starry blooms whose very names were yet unknown. Shoreward, beyond the low-lying rocks and ridges, small marshy pools glittered like jewels in the sun, amid the verdant green of reed-grown sphagnum swamps.



The polar suddenly halted, and his narrow, black-tipped muzzle raised to test the breeze.

Here was the domain of myriads of nesting wild fowl. For two days they had been arriving steadily in countless squadrons—all the birds of all the world, or so it seemed—from the lakes and forests farther south where they had been waiting for the first break-up of the ice. On every marsh and waterway they had forgathered, gabbling softly among themselves as they fed and rested after their long flight. The babel of their myriad voices and the incessant, watery *whew-whew* of wings ran in a ceaseless murmur over the land, blending with the low dirge of the sea, the murmuring long-drawn sighs of the tide wash licking in among the shore rocks. Like the sea unicorns the feathered tribes found in this empty and desolate land a last sanctuary from man the craftiest and cruelest.

At times, with a rising roar like the roar of the wind in a pass, the whole surface of the muskeg seemed to get up and suck heavenward in a deafening, cataclysmal spout, as several tribes of birds would rise in unison at some unknown, unguessed signal from their leaders. The mass of them would eddy about for a space, then settle



uge, glistening black forms broke water and went wallowing shoreward with grotesque, ungainly flappings.

with many flappings and wild cries to continue their feeding, courting, and quarreling.

Certain calls rose clear and distinct for an instant or two above the multitudinous din, only to be swallowed up and succeeded by others. Now it was the lost and melancholy cries of snipe wheeling aloft like drifting smoke clouds, now the sonorous clanging honk of Canada geese feeding among the lush tubers, now the harsh croak of a lone, postlike heron standing on one leg amid the reeds, or the low talk of the ducks moored in rafts among the shallows, whose ceaseless quacking sounded like weighty discussions carried on in guttural German.

AS usual, Telak had arrived in the wake of the wild fowl. Through the first dark rifts in the ice fields, the sea unicorns had come northward from the Newfoundland coast where they had wintered. Four summers the herd had spent here, and it was with a joyous rush that the ivory lances of the leading bulls broke water near the narrow neck of the sound. Twenty rounded backs shone wetly as they curved over and went down, then up again in the sportive leapings that characterize all the dolphins. Here and there they shot along the curve of the familiar beaches, darting, plunging, rising, till the unbroken water foamed. Occasionally the whole herd would sound and go down in unison. Through the lune-green depths spirals of silt rose like smoke in their wake as they pursued one another in play.

Amid the sheltered waters of the sound they would play and bask the brief northern summer away, while the breeding rites of the herd progressed and the younger members finished the secondary lessons of the sea, away from the ceaseless dangers of the sailing zones.

The unicorns' grayish, pliant hides were of considerable value to commerce, and there was a deal of fine oil in their sleek fat bodies. Likewise their smooth lances furnished some of the best ivory for jewelers' use. Like all the lesser members of the great whale tribe, they had long been threatened with extinction by man's avarice and rapacity.

Telak, the eldest bull and leader of the herd, was just twenty feet long, his body shaped not unlike a torpedo. His blunt, round, mild-looking head boasted only two

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SPECKLED SPEARMEN
Continued from page sixty-nine

teeth, both in the upper jaw, and one of these was a fake. They grew horizontally, side by side, as in all the other bulls, the right one wholly negligible, being hidden in its bony jaw socket. But the left one more than made up for it, having grown nearly eight feet long, and developed into an ivory fighting lance which stretched out rigidly before his snout. Its rounded surface was grooved in spirals running toward the smooth sharp tip. The gentle, mild-eyed cows were entirely toothless, for the sea unicorn, in direct reversal of human law, is born with a full set of teeth, but loses them within the first year of life.

The flippers and shoulder paddles of all the herd (once they were the unicorn's land-running legs) were flat and flexible, resembling nothing so much as thumbless swimming mittens. Their progress through the water was peculiarly mammalian, undulating, always undulating, so that they had the strange appearance of having arms imprisoned, and of taking part, as it were, in a riotous sack race.

IN color their oily hides were speckled gray on top, shading to pure white underneath.

As the herd gamboled along just offshore, some of the bulls would pause and cross lances in playful combat, as deer or elk cross horns on land. Their weapons met with an ivory click, prodding sleek hide with their tips. The lances of the younger bulls were slimmer and shorter than old Telak's. The docile and dutiful cows maintained their sedateness, furrowing the water in wide curves to avoid these unseemly combats, herding the calves before them with serious matronly mien.

Presently all submerged and scattered to feed along the shallow bottom, moving slowly over the mud and rocks as a herd of cattle would browse on land. These fecund waters teemed with the humble fare on which narwhals thrive—clams and mussels, shellfish, minute Crustacea, and the prolific squid of the northern seas. Adept spearmen that they were, the bull unicorns were constantly lunging in and out among the rocks, transfixing larger quarry, such as sluggish plaice and flounders, with their lances, later to push them off and swallow them. The cows contented themselves with inhaling, whale fashion, the infinitesimal fauna in the water as they cruised along with open mouths.

ABOVE them, as they fed, the sunlight glimmered greenly through the surface water. When the rays grew red from the horizon mists, threatening a dusk which never came, the herd forgathered to sleep in the deep water far offshore.

Six hours later they were aroused by a far-away pulse beating through the water. It communicated itself by delicate water telegraphy to the narwhals' microphone eardrums. The herd swung shoreward nervously, awaiting the clearer message, for there was no telling what enemy this might be. Ten minutes passed; alarming currents swayed the weed beds of the shallows. Many things scuttled to cover. Then huge forms were limned in space, boring through the twilit depths as if driven by twin screws.

Near shore the gray-green surface water suddenly heaved and creamed. Ten, twelve, fifteen huge, glistening black forms broke water and went wallowing shoreward with grotesque, ungainly flappings. They were a herd of Greenland walrus migrating southward from the desolate ice fields where they had spent the winter hunting among the floes. Only for a moment were the sea unicorns startled by these visitors, for the walrus, though the mightiest beast on the North American conti-

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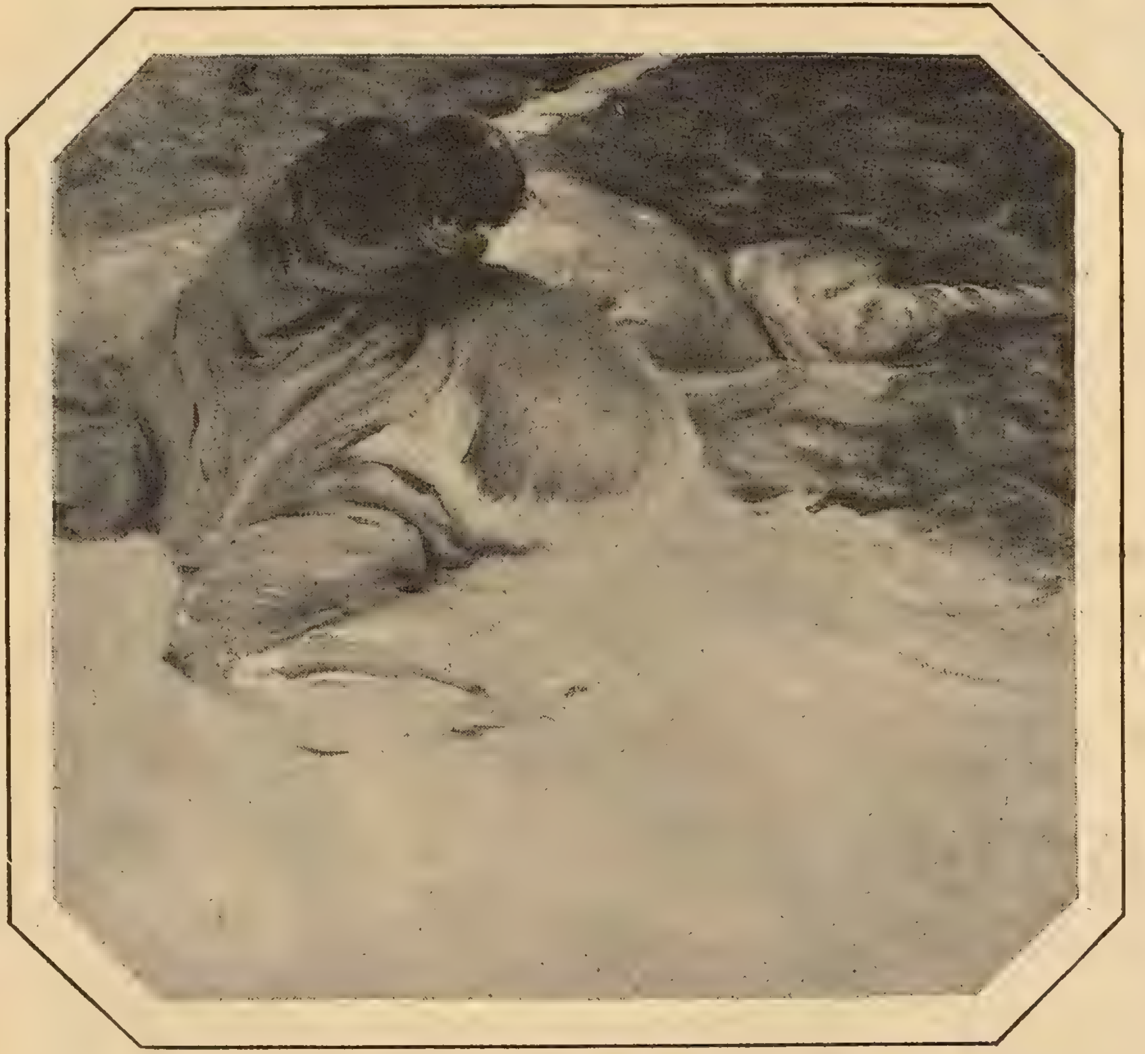
nent, harms nothing but fish unless he is himself attacked.

Awuk, as the Eskimo has named the walrus, is a creature of extremes, wintering amid the utmost cold of the farthest north, spending the brief summer in a contrasting laziness on the sun-washed shores to the south. Time was, before the white man ravaged their numbers, when the walrus roamed so far southward that his breeding grounds adjoined those of his mighty cousin the sea elephant, now extinct in the northern hemisphere.

As the fifteen great beasts with loud gruntings and puffings and groanings of pleasure dragged their unwieldy bulks ashore, they had the appearance of unfinished monsters left over from some other age, which, as a matter of fact, they were. Unbelievably vast, ugly, and shapeless, the calves mere sprawling lumps of babyhood, they were perhaps the strangest creatures on which the sun shines. Tails they had none; their short powerful flippers were obscenely splayed; their massive, flat-skulled, earless heads in which the eyes and nostrils were set on top, were so enormously overdeveloped below for the support of their fifteen-inch ivory fighting tusks, that there seemed no room above for any brain cavity at all. Yet in his own way, the walrus is one of the wisest and most sagacious of beasts.

As they arrayed their uncouth logy bulks in a great semicircle on the shore, they resembled nothing so much as a row of stupendous tusked and whiskered slugs. In weight they ranged from a thousand pounds up to the three-thousand-pound mass of the old leading bull. Like the sea unicorns, the walrus were once land-running animals, and as a left-over of those far-off times every walrus calf is born with a coat of brownish mammal fur, which falls out gradually during the first months of life.



They had the strange appearance of having arms imprisoned, and of taking part, as it were, in a riotous sack race.

Suddenly rearing themselves upward on their short flippers, the walrus bulls broke forth in a chorus of unearthly bellows and gruntings, not unlike the trumpeting of a herd of elephants. The sounds, though watery, were so deep they seemed to come from underground. They rose to a volume so deafening that it could be likened only to the roar of two trains passing in a tunnel, and for two miles around the tundra echoed with them. Suddenly they ceased and all was peace again. It was merely the voicing of Awuk's pleasure and challenge as he took possession of his summer quarters.

ALL afternoon the walrus lay immovable along the rocky beach, basking in the ardent sunlight that was like an intoxication after the months of unbroken darkness and desolation near the pole. Like the polar bear and the seal, the walrus spend an almost sleepless winter hunting. Now incredible stores of vitality were acrawl in their great cablelike muscles, and beneath their warty, corrugated hides, which were fully three inches thick and tough as seasoned leather, lay many inches of blubber, stored-up fuel for these indolent days when the sleek cows would pair with one or other of the uncouth beaux of the herd.

Now, although walrus do not harm narwhals, old Telak of the unicorns liked not the arrival of these sea cattle. Old was Telak, older than the oldest; many years had the herd fared well and fattened on his daring and sagacity. It was he who had discovered this sequestered sound, made himself priest, as it were, of its solitude, where for four seasons the herd had summered in safety. The walrus in themselves carried no threat, yet faint uneasiness stirred in Telak, though he could not have told its source.

As the days passed, however, cause for the old bull's restlessness seemed wholly belied. Between the walrus and the sea unicorns an admirable socialism was established. The interest of both these clans was toward peace and contentment. Often the two herds would browse side by side along the muddy shallows, without the slightest friction. They fed on the same humble fare, the walrus using their pickax tusks to grub among the rocks and mud in the same manner as the unicorns employed their spears, crushing many small stones along with their meal in the massive mill of their grinders. Clumsy as they were on land, the walrus took on the grace and speed of seals as soon as they entered the water.

THE wild fowl likewise found the strangers friendly. Of a sunny afternoon a dozen or more gulls and kittiwakes would roost unmolested on the vast backs of the baskers on the shore, the one place where their vigilance could be utterly relaxed without fear of marauding stoats or foxes. In return for this protection the birds would relieve the rough backs of the monsters of the small barnaclelike growths that adhered to them, thus carrying out nature's law of absolute interdependence.

But old Telak's premonitions of evil were not to be banished by this chance friendship. The ring-pass-not of his hard-won sanctuary had been broken, and something whispered that danger and possible calamity would follow. Therefore his vigilance continued unabated; and while the herd fed, basked, or sported, he was constantly patrolling the ranks, questioning air and water for submarine vibrations that might spell enemy. Sometimes instinct counseled to lead his herd away, but, as it chanced, fate or nature, or whatever it is that tries out the fibers of the seafolk through adversity, had certain tests in store, and so he stayed.

On the north shore of the sound, stretching away as far as the eye could reach toward a low line of hills, sprawled a glacier. A solid field of snow and ice many feet thick, it lay like a vast tongue stretching southward out of the never-melting ice plains that ring the pole. All through the warm weeks it wept small freshets under the lave of the sun, its edges slowly disintegrating, but these

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE SPECKLED SPEARMEN
Continued from page seventy-one

inroads were as nothing compared to the ceaseless movement of the glacier southward from its source.

Came an afternoon of low-hanging rain fogs with the sun but a faint dull bloodstain in the sky. For long periods the sound would be shrouded from sight, then, like the lifting of a stage curtain, the mists would draw back, letting the sun shine through. At one of these intervals a yellow-white spot appeared far up on the gleaming slopes of the glacier. It grew larger until it showed as the vast, shambling form of a polar bear. The great creature seemed engaged in some comical ungainly play, floundering here and there on his belly amid the snow, at times sliding down icy declivities on his haunches and the under part of his forelegs in a comical sort of joy.

Wandering southward like the walrus after a long winter in the north, the bear had become intrigued in a curious game—that of gobbling up the many insects and butterflies that had become chilled in migrating northward and fallen to the ice. Innocent and negligible fare, this, for a creature of the polar's vast appetite, but inured as he was to the harsh privations of the arctic, he was not one to pass up even the slightest manna dropped from the skies.

A hundred yards from shore the polar suddenly halted, and his narrow, black-tipped muzzle raised to test the breeze. Down on the rocky beach a part of the walrus herd, mainly the older bulls, lay basking. The little bleared eyes of the bear, however, had not made them out, for polars are notably shortsighted. As usual, it was his keen, wet nose that gave him warning.

ABRUPTLY he dropped down on the ice and seemed to disappear from sight like magic. Flat against the snow field, he began crawling with no more sound than a drifting shadow toward the water's edge, utilizing every depression and hummock for cover. His course, however, led directly away from the line of baskers on the beach. A past master at stalking these sea cattle, he was planning a water attack, knowing from experience that only part of the herd would be lying on the shingle.

Soundlessly he slipped into the icy water some five minutes later. Once outside the surf line, he dove far down and shot out into the sound, traversing the dim-lit depths with that strangely human crawl stroke of the forelegs which has made the polar bear perhaps the swiftest swimmer of all land-dwelling animals.

Once only he came up for a long breath and got his bearings, only the tip of his black, snaky muzzle and his cruel, reddish little eyes, however, appearing above the surface. Then he swung in a long unerring arc to the right, from which direction came the pulse of some great creatures discernible through the water—undoubtedly walrus. Two minutes later vast shapes loomed for his eyes through the translucent green, upended like softly rocking buoys.

The polar submerged like a submarine to a depth where his great body was no more than a wan green shadow. Then he rose stealthily beneath them by almost imperceptible degrees. The beasts above him were not the walrus he had thought, but part of Telak's herd, three cows, a calf, and one young bull. At the sight all caution fell from the white stalker like a cloak. Walrus was not the quarry he would have chosen anyway, but here was easy meat. Conqueror of the bull seal and the mighty sea leopard, as well as the walrus, sea unicorns were play for him.

FLOATING on the sunlit surface, the narwhals' eyes could penetrate but a short distance into the cloudy depths below. As the spectral shape of the polar drifted upward directly beneath them, his cold, implacable eyes never wavered for a second from the little calf which he had selected as the most manageable prey. When but twenty feet lay between him and his quarry, however, the narwhals, warned by some water wireless, took sudden alarm. In the same instant the bear shot upward in a lightning rush and his two sets of long curved claws sank deep into the calf's sleek hide.

Shifting his grip quickly, the polar sank his gleaming teeth deep into the youngster's neck, swerving as he did so toward the shore, stretched out in the tremendous racing stroke of his kind.

Instantly the frantic mother of the calf was hot on his trail, followed closely by the young bull. The bear was swiftly overtaken; the frenzied cow heaved herself bodily upon him, and the young bull stabbed repeatedly at the killer's furry rump with his fighting lance. But sea unicorns, who are the gentlest of all the whale family, were never cut out for lethal combat. The battle-scarred old polar was impervious to these attacks, and might easily have escaped with his catch had he not been forced to the surface for a fresh supply of air.

The still struggling calf emerged with him and instantly gave out the muffled whining noise peculiar to narwhal cows and calves. It was enough. Fifty yards away, old Telak and the remainder of the herd were floating, and hard by them were five of the walrus bulls and their mates. Bleared they were of eyesight, but no living beasts, perhaps, have a keener sense of smell and hearing. By the time the polar had filled his bellowslike lungs for a fresh dive, Telak and his following were surging down upon him. With bellowings of rage the walrus bulls followed close behind, roused to killing fury by the scent of this ancient enemy of their clan. Overconfident in his prowess, the polar had wholly overlooked the possibility of the walrus taking a hand in his murderous game with the narwhals.

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Within the next half minute the bear had abandoned his hard-won catch and was joined in one of the fiercest battles of his chancy life. Once roused to berserk rage, the sluggish walrus bulls were transformed into the most terrible animals of the northern world. Their long fighting tusks backed by a ton and a half of weight, and their armored hides, the thickest possessed by any mammal, made them veritable engines of destruction. None knew better than the polar that any land animal that tried conclusions with them in their own watery element had already given hostages to death.

Therefore his fight was a running fight and he fled shoreward without shame. The vast bulks of his pursuers, however, were nimble as seals in the water and he was overhauled as if he were standing still. Victor in dozens of forays with these sea dwellers, today was to mark the end of the polar's long trail of slaughter.

AS he fled through the depths the colossal black bulk of one of the walrus bulls suddenly overshadowed him. The white killer pivoted with tigerish ferocity, striking out with his great mailed paws, but the blows were puerile against the giant mass of his attacker. The two sharp curved tusks of the walrus came down upon the middle of his back, their spiked points driving deep into the flesh. Then, heedless of the bear's galvanic struggles, the bull bore him irresistibly down to the mud of the bottom, and the battle was over.

Other bulls came quickly, grinding and rending the prone shape of the enemy with their tusks. For a space the waters heaved and swirled as in a maelstrom; in the depths great furrows were plowed up in the silt and sand, coloring the water for fathoms around. Finally one by one the glistening whiskered heads of the walrus broke surface and, with their little eyes still blazing with trollish rage, they roared their challenges to any and all comers. Last of all to rise was the limp and mangled body of the polar, a mere shapeless mass of bloody fur.

Thus it was that the first invasion of old Telak's solitude was met and routed by the friendly walrus whose coming had filled him with dread. But in the sea as on land, it is rare indeed that the peaceful, unpredatory folk—the browsers—are not dogged by death. Before another day had passed the ruthless gods of the north confronted them with fresh tribulation, for the most dangerous of all their enemies found them out.

As the two herds were at their feeding that afternoon, a lean, swift, sinister form came stealing surreptitiously into the mouth of the sound from the open sea.

The stranger was slim as a lance and close to seventeen feet in length—a fish, but such a fish as inhabits the realms of nightmare. His fierce snout terminated in a keen lance two

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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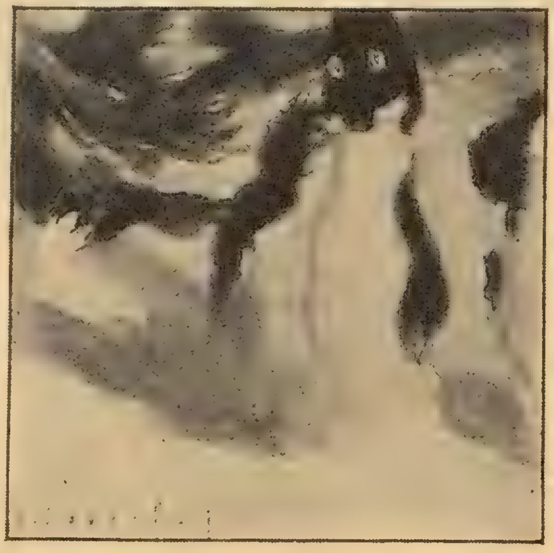
THE SPECKLED SPEARMEN
Continued from page seventy-three

feet in length, which stood straight out before him like a poniard.

Of a pale greenish coloring, he moved almost invisibly through the shadowed depths. He was one of those giant mackerel called swordfish, who are perhaps the fiercest and swiftest corsairs of the sea.

Around the curving shore line the newcomer glided, cutting the water soundlessly and with appalling swiftness, his round, blazing, implacable eyes shining like deadly jewels as they probed the depths for possible prey. At intervals his sail-like dorsal fin, bright blue in color and extending from his head clear to his tail, like a warrior's fighting crest, gleamed in the sunlight like flashing steel.



Abruptly he flushed a big school of shining cod among the shallows. As they flashed away in a leaping silver pool, the swordfish, whose speed was already great, turned into a bolt of flashing blue-green light.

Lunging in and out of the mass of cod, his velocity was such as to slice sometimes two and three bodies asunder with one blow of his lance-like snout.

Without pausing even to devour the killed, the ravenous monster continued to speed in the wake of the fleeing school, avid for more and more slaughter, for, unlike most of the assassins of the deep, who kill for food and afterward keep peace, the swordfish slays and slays for the sheer lust of killing and combat.

Suddenly a dozen vast forms filled space. Like a group of shooting stars bursting in limbo, the fleeing cod were gone, beneath or between them, utterly and completely absconded like magic.

Without halting his torpedolike rush, the swordfish veered slightly and launched an attack on this new quarry, which happened to be our narwhal herd. His sword buried itself nearly to his eyes in the gray flank of a sleek cow.

Sterning clear with a cruel twist of his lance that dyed the water red, the killer described swift arcs, hurtling in again and yet again, wheeling and stabbing in insensate fury.

THE suddenness, the shock of the thing, was terrific; but shocks calculated to give land-running animals concussions of the brain do not worry water dwellers. Swiftly the unicorn bulls ringed the cows and calves, exactly as might a herd of cattle attacked on land, lances pointing outward in a menacing ivory fence. They tried to parry with their longer spears, but their swordsmanship was ponderous beside the rushes of this lean dueler, who was a bullfighter, if you please; who, with a hellish cunning born of rapacity, aimed his terrible lightning thrusts to pierce the neck or heart, like those cruel, single sword thrusts that end our bullfights, dropping the victim as if struck by electricity.

Two cows and a calf sank dying to the depths within the first four minutes, bleeding like stuck pigs from horrible gashes in their underparts.

The unicorns' fighting phalanx massed more tightly together. The bulls down-smacked with their paddles, lunging furiously, but to no avail. Near-panic gripped the ranks.

More minutes passed—tense, vigilant, terrible minutes, and still the maddened monster did not tire. Their morale all but broken under the relentless torture, the herd would have scattered and fled—which would have been fatal—had it not been for their blind, implicit trust in old Telak. They hugged close to the sea floor to protect their vital underparts. Many spouted blood from deep internal wounds.

Then, as suddenly as he had attacked, the killer drew off. For a brief space he darted here and there, snatching warm meat from the dead and dying, a rip here, a bite there, as is the habit of wholesale killers the world over. Then with a single corkscrew flirt of his powerful tail he shot away, straight as an arrow, out through the mouth of the sound into that dim land of spooks from which he had come—the unknown, mysterious nether depths of the northern ocean, where, amid the teeming arctic currents, other killers of his kidney forgathered. But that was not the end, nor was it the worst, though only old Telak had suspicion of that. Age had taught him the ways of Xiphias the swordfish.

That murderer continued on his course. Straight out into the trackless deep he sped, fired with a grim purpose, and an evil one, as the purpose of a swordfish always is. For four hours traveled he, and at a tireless speed of knots that you would not believe if I named it, for the tribe of Xiphias are the fastest things in the waters. How he knew where he was going—what mysterious water wireless guided him—cannot be said. But his instincts were unerring. He sought the pack—the crew of ghouls, murderers, and cutthroats with whom he sometimes traveled when quarry ran too big or too numerous for one alone. He was the bearer of great tidings, of his grim and gory battle in the sound, and the unicorn herd who could be bottled up and butchered at leisure—if dispatch were used.

AT last, plainly discernible through the waters, a pulse came to him that told of great bodies rushing through the sea. His course veered in a wide arc, and presently he overhauled them. Four, six, seven vast torpedo-shaped forms cut the water, plunging at intervals into the depths, then rising till their high, cruel, scimitar-like dorsal fins shot along the surface at a speed that would have been breath-taking had it not been for the speed of Xiphias alongside it.

It was the dread killer pack—the terrible *Orca gladiators* of the natural-history books, who are the wolves of the sea, the scourge of the Arctic Ocean, and the abiding nightmares of every other sea creature from the tiny Loligo to the giant right whale, one of the largest living creatures.

Xiphias approached, albeit very gently and with a hint of apology. Instantly the grisly crew surrounded him with a fearsome rush—always a touch-and-go matter, this—for these small-toothed whales were the most voracious things of the sea, the land, or the air, warring even upon their own kind. They heeled and sounded, glaring at Xiphias as they swept up with their mad and perfectly insensate little eyes. Then recognition dawned. They were familiar with Xiphias of old, far too familiar in many ways. How the swordfish dared consort with impunity with these twenty-foot cannibals is a point you may question, but the fact remains that a grim partnership in piracy has existed between his clan and the killer whales from time immemorial. Xiphias was tough as whalebone, and anything but tasty, and the killers doubtless knew it.

What sort of communication passed between them can only be conjectured, but presently matters were settled. The pack of seven sounded and swept away to the east with Xiphias as their convoy.

The dwellers of the sound were apprised of their coming from afar. The fish fled into the shallows; the walrus, grim warriors though they were, took refuge far up the shingle, for the killers were no ordinary peril; they were the lords of the sea, the sword which hangs low over all deep-sea dwellers, the living challenge to their right to existence. So the sea unicorns were left alone in that darkest hour, to survive or perish according to the mettle that was in them.

They crowded into a narrow rocky identation in the shore, the cows uttering their pitiful whines of fear as they were thrust without ceremony into the center of the fighting circle. The stronger bulls flanked them, massed about old Telak as the basic point of the formation.

With terrible suddenness and speed the killers loomed before them, as if they would hurl themselves blindly on the massed lances. The speckled spearmen lunged and parried, but the killers were swifter. They made cruel sport, diving, leaping, and circling the herd. Then they drove in, veering with lightning speed, ripping great triangular gashes as they flashed by. As the water grew streaked with blood a madness seized the attackers. Their concerted rush plowed through to the defenseless cows in the center. Two minutes more and five of the unicorns sank, ripped, to the sea floor. The herd was cleft and rent asunder; its annihilation seemed inevitable.

But for old Telak's indomitable pluck and seasoned generalship it would have been. The sight of two of his favorite cows sinking, gashed, to the bottom filled him with the most terrible rage he had ever known—a fury of desperation. The elemental force of that buoyed him up just as it served as an anodyne for his own fearful wounds, for he had borne the brunt of that first fierce assault. He marshaled his fighting phalanx again and again, playing doggedly for the element of time which age had taught him was the single hope in such a time of persecution.

FOR more than half an hour the bloody strife continued. Foam rolled clear to the shore, and the reddened waters became terror-ridden with vast whipping bodies and malevolent eyes that gleamed like phosphor in the depths. Of the herd of thirty animals, but eighteen were left, and most of these were sorely wounded. Old Telak himself, bleeding from a dozen gashes, his left paddle almost wrenched off, was wallowing about in circles like a ship with a broken rudder. Shoreward, clouds of cruel-beaked birds came wheeling and screaming above the battlefield. Suddenly from the direction of the open sea, a mighty sound came booming and thundering over the waters, as if warships were carrying on big-gun practice offshore. So tremendous were the colossal roarings that even human ears would have been arrested by them. The killer pack, engaged in "lob-tailing"—that is, diving into the crimsoned depths and coming up again with chunks of narwhal meat in their gaping jaws—were instantly intrigued. Whales were in the offing, whales at play, a whole school of them with their young; the vast black right whales, the favorite bait of killer schools.

ALL this they read in the sounds. In restless arcs they began weaving through the water, and presently, at some unguessed signal from their old reprobate of a leader, all swung off seaward and disappeared in the direction of the din as abruptly as they had come, with Xiphias the swordfish following in their wake.

The equivocal gods of those solitudes apparently rested satisfied with their trials. Old Telak and his band had been tested and not found wholly wanting; and now a measure of reward and peace was their due. It must come, however, in other breeding grounds than this.

All knew that the safety of the sound that had been their sanctuary was gone.

For a time after the tainted waters cleared, the survivors cruised about the scene of carnage, as if hoping desperately for the miraculous reappearance of their vanished mates or calves. All were bleeding horribly and spouted red spray from their crescent-shaped blowholes, but nature and the healing sea would soon attend to that. Presently, when old Telak turned ponderously, pointing his lance toward the open sea, the herd fell in behind him, stricken and desolate, yet glad to leave the sight and memory of so much death and terror behind them.

THE END

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Florence, the baby of the family and pet of her grandparents, had never been scolded. One day her grandfather spoke sharply to her and she ran to her mother with tears streaming down her face.

"What's the matter, Florence?" asked mother.

"I don't know!" she sobbed. "I'm asuffering and I ain't sick."—Mrs. George L. Galley, McCloud, Calif.

* * *

Nothing Left to Live For

Janet had heard a great deal of conversation about her lovely Aunt Dorothy's marriage.

"What's Aunt Dorothy's name going to be now?" she asked her mother.

"It's going to be Mrs. Richard Campbell."

"Did she marry Richard?" Janet persisted.

"Yes, dear."

Janet's face showed signs of tears. "I suppose she's all ready to die now."—Mrs. Art Brown, 1532 Thirty-third St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

* * *

Auction Patter

Dick, after attending his first livestock sale, climbed up on a chair at home and played auctioneer.

"What are you doing, Dick?" asked father.

"Selling a horse," said Dick. "Do you want it?"

"Any blemishes on her?"

"Not a thing on her but hair," replied Dick.—Mrs. O. E. Johnston, 402 W. Pearl St., Union City, Ind.

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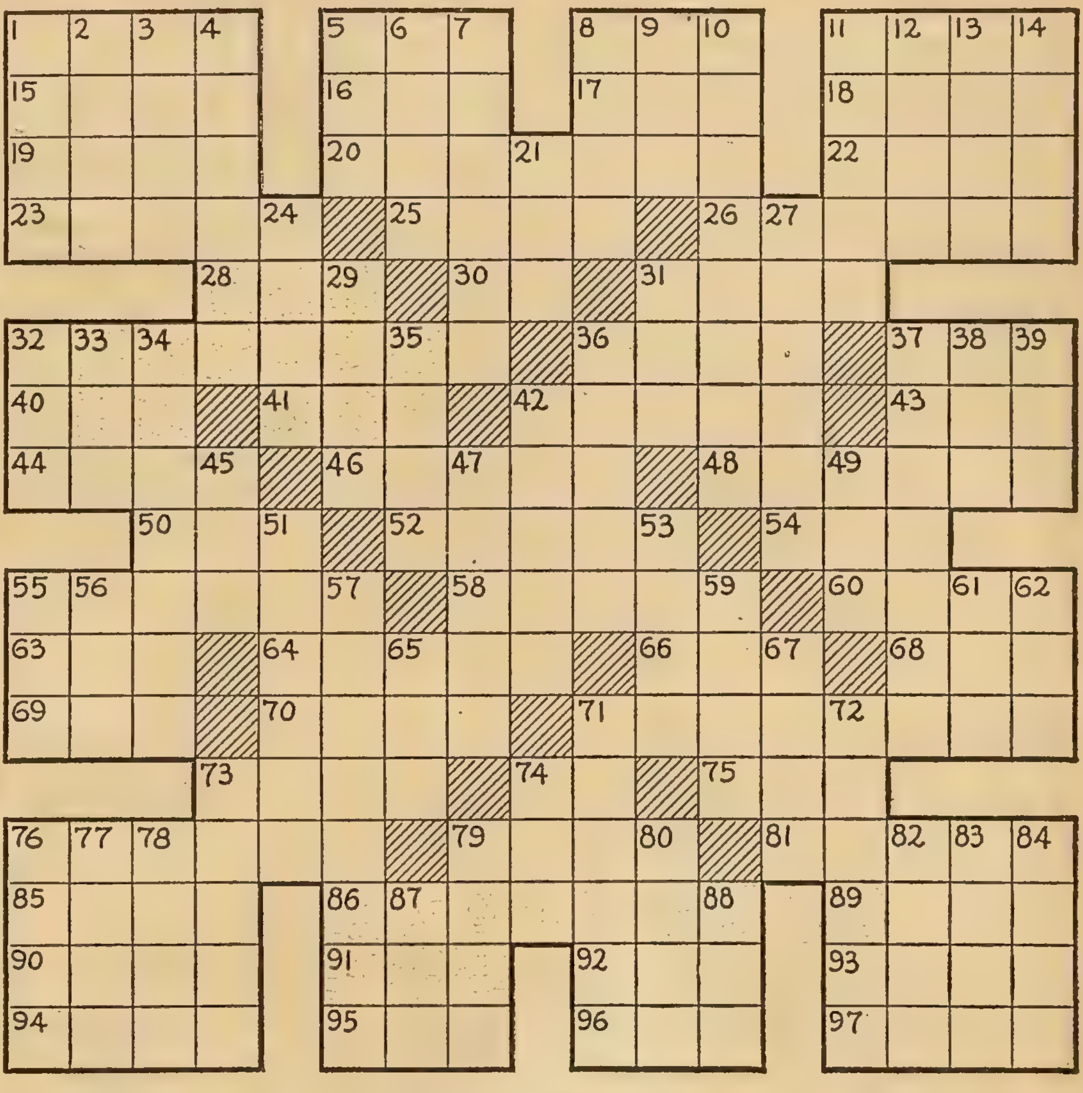
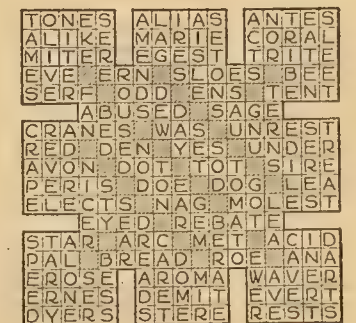


HORIZONTAL

1 In bed
5 Obese
8 Meadow
11 Spirit; dash
15 Bestow
16 Anglo-Saxon coin
17 Mistake
18 Gallop
19 Amend and revise
20 More distant
22 Acts
23 Retard; hinder
25 Iniquities
26 Corrects; improves
28 Electrified particle
30 An element (symbol)
31 Autocratic ruler
32 Planks collectively
36 Clubs
37 Solemn promise
40 Suffer illness
41 Note of Guido's scale
42 Agalloch wood
43 Period
44 A part of a book
46 Expunge
48 More compact
50 Babylonian deity
52 Ascend
54 Inebriate
55 A crown
58 Billiard shot
60 Playing card
63 Equip with weapons
64 Cardinal number
66 Entire
68 Hail!
69 An affirmative
70 Spoke
71 Sleeping places
73 Unaspirated consonant
74 Note of the scale
75 Exist
76 Affix; annex
79 Excludes
81 Wrath
85 Morning
86 Hermit
89 Rent
90 Argued at the bar
91 Deep groove
92 Descendant
93 Silkworm
94 Utters
95 A wave
96 Sheep
97 Bamboolike grass

VERTICAL

1 Old
2 Abide; stay
3 Sinful
4 Check; restrain
5 Because that
6 Greek god of war
7 Making gentle or tractable
8 Permits
9 Prior to
10 Taken into custody
11 Older
12 Diving bird
13 Imitated
14 Promontory
21 Individual
24 Join together
27 Religious services
29 River in Africa
31 A peasant (Philippine Islands)
32 Comrade
33 Recline
34 One of the United States
35 City in Japan
36 To make holy
37 Of a vestry
38 Crude metal
39 Conflict; strife
42 Of a particular continent
45 Nourished
47 Furnished or equipped with weapons
49 No
51 Abate
53 Edom
55 Division of time
56 Wrath
57 Intricate movements
59 Mediterranean island
61 Woman's name
62 Assent
65 Contend against
67 Coin of Italy
71 Shade of red
72 Middle point
73 Loans
74 A sheep
76 Electrical units (abbreviation)
77 Austrian seaport
78 To pillage; plunder
79 Greek letter
80 Pack away
82 Blood
83 American Indian
84 Peruse
87 Regret
88 Compass point



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TONES ALIAS ANTES
ALIKE MARIE CORAL
MITER EGEST TRITE
EVE ERN SLOES BEE
SERF ODD ENS TENT
   ABUSED SAGE   
CRANES WAS UNREST
RED DEN YES UNDER
AVON DOT TOT SIRE
PERIS DOE DOG LEA
ELECTS NAG MOLEST
   EYED REBATE   
STAR ARC MET ACID
PAL BREAD ROE ANA
EROSE AROMA WAVER
ERNES DEMIT EVERT
DYERS STERE RESTS
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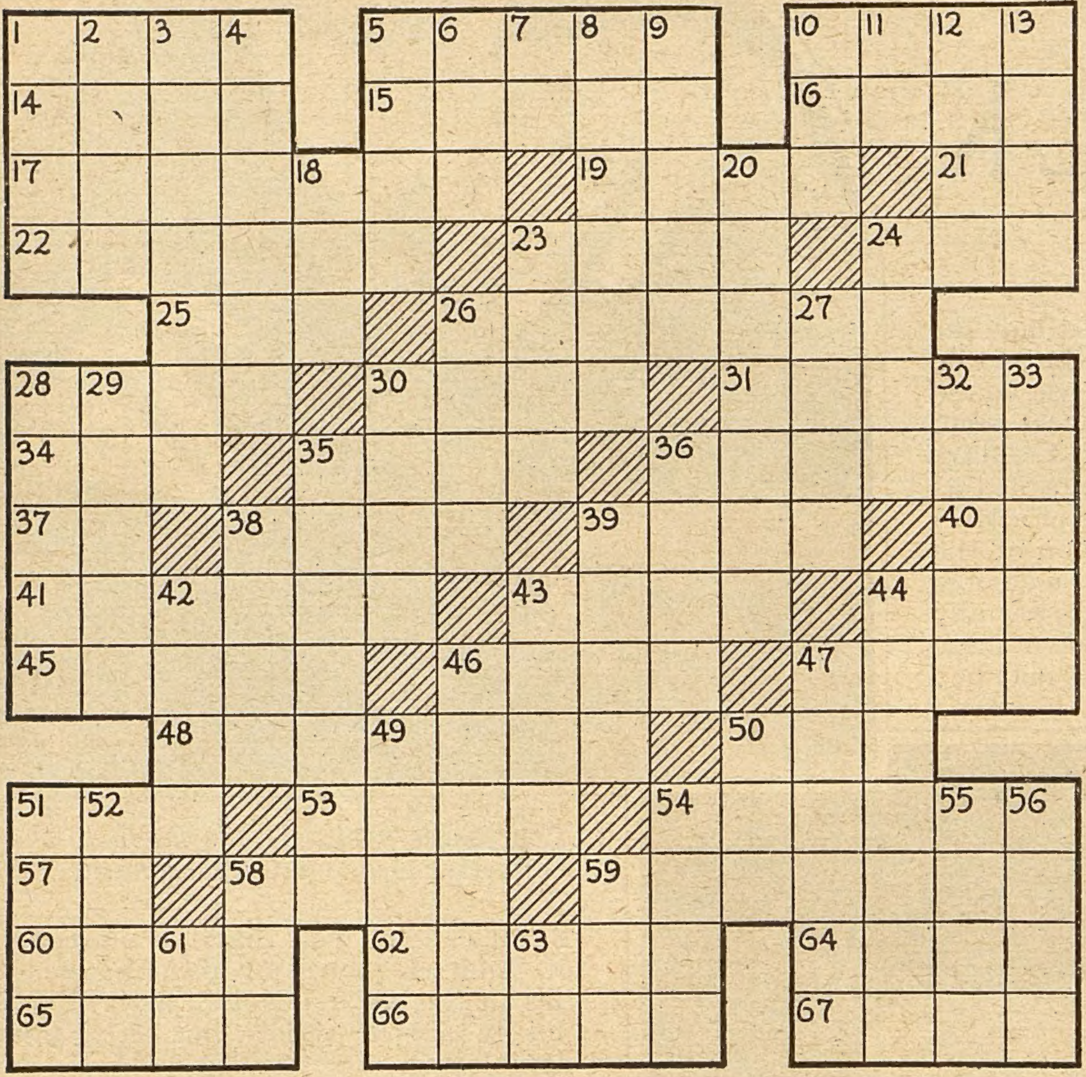
Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice

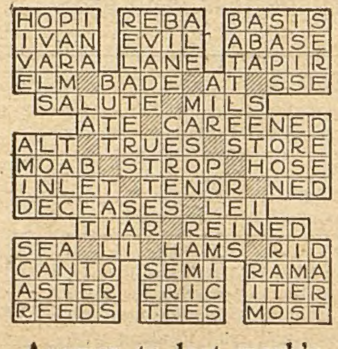


HORIZONTAL

1 Chief god of Memphis (Egyptian myth.)
5 Faulty; improper
10 Cause to move as by impulse of waves
14 Relieve of tension
15 English physician and poet (1661-1719)
16 Afresh
17 Smiled in an affected manner
18 Fabulous birds
21 Syllable sounded in solmization
22 Yoked or joined, as animals
23 Young salmon
24 Free of charges or deductions
25 Cardinal number
26 Divided by, or having, partitions
28 Genus which includes the honeybee
30 Fastening devices
31 Things which deceive expectations
34 Moccasin
35 To breathe in a labored manner
36 Subordinate place of worship
37 Thus
38 Defy
39 Bard
40 The symbol for an element
41 Sickest
43 Transferred for a consideration
44 Confine
45 Defiles
46 Genus of South African plants
47 Gone by
48 Inspiring fear
50 Man's nickname
51 Morsel; bite
53 Pierce; penetrate
54 Large wasp
57 A preposition
58 Town in Germany
59 Principal female character in a story
60 Measure of area
62 Partaker of a meal
64 Allows
65 To become fluid or semifluid
66 Scents
67 A god of love

VERTICAL

1 Fatal epidemic disease
2 Reduced from a state of native wildness
3 One of a people of a particular continent
4 Son of Zeus (Greek mythology)
5 Old
6 Insane
7 An assimilated form of in-
8 Narrow strips of flexible material
9 Brief
10 A form of to be
11 One indefinitely
12 To commemorate by a festival
13 To reproach; taunt
18 Range of knowledge
20 Smashed; shattered
23 Confined
24 Word designating certain tides
26 Trigonometrical ratio
27 Demonstrative word
28 Particular point in an orbit
29 Francesca da Rimini's lover
30 Portion
32 Apportions; allots
33 Slope
35 Transit from one place to another
36 Sea kale
38 Mark for omission
39 Small body of water
42 Hoist
43 Turn or twist about
44 Large basket for carrying provisions
46 Apprehensive
47 Word of honor
49 Vocal composition
50 A beetle
51 Any water craft
52 Measure of length
54 Possessive pronoun
55 Combining form meaning within
56 Titular character in a Hardy novel
58 One whose religion is Judaism
59 Pronoun
61 Egyptian deity
63 Not



Answer to last week's puzzle

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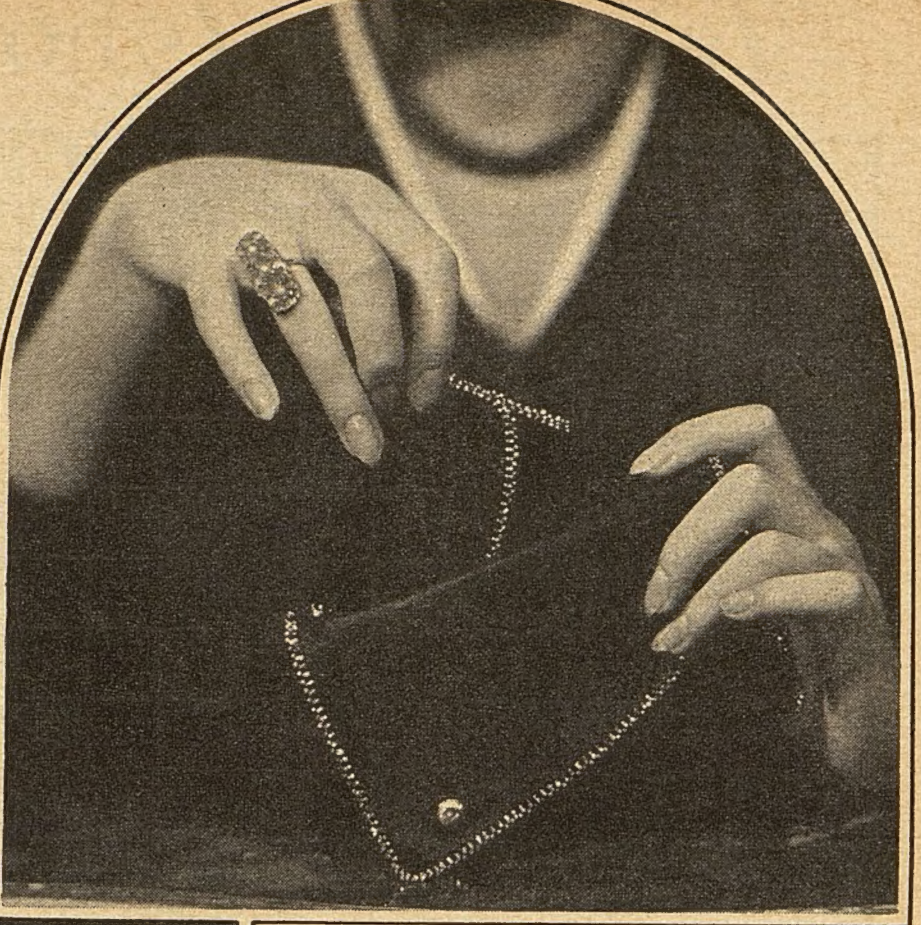
Hands *that* TALK

By EILEEN BOURNE



Photos by Nickolas Muray

Expressive gesture adds much to the effectiveness of vital personalities.

FORMERLY it was assumed in so-called ladylike quarters that when in doubt as to what to do with one's hands a cultivated lap repose would better be pursued. Practiced currently, it does seem a bit of a hangover, don't you think, from the days in which fragility and artificiality were regarded as ideally becoming feminine graces? Since effectiveness, not soft, white futility, is the ambition of the modern charmer's hands, are we not due for a change of heart toward the lap banishment? Especially when one realizes how beautifully expressive these silent agents of speech, properly made use of, may be?

Before you set your hands on a talking career they must be well groomed.

With some women, true, a cultivated repose is too thoroughly becoming to be changed—women, let us say, whose world is graciously settled about them. With others, eloquent gestures of the hands are just as definitely a part of their vital, interesting, fascinating personalities as is their speech or their dress. With others, again, if not eloquence, nevertheless expressive gesture adds appreciably to their effectiveness.

Consistent with our general broad inclusion among charmers of the not anatomically perfect in other respects, hands need not be of slender, "arty" shapeliness or of poetic pussy-willow softness to make the grade of interesting hand expressionists.

It is not a new school, exactly, this one of hand expression, but one in which more pupils might be enrolled to their greater charm. Some women have known all along that a hand, though not a trump one as to shapeliness, still may be made to serve beauty startlingly well with lovely gestures.

APPEARING on Broadway are several shining examples of this. In one outstanding instance, even mother would know better than to extol her dancing daughter's hand to a connoisseur on features beautiful. But in action its loveliness parallels the fascination of her exquisite dancing feet.

The theatrical world is pointed to because there, better than in any other center of beauty concern, are the advantages of graceful hand gesture thoroughly well known. It is part of the curriculum. It is pointed to here chiefly, however, because the pure anatomical perfection or imperfection of the stage beauty's hand is on a fairly even par with the average woman's hand, the difference resting mainly in the manner of its using.

I cannot offer you a chart with gestures you should use to "high-light" your hands. You can better determine that yourself. It is a matter in which a certain amount of individualism should rule. Naturalness, too. But I can tell you that the mainspring of hand eloquence or pleasing gesture lies in the wrist. Not in a tight wrist, not in a stiff wrist—but in a pliant, flexible one.

Only to a supple wrist can there be responsive grace of movement.

I MUST inject here a truth that should make the urgency of wrist flexibility immediately compelling. The youth of the hand, its age, middle or advanced, is told by movement as controlled from a flexible wrist or from a stiff, muscle-set one. On the stage, or off it, age is portrayed in tight, stiff hand action.

The obvious thing, then, is that stiffness literally must be shaken out of wrist and hand. Let hands go totally inert, lifeless, every now and then. Shake them loose and free of wrist strain. Then go ahead and use them more easily. Let them talk. Let them play lightly with chain or locket. Let them emphasize the spoken word.

With the loose wrist you can't be guilty of such distressing habits as holding the fists tightly clenched, making awkward, furtive, hurried movements, or "chattering" nervously with your hands. It can't be done.

It goes without saying, of course, that before you set your hands on a talking career they must be well groomed for the appearance. And it is not far-fetched to extract from good verbal speech rules such advice as covers loudness, crudeness, hysteria, vulgarity, impatience, stiltedness, and apply it to hand speech.

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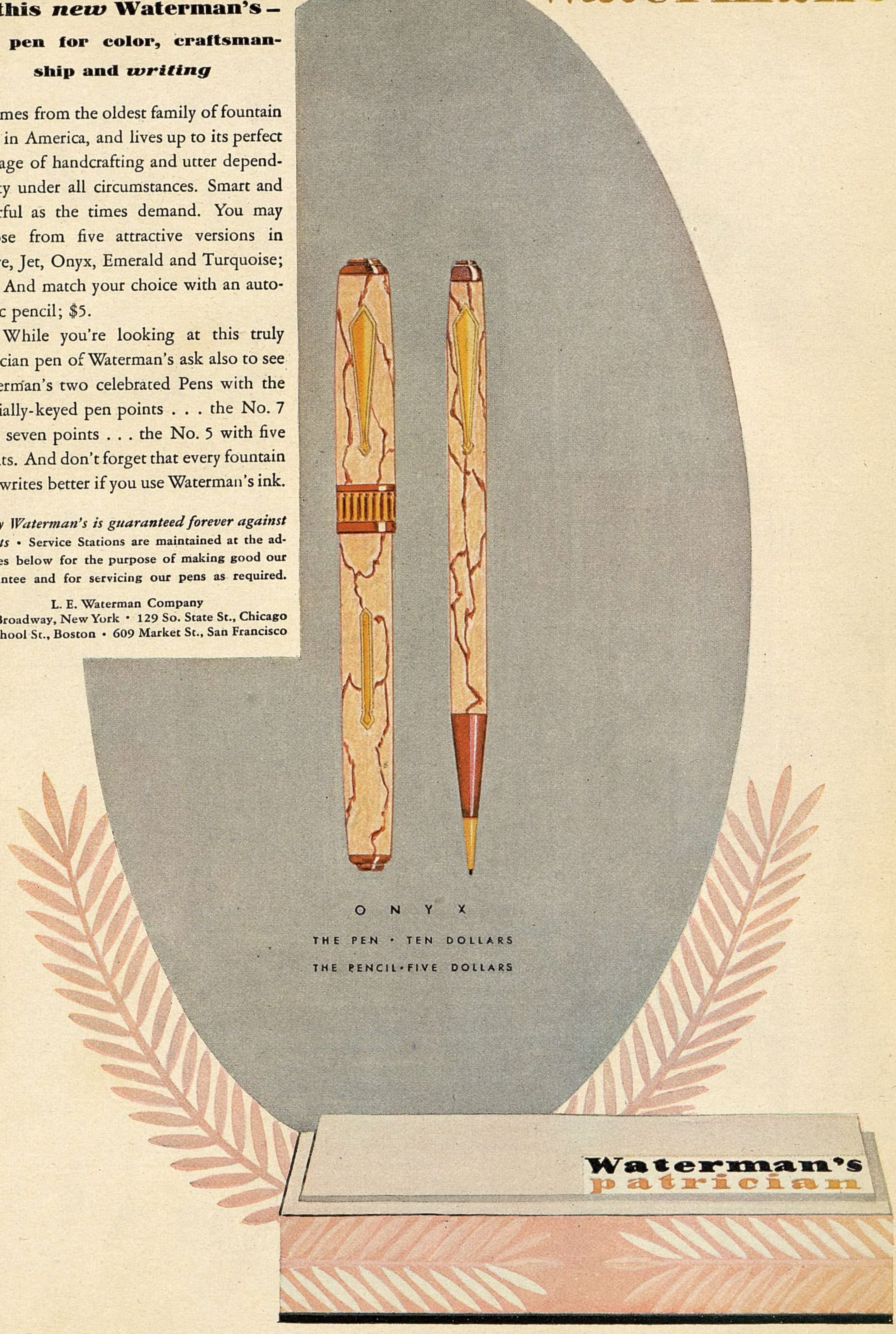

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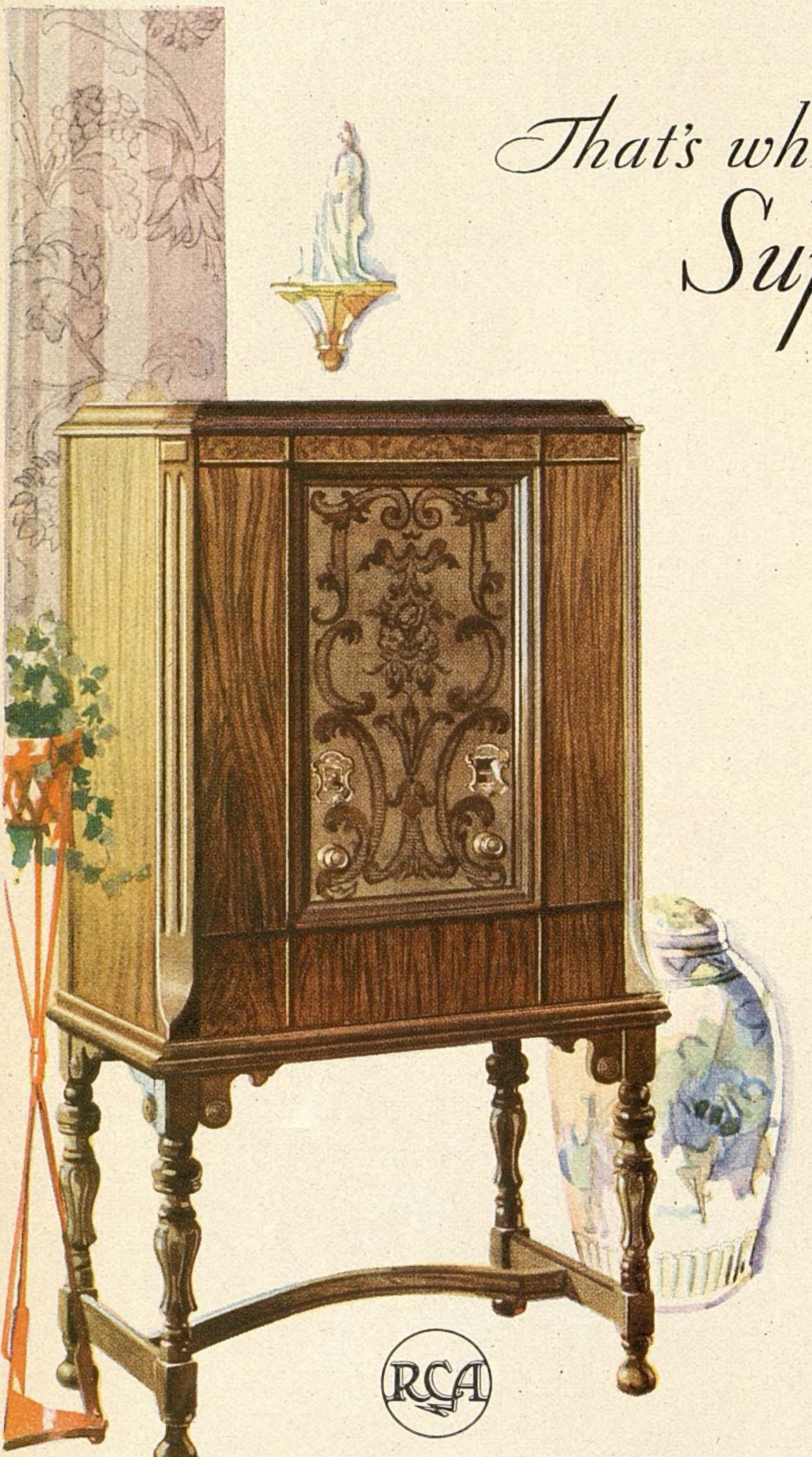

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